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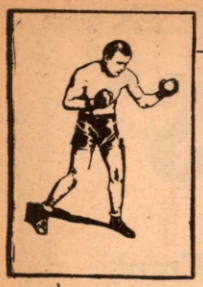

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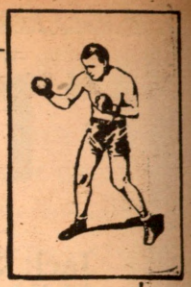

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In Our Next Issue

Making matches to-day entails many a headache, according to Mike Jacobs, who should know, as he just finished staging his fiftieth major boxing show in Madison Square Garden. But what a promoter faces to-day is a cinch compared to what those at the helm encountered when Rickard started his career. If you want to read about real head and heart aches, follow The Veteran in "When Promoters Trod Rough Trails."

"The Mental Edge and Its Importance In Boxing," is the subject of an interesting article by The Ring Editor.

Laughs in boxing are many, but Scotty Montieth, famous manager and promoter says that in all his career he got his greatest laugh out of a fighter who participated in the "White Hope tourney of pre-World War days." A Belt for a Belt, will enable you to laugh with Scotty.

"The Human side of John L. Sullivan" That's the story of the late A. D. Phillips in the fourth installment of the series that is being published posthumously.

These in addition to contributions by Hype Igoe, Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden, George Pardy and other of The Ring's staff. An issue with a punch. Don't fail to get it.

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GODOY BRINGS OUT JOE LOUIS' FAULTS

Chilean Proves Again That Brown Bomber is Great at Only One Style of Fighting—Arturo Encourages Young Talent and Earns Return Engagement

By NAT FLEISCHER

"HE'S slipping."

"He's nearing the end of his reign."

"He's too rich and doesn't want to fight any more."

"He saved Godoy for a bigger gate outdoors."

"And they call him a great fighter! Why, if Jack Dempsey had ever faced him when Jack was in his prime, Louis wouldn't have lasted as long as did Willard!"

Those and many other remarks intended to belittle Joe Louis were heard around the ringside of Madison Square Garden the night of February 9, when Joe gained a split decision over Arturo Godoy at the end of fifteen rounds. Louis retained his title, but the plaudits of the crowd of 15,657 persons, who had paid $88,523 to see what they figured would end in another knockout for the Brown Bomber, were for Godoy. Joe didn't even floor the challenger. The crowd hooted and hissed the champion, a sensation Louis never before had experienced.

Perhaps the fans were wrong in assuming that attitude. Perhaps they had been expecting too much of him. Louis has risen to such heights in his profession that nothing short of sending his opponent to the Land of Nod seems to satisfy them. They saw their idol humiliated by a challenger whose hitting qualities are far below par and the spectators added to Louis' misery by letting Joe know in no uncertain terms that they were thoroughly dissatisfied.

* * *

I CAN'T blame them. I felt somewhat as they did about Joe's performance. Not that I expect him to knock every opponent kicking, but because of the lackadaisical manner in which the champion went about his business—as if he didn't give a rap what happened! Louis' excuse for his poor showing against Godoy was that he couldn't be expected to fight a man who crawled on the canvas, danced to avoid punishment, and went through other unorthodox stunts to keep the title-holder from connecting with a haymaker.

"His head was so low to the ground that I would have broken my hands had I landed my punches on top of his head, and since I have four fights this year, I couldn't afford to take any such chances," Joe remarked to me in his dressing room after the fight.

But how about the public? How about those who paid $16.50 to see Joe Louis fight as they know he can? What about protecting the reputation for fair play that the champion had earned with his public?

The other three fights be hanged, said the fans—and correctly so. They had come and paid their good money to see Joe unleash all he possessed. They figured he would give the kind of a fight he exhibited against Max Schmeling and Tony Galento, and when, instead, they saw Louis resign himself, get disgusted with the bobbing, weaving, dancing, crawling and kissing tactics of the challenger, naturally they lost faith in the man who, many like myself, picked as being superior to Jack Dempsey.

I agree with Louis that protecting his hands is an absolute necessity, but since he is in the fighting game, and is collecting a rich reward every time he goes to bat, he should think a little about protecting the public. The fighting business is a tough one, and every fighter must realize that once he enters the ring, he takes the chances of being cut and bruised and even sustaining broken bones. Louis should and must be no exception.

Those who came to see him against Godoy were sorely disappointed in the weak performance for so great a fighter as is the Bomber. The Bomber must make amends in his future bouts by taking the chances a real title-holder assumes. He must sail in to give and to take, if necessary, as did Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Tony Canzoneri and other international figures in boxing, and as are today such fine ringmen as Armstrong, Ambers and Conn. Thinking of the fights to come will cause the kind of talk that will injure the Bomber's reputation as well as spell the ruination of boxing, and if I know Louis as I think I do, he'll fight Godoy every inch of the way when they meet again.

* * *

THE fight was a good one from some points and extremely bad from others. For one, it again proved to the public that Joe Louis is not the great pugilist we have called him, because he doesn't know how to fight an opponent who won't stand up and mix it with him. A clever fighter, a boxer who can bob and weave, befuddles the champion and often makes him look like a novice.

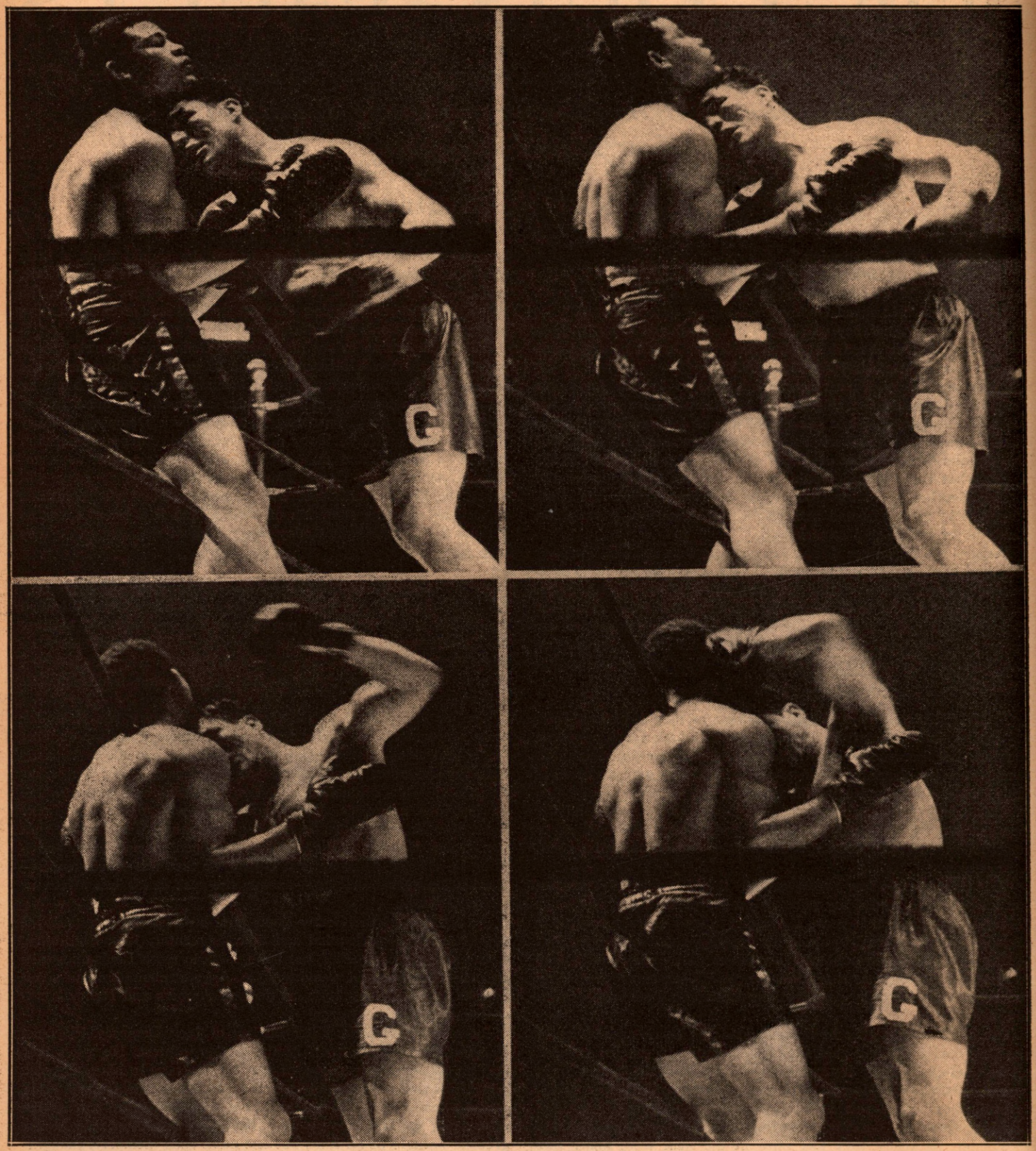
The contest proved to me that the opportunity has risen for some youngster who is fearless and possesses a wallop to take Louis into camp. Godoy has instilled new life into the division by showing the other challengers that Joe Louis is not invincible, something Max Schmeling and Tony Galento had demonstrated on previous occasions. Every youngster who fights Joe Louis from now on will figure he has a good chance. That means that the Brown Bomber will either have to open up and fight, something he refused to do against Godoy, or face the consequences—humiliation even in victory—as was the case in his last affair, or possible defeat.

An analysis of the Godoy-Louis bout stresses the fact that Joe possesses a one-track mind and that his mentor, Jack Blackburn, contrary to general belief, has ben unable to teach Louis an attack against a bobbing and weaving style. A great champion can adapt himself to almost any style, as do Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong of the present crop.

Joe must develop the killer instinct of Jack Dempsey. He must abandon the care he took in the Godoy contest. He must tear into an opponent, regardless of the consequences to himself, when he realizes that the only object of the challenger is to stay the limit.

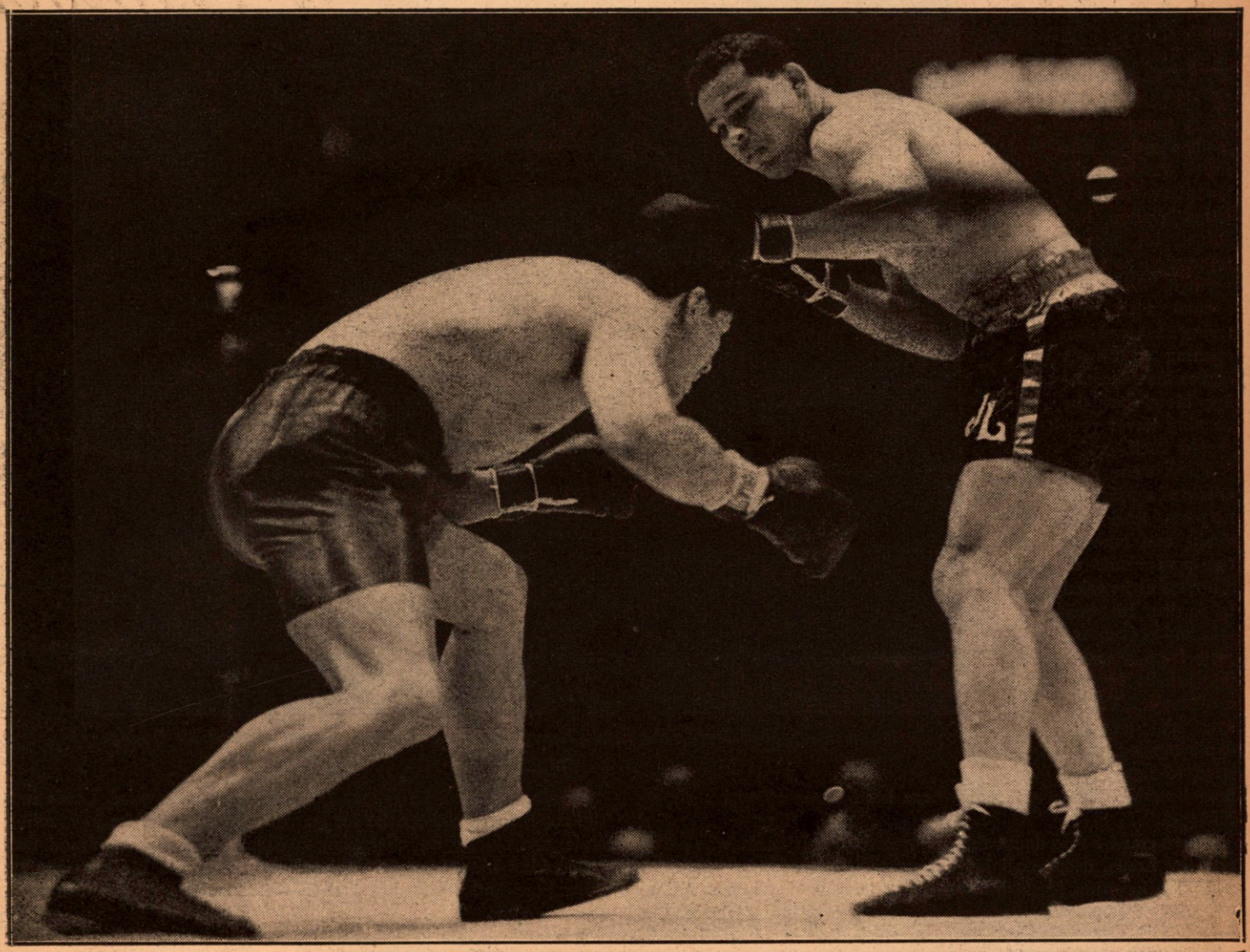
If he can show these assets in his next battles, or before his retirement, he still can go into the record books as one of the greatest fighters of all time, but one more such mediocre, thoughtless battle as his most recent one, and even his staunchest supporters, myself included, will have to admit that we erred by placing Louis above Dempsey in our rating of great champions.

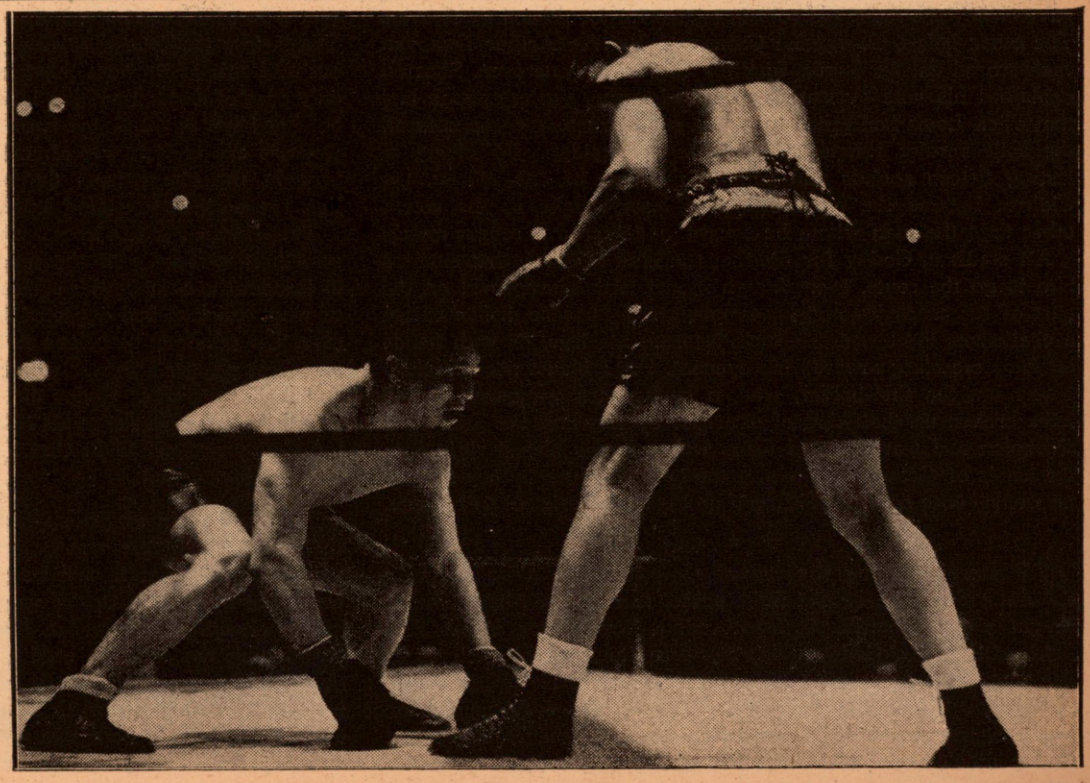
Making a Dud Out of a Bomber



Here we see the champion in a helpless position as he finds himself unable to ward off the rushes of the Chilean. Louis complained about the use of the head by Godoy. Here you get an idea of the efficiency of that mode of attack by the Chilean. The picture also shows the roughness practiced by the challenger. If Godoy had had a wallop, the title would have changed hands. These shots were taken in the ninth round, Godoy's best. He won it by crowding Louis and bombarding him with lefts and rights.

Crouching and Creeping Style





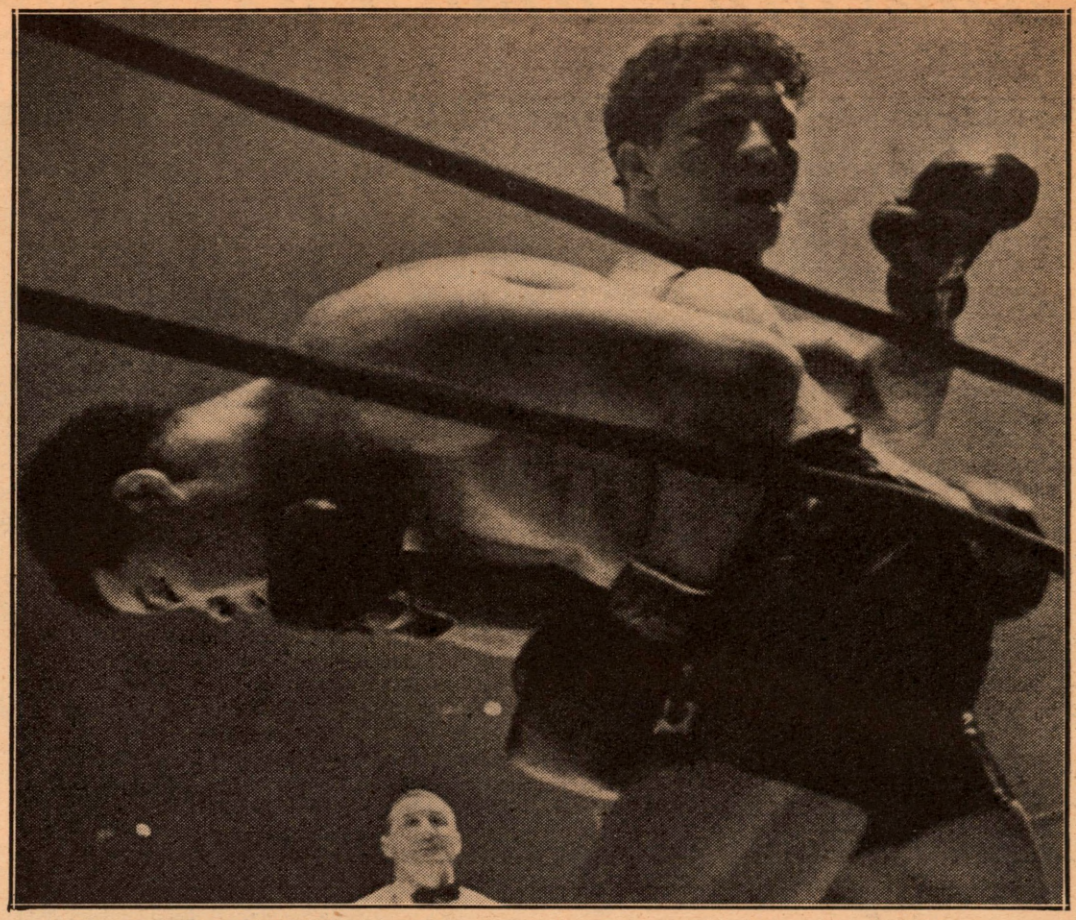
The pictures on this page give an idea of what Louis had to meet. He couldn't fathom the Dempsey crouching style of Godoy. Upper photo shows Godoy about to spring from a crouching position to crowd the Bomber against the ropes. Below, some of the monkey-shines employed by the Chilean challenger to the discomfiture of the champion.

Even Dempsey had several poor fights, hence we'll postpone our final judgment.

* * *

THE Godoy-Louis fight in many respects was a comedy. The fans watched the Bomber, whose lethal wallop had gained for him a reputation as a superman, flounder around the ring trying to find an opening to shoot across his devastating blow, but the opening never presented itself.

They saw him crowded against the ropes, time and again, and take on the appearance of a novice as he tried to squirm his way free and prevent injury from a mauling attack by the challenger. They saw him stand, dumbfounded, as he tried to figure out how he could strike a target whose head alone offered a shooting spot.



Much too timid, Joe! Here's the world heavyweight king being shoved around by Godoy.

There could be no doubt that the greater punishment was delivered by Louis, despite all his defects and the ludicrous positions in which he often found himself. That he was clearly entitled to the verdict cannot be disputed. My score card gave him eleven rounds to four for Godoy, but one of the judges, Tommy Shortell, gave Godoy the fight, ten rounds to two for Louis and three even. The other judge, George Le Cron, and Referee Arthur Donovan each scored ten for Louis, four for Godoy and one even. Shortell explained his vote by stating that Godoy was the aggressor and that often Louis had failed to land a solid punch. As was natural, the split verdict jumped Godoy's stock skyhigh. By virtue of lasting fifteen rounds and gaining the vote of one official, the Chilean became the most talked of heavyweight in the world other than the man whom he fought. He earned a return match.

All credit to Godoy for fighting the kind of battle that enabled him to go the route, even though it met with disapproval on the part of the champion and his supporters. I likewise dislike to see a challenger fight with his head between his legs, or with hands on floor crawling towards his oponent, but I blame not the challenger but the title-holder, who, if he had any gumption, would have broken up that kind of nonsense by showing the guts of a champion and tearing in to force action. Louis played right into the hands of Godoy and his mentors by doing just as they figured he would—lose control of himself and become resigned to his fate.

* * *

IF creeping along the canvas or going into a huddle with oneself is part of the fight game, then I'll say that Godoy fought a smart battle. At least, unlike Bob Pastor in his first fight with Louis, Godoy didn't perform the backslide except in one round, the fourteenth. He went Bob one better by doing the Australian Crawl and the Cuban Tango, and even trying the kissing game, much to the embarrassment of the Bomber. But Godoy didn't back-pedal—that I'll admit.

When cornered, he fought back. When he crowded Louis into the ropes for a change, he let go with rights and lefts in mauling style, and caused the champion to cover up. When he found that he couldn't hit effectively with his fists, he used his head to fine advantage and made Joe like it—for Louis is not of the complaining type.

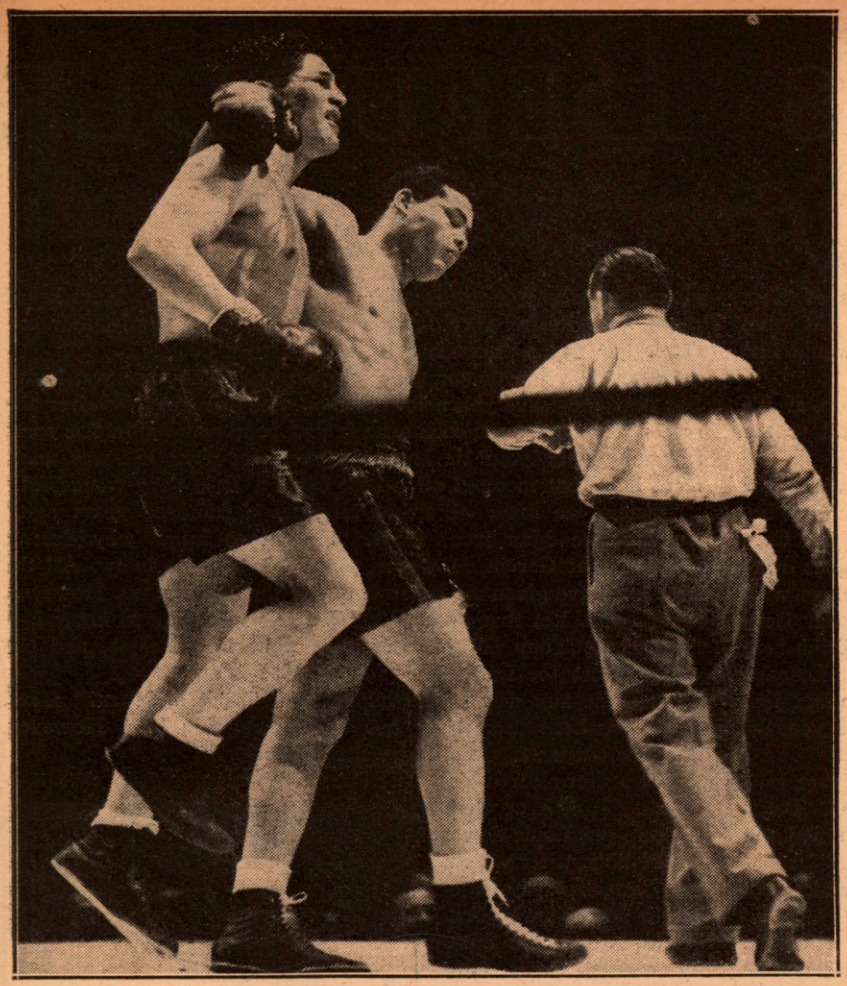
It wasn't a fight over which one could become enthused, but it was a most entertaining battle so far as humor was concerned. That's why the fans gave Godoy such a big hand. He made a sap out of Louis as he went through circus stunts. He was the target only once of Louis' numbing left. The other punches were stingers, but not kayo wallops. Joe used his left jab effectively. He puffed Godoy's eye until it was almost closed as the fight ended and he brought the claret from the nose and cut Arturo's cheek and lips. Joe, on the other hand, had only a slight puff under the left eye.

Those who left the arena with the impression that there was something wrong with the fight were mistaken. Louis' inability to fathom the challenger's style made the contest look bad because of what the fans had expected from Joe as the devastating champion. On previous occasions it has been proved that Louis is at his worst against a fighter who crowds him and uses a low crouch, and that's just what Godoy did to make the Brown Bomber look so unimpressive. Joe is at his best when he faces a stand-up target, but Godoy refused to be that kind of an opponent, and one can't blame him for that.

* * *

IN such form as Godoy had shown in his previous fights in New York, he certainly rated a small chance against Louis. Rugged, game, rough, and he lacked an effective punch. But he went into the ring with the sympathy of the crowd, for few gave him a chance to last more than half a dozen rounds. But by abandoning the style he used when he fought Galento, he came through with a moral victory and paved the way for a handsome reward in a subsequent title bout, one he has earned and will undoubtedly get—a fight that will draw $400,000.

Godoy refused to give Louis an *(Continued on page 40)*



Joy and Sadness

Arturo Godoy, who clowned, kissed the canvas, kissed Louis in the fourteenth round, mussed his hair with a "little" roughness when he crowded the Bomber against the ropes, was so elated at lasting the limit that he leaped into the air, hugged everyone within sight and then grasped the disconsolate Louis about the waist. The Chilean jumped for joy as he led Joe to his corner.

In the dressing room even Mike Jacobs came in for a special "attack." Godoy's kisses smothered Uncle Mike, who tried desperately to get out of a strangle hold while the scribes roared with laughter. Almost as happy as Arturo was his manager, Al Weill, who has a firm body grip on his charge.

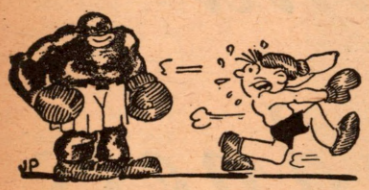
MUDDLES BEFUDDLE

Man from Mars

THE Man from Mars walked into the offices of THE RING. He had a belligerent and inquisitive air. Men from Mars are supposed to be warlike. "I would like to know," he announced.

"Well, you've come to the right spot for information, if it's boxing you would like to know about," the writer said to the M. from M., with pride.

"We can tell you when Jim Mace was born; at what time John L. Sullivan sneezed before his fight with Jim Corbett; how Fitzsimmons originated the solar plexus with which he knocked out Gentleman Jim; how Cribb beat Molyneaux; how Leonard walloped Welsh—in fact, just ask any question and THE RING will be glad to give you the lowdown."



The Man from Mars wrinkled his brows. "I don't care how Fitzsimmons sneezed and Sullivan got sober," he bristled. "I was sent down here by the editor of the Mars *Bladder* to find out what's wrong with boxing in the United States.

"Tell me, why don't Ceferino Garcia and Al Hostak fight for the middleweight championship?"

The writer and the editor of THE RING went into a huddle. This really was something. The Man from Mars would not be wheedled into some other line of questioning. He would not be induced to have a beer and discuss the war in Europe. He wanted to know—Why no Garcia-Hostak fight?"

"Well," the writer began, "it's like this. Garcia thinks he is the champion and is supported by Section 5 of the laws of the Virgin Islands. He is the champion in New York, Puerto Rico, Galapagos Islands, Guatamala, Honduras, Peekskill and West 117th Street.

"However, Hostak is the title-holder in Seattle, Portland, Costa Rica, parts of Staten Island, lower California, Baffin's Bay and Yonkers. Why this division of opinion is a very long story which the Mars *Bladder* would not be interested in.

"Garcia would like nothing better than to fight Hostak. Perhaps Hostak would like nothing better than to engage Garcia. Why, then, do they not meet?

"Well, Hostak is managed by folks who like the climate in Seattle. They say there is nothing like the salubrious situation in the upper West Coast for a middleweight. They say Seattle would turn out stronger for a Hostak-Garcia fight than would New York or any other spot on this terrestrial globe."

* * *

"HOW come this man Hostak fought Tony Zale in Chicago, and busted his hand on Zale?" interrupted the Man from Mars. "You folks down here are a little hard to understand. If Hostak is so terrific a card in Seattle, why did he go to Chicago to meet Zale—and break his hand?"

The writer and the publisher of THE RING went into a huddle on this one.

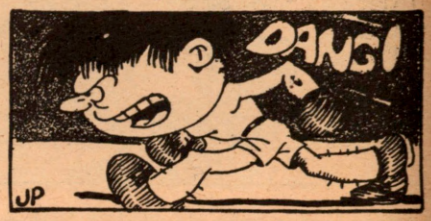
"Well Hostak and his connections figured a slight change of scene and air would not hurt, just so long as he did not have to fight Garcia," we contributed. "In New York, for example, climatic conditions having to do with referees and the like might give Hostak an allergic condition. Have you folks on Mars heard about allergies, as yet? It is a very interesting study. For example, you get a stomach ache, and go to a doctor.

"Years ago the doctor gave you a physic and sent you home. But now they give you a lot of tests, and then they discover the reason you have a stomach ache is that your under shirt has some rayon in it, or your tie has some wool, or your hat was made from hair that moulted off a sick canary. It is very wonderful."

"Listen, we knew all about allergies a hundred years ago," stomped the Man from Mars. "I want to know why doesn't Hostak fight Garcia. However, you don't seem to know. All the dope you have given me we stole out of the air in Mars. However, never mind. Let that drop. What I also would like to know is—How come Tony Galento does not fight Bob Pastor, and the winner meet Joe Louis?"

"Is there any way of getting this guy back to Mars?" asked Nat Fleischer. "Somebody has been prompting him. However, it's your headache. Go ahead and tell him."

The writer cleared his throat. "It is true that Galento put Louis down on the floor, after which Joe knocked Galento into a set of gargoyles. It also is true that Pastor carried Louis into the twelfth round, after which Bob was knocked into a state of paralysis and forgetfulness.



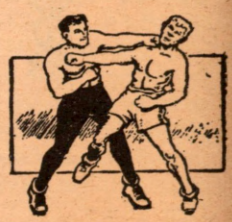
"It would seem, according to Section 178½ of the Civil Code, that Galento and Pastor should, and of a right, out to meet, to decide which of the two should take a second plastering from the Brown Bomber. Which is what we down here call Joe Louis.

"Louis would like nothing better than to see Galento and Pastor meet, and then mess around with the gallant victor. But the way the accountants look at it—Galento figures he might get it in the neck from Pastor at reduced rates, and then be out of the running for Louis. Pastor figures he might get it in the neck from Tony, and then be out of consideration for the bigger dough with the Bomber.

* * *

"ALL this has been doped out, not by the people who pay to see fights. Not by the fight experts. But by the men who make out the income tax blanks for Galento and Pastor.

"You see, down here, boxing no longer is entirely a science devoted to fists, and an art concentrated on the finer points of hit and get away. Boxing is a game which lays great stress on economics. The fighters are paid off for their services, and naturally they try to get all the traffic will bear, plus fifty per cent.



"When a fighter becomes a contender, he hires a certified public accountant. The accountant makes all the matches. He divides the guarantee into the fighter's age, then adds ten, and multiplies by the manager's yearly rent. The boxer's alimony also is included.

"There are other figures which enter into this, but they are too intricate for you to understand. Like the payments on the fighter's limousine, and the chauffeur's pay."

"How come your fighters have limousines and chauffeurs?" howled the Man from Mars. "Up our way, a fighter walks. In fact, there is a law which makes it mandatory for all athletes to run. They are not allowed to ride in private or public vehicles. You are softening the race of gladiators. However, continue."

He Dashes Back to His Planet Without Discovering Why Al Hostak Does Not Fight Ceferino Garcia and Tony Galento Does Not Meet Pob Pastor

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"Well," we ventured, "the fighters down here are men of substance, men of social and financial eminence. They are courted by Society, hounded by Wall Street brokers, and they stand two notches above Congressmen. The Mayor thinks he is honored if he gets a nod from one of our fistic leaders. We believe that if we maintain the standards of fistic skill, the country always will be safe."

"Don't believe that hooey," snorted the Man from Mars. "When we had a war with Saturn, we threw our boxers into the front rank, and they were gassed. They were gassed by their own conversation, it turned out. However, go on. Let's have some more."

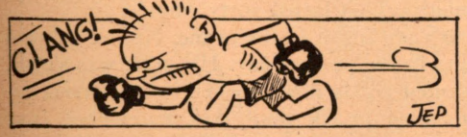
* * *

"YOU see, we have a condition in this country," we continued. "Louis is supreme and the situation in the heavyweight ranks is frozen."

The Man from Mars looked sore. "Nuts," he shouted. "When Sullivan was your champion, he was supposed to be invincible and the experts said the class was frozen. But along came some young fellow named Corbett, and he knocked your Sullivan into a row of spitoons.

"When your Dempsey was the star you said the class was frozen because he was too good. But along came some young fellow by the name of Tunney, and Dempsey became a former champion. That stuff about a champion being too good is okeh until he is licked, and then you wonder how you could have made so big a mistake. However, go on."

This guy was getting a bit difficult. We suggested luncheon over at Dempsey's, where he could look at the fighters' pictures with which THE RING decorated his walls, and get a hot foot from Jack himself.



"We on Mars do not eat," he snickered.

"Well," we went on, "Louis will be beaten some day, but right now nobody equal to the feat appears on the horizon. There is a terrific rush to keep out of his way."

"Nonsense," complained the Man from Mars. "Fighters never flinch. Or, do they?"

"Sometimes they consult their doctors and accountants, and act accordingly," we replied.

* * *

THE Man from Mars did not look convinced. "I came here for dope and I have got very little for my paper—at least little that would be satisfactory to the tough readers on Mars. They don't go much for phony explanations. If a fighter fakes we string him up from one of the ring posts. This, we find, has had a salutary effect on the game and has reduced the number of incompetent scrappers.

"However, let us go on. I note something strange in the bantamweight class.

"Escobar, it was announced, has given up his title. At least, Lew Briggs, his manager, so announced. He said it was a great thing in Escobar's country for a fighter to retire as unbeaten champion. It meant social prestige. However, what can you get for social prestige in the hock shop? On Mars, nothing whatever.

"Well, now I see Escobar again laying claim to the title. Did he fail to cash in on social prestige?"

The writer went into another huddle with the publisher.

"Mr. Man from Mars, this is intricate business," we countered. "Escobar's manager retired him. Then came these champions: George Pace, N.B.A.; Tony Olivera, California; Lou Salica, New York; Peter Kane, Scotland; and K. O. Morgan, Detroit. This set a new record for champions in any class, and especially for so light a division.

"What happened? Escobar saw all these fighting for the title and decided he had been hasty. Or, rather his manager had taken too much for granted. So he announced he was champion again, ready to defend the title he had been announced as having given up.

"Now we have more bantam champions than Heinz has pickles. Have you any pickles on Mars?"

The Man from Mars arose, scowling. "All I can say is that you birds down here don't manage boxing very intelligently," he blurted. "I'll mail you a copy of the rules of the Mars Commission."

* * *

THE Man from Mars proceeded to the Louis-Godoy fight. "Tell me something," he said. "I saw Louis fight Godoy, and it was very interesting to me, because Godoy resembled our own battlers on Mars. Up there we stand on our heads. Godoy got down very close to the ground and made me homesick.

"However, that's not what I want to ask about. I saw Louis win the fight by ten rounds to three, with two even. Yet one of your judges, who is supposed to know all about boxing, gave the fight to Godoy by a wide margin. Not only that. When the announcer shouted the verdict, the customers howled in disapproval. How come? Please explain the apparent lack of knowledge of boxing among the onlookers. Or is it something else?"

Your correspondent knew the answers this time—without a huddle.

"Mr. Mars, what you say is quite true," we replied. "The judge who gave the fight to Godoy either knew little about boxing or was suffering from astigmatism. There was not the slightest doubt that Louis won. How any official could say otherwise is a mystery. Godoy dashed in squatting, grabbed Louis and held for dear life, and poor Joe against something new, could not make that one-track mind of his contrive the easy solution.

"All Joe had to do was to step back and leave Godoy either squatting or crouching. But Joe let Godoy move in and massage his chin with the Chilean head. It was discomfitting, and at no time did Louis display the intelligence of a real champion. He lacked fire, too.

"As for the howls of disapproval—well, the customers felt Louis had not fought like a true champion. They also were actuated by another motive. The crowd likes to see the champion knocked down. It is for him if he stops the other man. But if he fails to score even the second cousin of a knockdown, it gets sore and wants the title-holder knocked out. This psychology is stronger now than ever before. The have-nots want the haves belted out.

"Then there is another angle. A lot of customers sit far from the ring and see another fight.

"Then there is the absolute fact that the fans do not know an awful lot about the finer points of boxing, and how to score a fight. They go by impressions, by what they would like to see.

"Then we find another factor. This man Louis is not a popular champion. He lacks color, he is not a mixer, he fights and then disappears for months. He is on the surly side, too."

The Man from Mars shook his head. "It is all very complicated," he said. "But, come to think of it, we have the same sort of situation on Mars. They keep hollering for the old champion to go out and the new one to come in, and as soon as the new one comes in, they want him beheaded. Yes, it is all very strange."

And the Man from Mars took wing.

STAMINA— Is a Great Ring Asset

By TED CARROLL

IN ranking great boxers of the past and present, most followers of the fistic game usually rate skillful performers and hard hitters among the top-notch fighters of all time. These critics and fans are prone to overlook one of the most valuable assets any fighter can possess, stamina or endurance. The ability to set and hold a pace so terrific in its intensity that the most scientific of boxers and the hardest of punchers eventually wilt under the pressure and succumb to exhaustion, has carried many famed fighters to the top of their profession.

In the old days of twenty-, forty- and fifty-round bouts, the quality of endurance was a vital one to any aspiring pugilist. In recent years the ring game has become refined to the extent that long distance contests are no longer the style, and as a result, the importance of stamina to a boxer has been generally overlooked.

That the ability to maintain a fast clip in a ring battle still is as important as of yore, is brought strongly to light in the amazing career of Henry Armstrong. While Henry possesses other necessary attributes of the great fighter, namely a puzzling bobbing and weaving defense, a cast-iron chin, and a stinging overhand right, the real secret of his success is the durability of his never ceasing attack and his ability to wear down almost any opponent.

This was strikingly evident in his recent embroglio with Pedro Montanez, one of the most slashing slugfests ever seen in the Madison Square Garden ring. In almost everything but stamina the Puerto Rican was Armstrong's equal, but in this vital asset he fell short of matching his demoniac opponent and that was his undoing. In fighting heart, ability to assimilate punishment, hitting power, boxing skill, gameness and weight, Montanez was the equal of the champion.

But the courageous Islander, whose thrilling demonstration of courage will never be forgotten, couldn't hold the fantastic pace the untiring Armstrong maintained for eight rounds. In examining Armstrong's record, it is significant that the only men to give him any real opposition were those whose endurance matched his—Lou Ambers and Baby Arizmendi.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of stamina, Ambers has frequently shown lasting qualities about the equal of Armstrong's. The Herkimer Hurricane, in both his melees with Henry, came roaring down the homestretch neck and neck with the route-going Armstrong. Indeed, in their first battle, Lou survived a terrible going over in the early stanzas to finish up in better shape that the hustling Henry, who was considerably the worse for wear at the final gong.

In their second meeting, the upstate New Yorker stepped right along with Homicide Hank and was as fresh as the little tan tornado at the finish. Whenever the question of endurance is brought up, Lou Ambers has to be rated right up there.

Baby Arizmendi is neither a great puncher nor a clever boxer, but the bull-necked mauling little Mexican can trade punch for punch at any rate of speed with anyone until the cows come home. Because of this he has fared better with Armstrong than any of the clever ones or the pulverizing hitters who have fallen before Henry. Arizmendi has not only survived five meetings with Armstrong, he has won two of them! Arizmendi doesn't tire and he has always given Henry plenty of opposition.

Armstrong's blistering trail to three titles was strewn with the figures of many accomplished boxers and knockout artists—Ross, Sarron, Belloise, Beauhuld, Venturi, among others. All were masters of the art of self-defense. Garcia, Bass and Montanez all packed plenty of power in their mitts. All these were badly beaten. Only the boys who could stay with Henry's pace were able to give him any trouble.

* * *

DOWN through the years, the name of one man has become synonymous with stamina in the ring. Battling Nelson was the man whose endurance has become almost legendary. Oldtimers tell us that the Durable Dane was neither a great boxer nor a great hitter, but his staying powers were superhuman. Some of them even say that under present day conditions and ten-round bouts, the Battler might have been just another fighter, but it was the Dane's good fortune to be around in the days of the marathon fights and that was certainly to his liking.

Nelson became famous for his twenty-round brawls with such as Aurelio Herrerra, the thunder-fisted Mexican, whom he outlasted and outgamed back in 1904; and the late Jimmy Britt, to whom he lost a twenty-round verdict the same year in a fight billed as for the lightweight championship of the world.

However, the two fights which are always recalled whenever great lightweight battles are discussed, are Nelson's forty-two-round go with the great Joe Gans, which the Durable Dane lost on a foul, and his savage primitive tangle with Ad Wolgast, another route-going gladiator. That lasted forty rounds.

Almost impervious to punishment in his prime, Nelson followed the tactics of Armstrong in the present day. His style was simple. He wore his more talented rivals down by the overpowering relentlessness of his unending attack until they succumbed from exhaustion.

Against the masterly Gans, whom he met three times, he dogged the peerless champion doggedly each time. Finally, in their third and last contest, July 4, 1908, with the world's lightweight championship at stake, the Old Master, weakened by weight-making and disease, finally fell before his relentless rival at San Francisco in seventeen rounds.

* * *

A YEAR previous Nelson had caught up with the classy Californian, Jimmy Britt, with an eighteen-round knockout over the then lightweight title claimant in Colma, Cal., and his victory over Gans at last rewarded him with a clear and undisputed claim to the world's lightweight championship.

Oddly enough, the man who conquered Nelson was of the same rugged enduring mold. Ad Wolgast, the Cadillac Bearcat, was the man who ended the Durable One's reign over the world's lightweights with a bit of help from Father Time, at Port Richmond, Canada, February 22, 1910.

Ironically, Nelson, the man who wore down the greatest, was himself run to a state of collapse and exhaustion in this losing effort that cost him his crown. This forty-five-round contest is one of the memorable classics of the prize ring. Nelson, the unflinching, the human machine who never ran down, the man whose inhuman endurance had been too much for some of the

ring's great masters to overcome, himself succumbed to the same tactics.

Stamina coupled with youth proved the undoing of the one-time untiring marvel of the ring, and in the forty-fifth round he slumped wearily to the floor, victim of a younger man whose endurance was greater than his.

Thus the lightweight crown passed from the head of one tireless warrior to that of another *(Continued on page 43)*

IOWA'S LATEST

ALL Iowa knows now that lightning CAN strike twice in the same place. It has. For within a period of less than two years, two ranking heavyweight fighters have emerged from Des Moines, a little city of 150,000 population.

First Johnny Paychek came along in the summer of 1937 and the spring of 1938; then Lee Savold. Both are now in the select circle of the first ten challengers for Champion Joe Louis' title, according to the ratings of THE RING.

But attention is centered largely on Savold because of his sensational debut in Madison Square Garden on January 10, when he gave away thirty-one and one-half pounds and several inches in height and reach to big Jim Robinson of Philadelphia and then belted him about with such carefree abandon that the New York Athletic Commission's physician refused to let the bout move into the fourth round.

Savold, who on defense resembles his early tutors—Mike Gibbons and Jock Malone—and in whom some see a facial resemblance to the Jack Dempsey of 1919, took New York by storm. Columns were written about him within a few short days and he spent many hours posing for photographs for press associations, newspapers and magazines.

"This is the guy," old-time boxing followers said.

If they didn't say that they commented that "This guy looks like he's the one."

Of course they meant that the "blond tiger" from Iowa apparently has the equipment to fight Champion Joe Louis—possibly defeat him. In Iowa they call him the "Blond Bomber" but New Yorkers have dubbed him a tiger.

* * *

INSOFAR as the fight crowd is concerned, there is no substitute for a puncher. Savold can hit. "Lethal Lee," they call him out in the Corn Belt, because he packs so much power, about equally divided, in each hand. He has knocked out some opponents with his left, others with his right, and at all times has proven himself a thriling attraction.

Since his comeback, which began last summer after a year or so of virtual inactivity, although he did pick up a fight here and there but did not train for any of them, he has scored ten kayoes out of thirteen fights, seven of them consecutively, and five of them over opponents who had never been stopped before.

Among the latter was Maurice Strickland, the "cutie" from New Zealand, who held Arturo Godoy and Nathan Mann to draws in New York fights at a time when the latter pair was being groomed for something better.

The Strickland fight took place on December 4, 1939, in Des Moines and marked the first time that the national spotlight was turned on the blond Norwegian, although his bout with Buddy Baer, a greatly improved fighter compared to what he was a year or so ago, attracted some attention. Savold lost a close newspaper decision to Baer, the difference being that he was knocked down in the first round by a right uppercut that would have kept most any other fighter in the resin for the duration of the evening.

The fact that he arose, carried the fight to Baer, who outweighed him by forty-eight pounds, and forced the big brother of Maxie to go on the defensive in the final three rounds of the eight-round scrap, convinced Des Moines fans, and Manager Pinkie George, too, that Savold has what it takes.

* * *

SOON after that fight Savold knocked out Pal Silvers with a left hook in the third round, used his right hand to stop Strickland with one punch in the third, outpointed wiley Eddie Simms in ten, gave Arne Anderson, the rugged and hard hitting Swedish champion, a pasting in eight, and then stopped Robinson in the Garden.

Savold had fights before these, and tough ones. When a mere "baby" he was taken to the Pacific Coast where he was thrown against Phil Brubaker, Ford Smith and other heavyweights of similar caliber right when they were at their best. He won some of the fights; he lost others. But he didn't make any money, and in disgust he renounced boxing and everything connected with it. He had a wife and baby to support and just had to get some money.

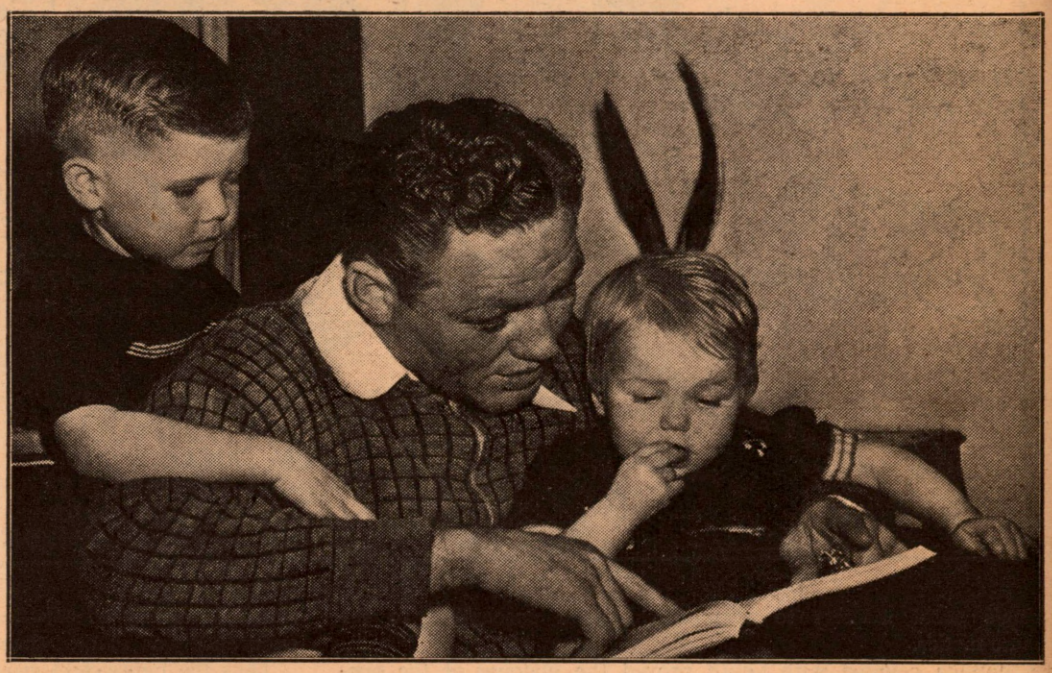
He worked on the docks, did a turn in a construction camp, picked up jobs here and there but in the end returned to his home at St. Paul. The only work he could find there was tending bar, so he took the job although he didn't know a whisky sour from a Tom Collins.

It was while he was on that job that he took on so much weight and it was behind the bar that George found him last June, weighing 252 pounds, and convinced him that if he'd get into condition, he could make some money fighting. George had seen him fight on the Coast and liked his style.

A systematic training campaign was launched. The Norwegian's meals were reduced to two a day and the menus were dictated by the manager. So were the training sessions.

For his first comeback fight Savold weighed 225. He gradually pared off the excess poundage until he weighed 187 for Baer late in October, 185 for Strickland early in December, 183 for Anderson late the same month, and 181 for Robinson in January.

Both the fighter and his manager say he'll gradually work up to 185, perhaps, 187, now.



Lee Savold with his children, Sandra, 2, and Richard Lee, 5. The blond Iowan, like Jimmy Braddock, is a home boy. He likes to be with his family.

"FIND"

By SEC TAYLOR
(Sports Editor of the Des Moines Register and Tribune)

Lee Savold, the Blonde Bomber, Pupil of Mike Gibbons and Jock Malone, Rated Most Promising Heavyweight Prospect

All this time George was assisted in training Savold by Hymie Wiseman, once a very good featherweight, with headquarters in Des Moines. The two of them improved Savold's offense, caused him to eliminate some of his waste motions—he had a habit of feinting and not taking advantage of it—but they did not try to interfere with the fighter's defense. It was grounded on what Gibbons and Malone taught him.

* * *

SAVOLD came up "the hard way." He was born on a farm near Marshall, Minn., on March 22, 1916, and knew nothing but hard work as a child until he ran away from home at the age of fourteen. At nine he was milking nineteen cows, morning and night. He worked in the fields and he and his brother made some pocket money by importing bronchos from Montana, "breaking" and training them.

There was little time for play but when they had the opportunity the two brothers boxed, and in the winter time they did some skiing. They walked two and one-half miles each way to school and five miles each way to Sunday school at a First English Lutheran church.

At fifteen, when he was on his own in St. Paul, Savold had his first and only amateur scrap, for which he received a month's dues in a gymnasium. At sixteen he had his first professional bout. He substituted in the main event of a show at the county fair at Madison, Minn., and knocked out his opponent in the second round.

It was about this time that he married, and soon thereafter he left his wife in St. Paul and started on his invasion of the Pacific Coast. Later he had Mrs. Savold join him, but when the going became too tough, she returned to St. Paul with Richard Lee, who is now five years old. A daughter, Sandra Ruth, is two. They live in a comfortable apartment in Des Moines now.

From the time he first began fighting Savold was known as Savoldi. He was introduced as Savoldi for his first scrap and never bothered to make the correction until George took him over. The latter insisted that the past was to be forgotten and that since Savold is a good Norwegian name, it should be that henceforth.

Savold's grandparents on both sides were born in Norway. His wife's parents are native Norwegians. Mrs. Savold is a red-haired, slender woman, none too strong, who is satisfied to remain at home and take care of the children. She has seen Lee fight only once, soon after they were married, and says she will never see him in the ring again, although she doesn't object to his fighting so long as he wants to do it.

* * *

IN his New York debut, he was pitted against lanky Jim Robinson, who outweighed him by thirty-five pounds and enjoyed a fairly good reputation in the East. Savold showed his class and hitting to good advantage. He floored Robinson in the second round for a nine count, then succeeded to win by a technical knockout when Robinson could not continue after three rounds. Robinson's left eye was completely closed and the critics had universally agreed that a new heavyweight of promise had been revealed.

Mike Jacobs was so enthused with Savold's showing that he tried to close negotiations for a Conn-Savold match but that did not meet with the approval of Johnny Ray, Conn's manager. Ultimately they succeeded in getting Jimmy Johnston's approval for a match with Bob Pastor to be staged in the Garden shortly after this issue goes to press.

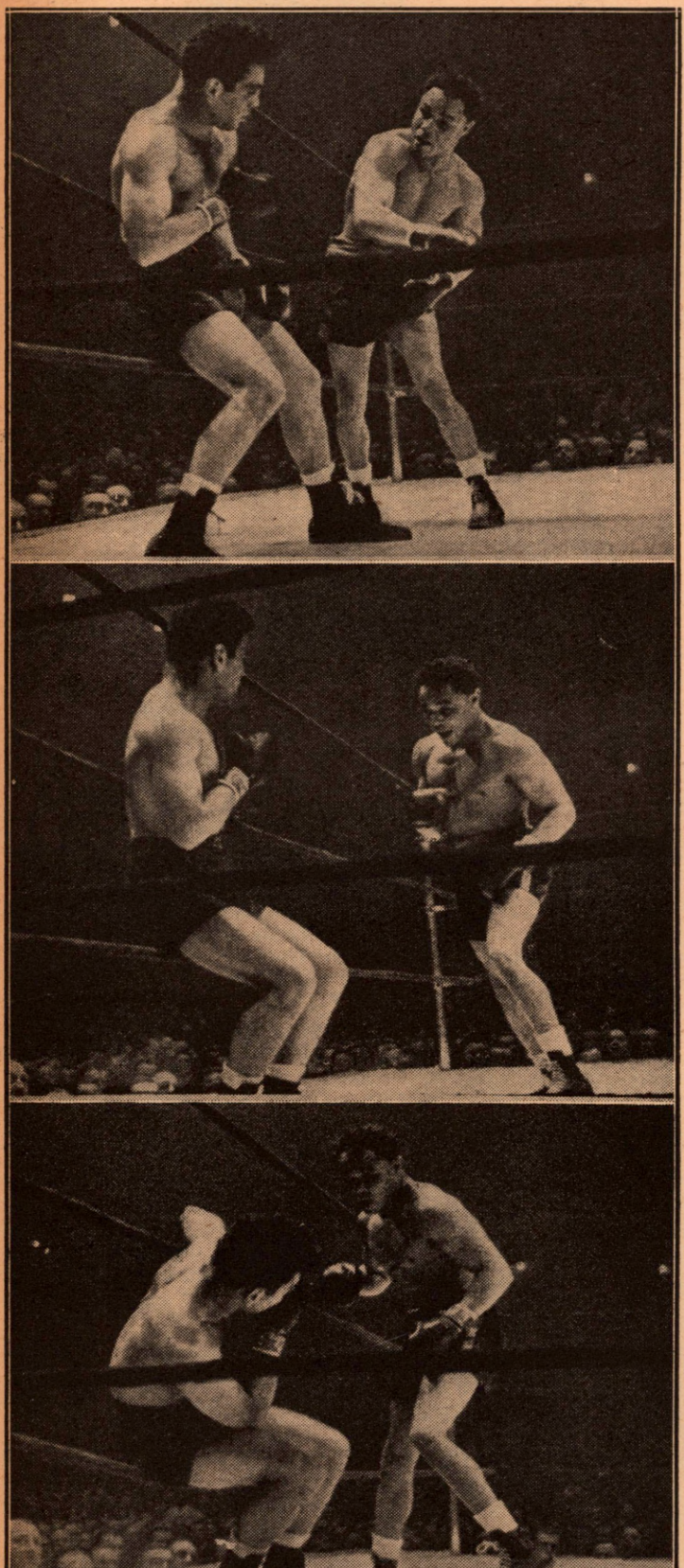
Lee, like Tommy Farr, insists on bandaging his hands without the aid of second or manager. Here he is getting ready for his fight with Jim Robinson in the Garden, and his attention is directed in the corner of the room where some scribes are getting an interview with his manager, Pinkie George.

The result of that meeting will definitely decide whether Lee is of championship caliber or he is not ready for it. Pastor is a tough trial horse, who made a great stand against Joe Louis on two occasions. If Savold manages to hurdle this obstacle, it will be within the realm of possibility that Mr. Savold will be chosen as one of Joe Louis' opponents this summer. Even if he loses, he still will be a good drawing card against the top-flight heavyweights. At this stage he is a reminder of Luther McCarty when he was mowing down the cream of the "white" hopes in the pre-World War days.

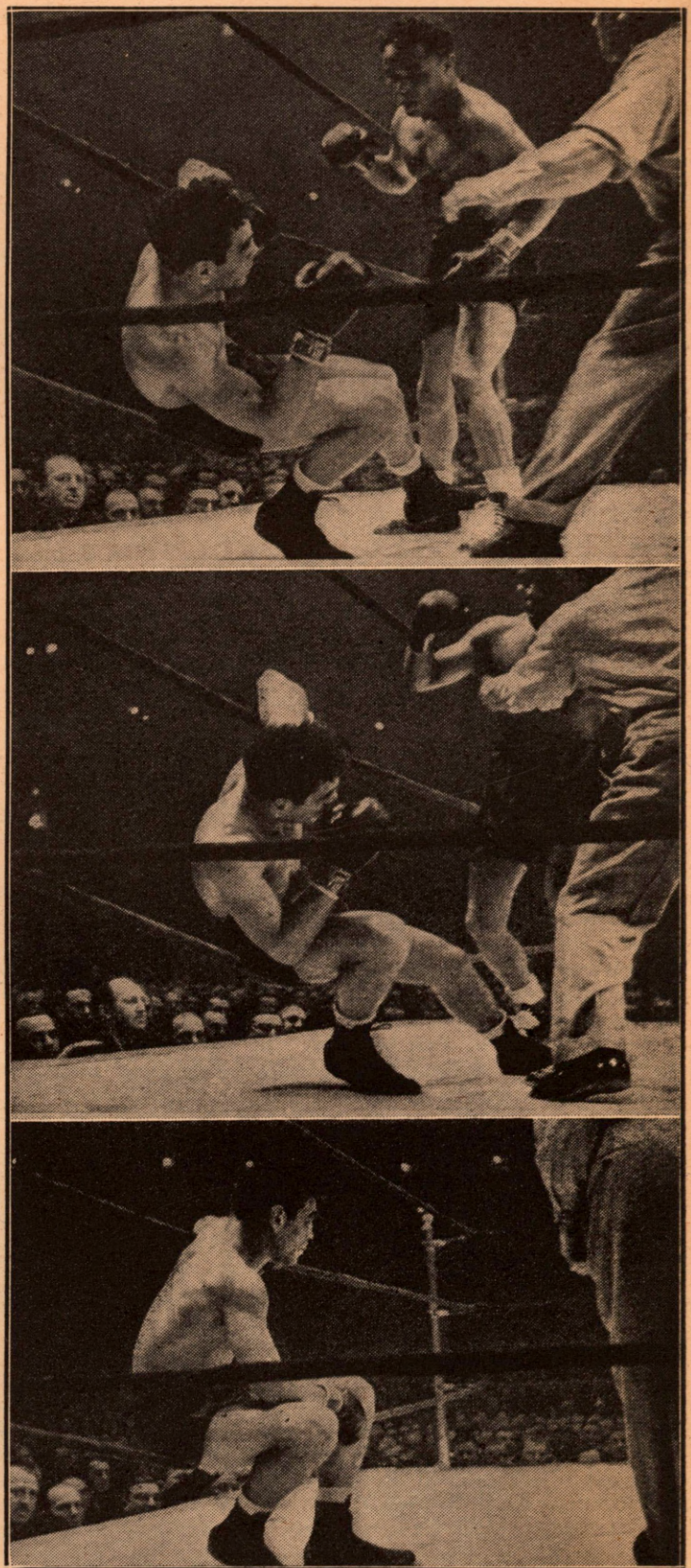
Savold apparently has the tools to get somewhere as a heavyweight. He has the punch, the endurance, the ability to take punches, if necessary, the defensive skill, the ring cunning, the speed and the heart.

Savold is his correct name. When started his pro career about seven years ago, he added an "i" to his name because of his admiration for "Jumping Joe" Savoldi, famous Notre Dame football star and later, a wrestler, but recently he decided to get back to his own name and he has dropped the "i." Since making the change, he has come up with a bang, hence he feels that the "i" was a hoodoo to him. Even his most rigid critics, those who refuse to concede any ability to a young fighter until he has made the grade against the cream of the top-notchers, agree that Lee looks the part of a good fighter, acts like one, is a superb boxer and a good hitter.

How the Magic Eye Saw It



It took only a few seconds after Montanez rose from his first knockdown to be sent down for the second time in the fourth round. On both occasions he went part way through the ropes. Here is a magic eye strip of the second knockdown. Starting from the left, top to bottom: Armstrong's powerful right hook has just crashed against the jaw of Montanez. Pedro lands against the ropes. The assault continues, a heavy two fisted barrage, and



Montanez finds some protection by resting on the lower rope and covering his face with both hands. Then comes another right to the jaw (upper right hand picture), and Pedro sinks, his body partially outside the ropes and resting on the lower strand. There he rests while Referee Cavanaugh counts two when Pedro rises but holds the ropes until seven is reached. Then he gets into action again but he finds the going too tough.

ARMSTRONG *at His Best*

Homicide Hank, Fighting Furiously and At Mile-a-Minute Pace, Halts Montanez in Fifteenth Defense of Welterweight Crown—Drops Puerto Rican Three Times

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHAT Joe Louis is to the heavyweight division, Henry Armstrong is to the welterweight class. That he proved so conclusively in the fifteenth defense of his title, when he halted the game, aggressive Pedro Montanez in the ninth round in Madison Square Garden. In a contest that was sizzling with action, Homicide Hank gave one of the best exhibitions of perpetual motion in boxing seen in New York in many moons.

Not only did he exhibit such stamina as made Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson and Terry McGovern famous, but he lashed out with lefts and rights, attacked to face and body, missed occasionally but landed sufficient effective punches to hand Pedro the worst shellacking he has ever received. It was by far the best fighting displayed by Armstrong since he won the welter title from Barney Ross.

For savagery and bruising milling, the bout was one that satisfied every one of the 19,157 persons who paid $59,575 to see the two ringmen toss punches at each other. It was a struggle from start to finish, with Henry the aggressor and Pedro meeting him, punch for punch, in the first two sessions, and then resorting to counter attacks as the pace became too hot and the attack of the champion became too severe.

Yet not once during the entire encounter did Montanez back away or show signs of fear. He took an unmerciful licking, and several times was on the verge of collapse, yet he stood his ground, mixed it when he could, took a volley of shots to all portions of the body and never winced.

Those who, previous to the battle, had belittled the gameness of the Puerto Rican, probably felt ashamed of their attacks after viewing Montanez's performance. As a challenger, he proved himself a real fighter, but he found his master in the little terror, who seemed on this occasion to be at his best. Talk about Henry having gone back seems to be premature, if we are to judge by his splendid performance against Montanez. Apparently Hank has been taking things easy against mediocre opposition, but against fighters of the calibre of Montanez, he cuts loose with a vengeance.

* * *

MONTANEZ, after the first two rounds, proved no match for the title-holder. He fought toe-to-toe for a while, absorbed as much as he could, and then gradually was worn down to a point of exhaustion. Encouraged by the shouts of a huge gathering of his Harlem friends, Pedro did his best, but it was insufficient against such a whirlwind attack as was launched by his adversary.

Round after round at the clang of the bell, Henry would leap forward and crash, as a starter, a left hook to the chin or to Pedro's swollen and bleeding eye. Then would follow a barrage and poor Montanez couldn't protect himself, so rapidly were the blows being tossed and so accurately were they reaching some vital spot, with only here and there a few misses.

Not even when he won the title in that hectic battle with Barney Ross, or when he fought Lou Ambers, did Armstrong show such speed and variety as he did against Montanez. Those who had expected that the weight of Henry, 139¾, his heaviest since he graduated from the featherweight ranks, would affect Hank's speed, found instead, a little fighting demon with speed to burn.

* * *

IN defeating Montanez, Armstrong shattered the clean record of Pedro, who, prior to that contest, had never been floored. He was downed not once, but three times, and on one occasion, the third knockdown, had the bell not sounded just as the punch crashed against Pedro's chin, Montanez would have been counted out then.

In the fourth round, which I thought was Armstrong's best, my blow-by-blow report showed a total of seventy-three punches landing on the frame of the challenger. It was in that session that Montanez was floored, first for a count of five and again for a seven-count. Henry set off a charge of dynamite against the chin of his rival for the first down and soon Pedro was resting with his body on the lower rope and his left arm curled around the upper strand. Then he dropped to the canvas.

The second knockdown came soon after when, in a furious attack, Armstrong, sensing the kill, tossed lefts and rights and Montanez caved in. He fell part way through the ropes and had a hard time getting up at seven. These trip-hammer blows numbed the senses of the challenger. Had he decided then and there to quit, no one could have found fault with him. But he didn't. He elected to fight it out and he lasted through four more sessions before a merciful referee, Billy Cavanaugh, halted the fray.

* * *

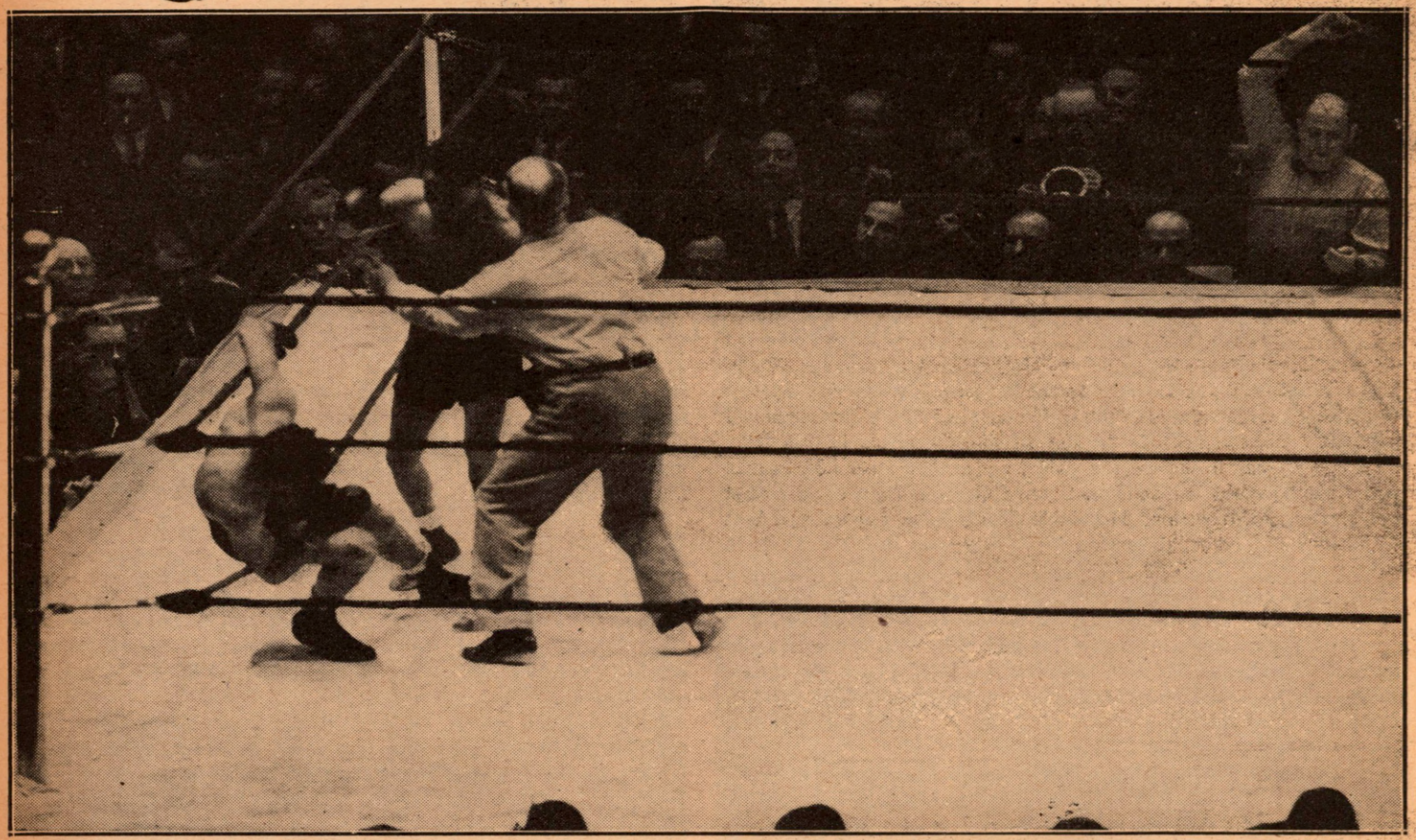
HENRY'S left hook, which seemed to land more frequently in this fight than in any I have seen him, opened a cut over Montanez's right eye in the third round and from then to the end, Pedro was severely handicapped by the bleeding. That cut, and the two knockdowns in the fourth, were indications that Henry would again emerge with the crown still in his possession. There could be no doubt about his superiority after that.

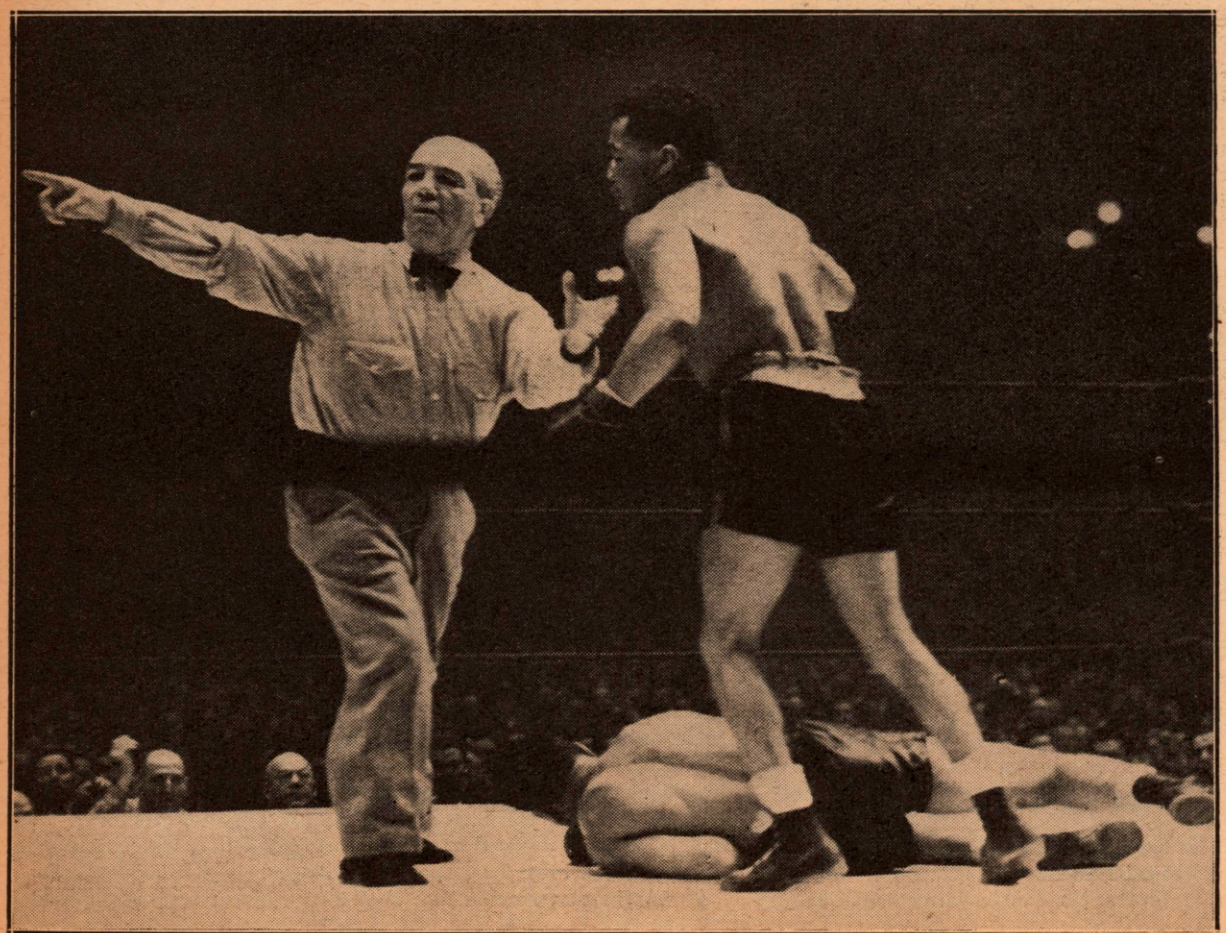
Armstrong charged tirelessly, always backing his man either in a corner or against the ropes where, from the tap of the gong, he unleashed everything in his repertoire until the end of the round. He discarded long range fighting, and so did Montanez, who couldn't fight that way if he had wanted to because of the ever-pressing Hank.

When the eighth round was about to start, Pedro's manager, Lew Burston, shook his head as he examined the eye wound of Montanez and pleaded with the Puerto Rican to call it a night. But Montanez, remembering those who had so unfairly dubbed him a "geezer," which in ring parlance, signifies one who will quit under fire, refused to yield. He insisted that the fight go on and it did, but only for a short time longer.

It was in that session that Pedro *(Continued on page 43)*

New Sensation for Pedro

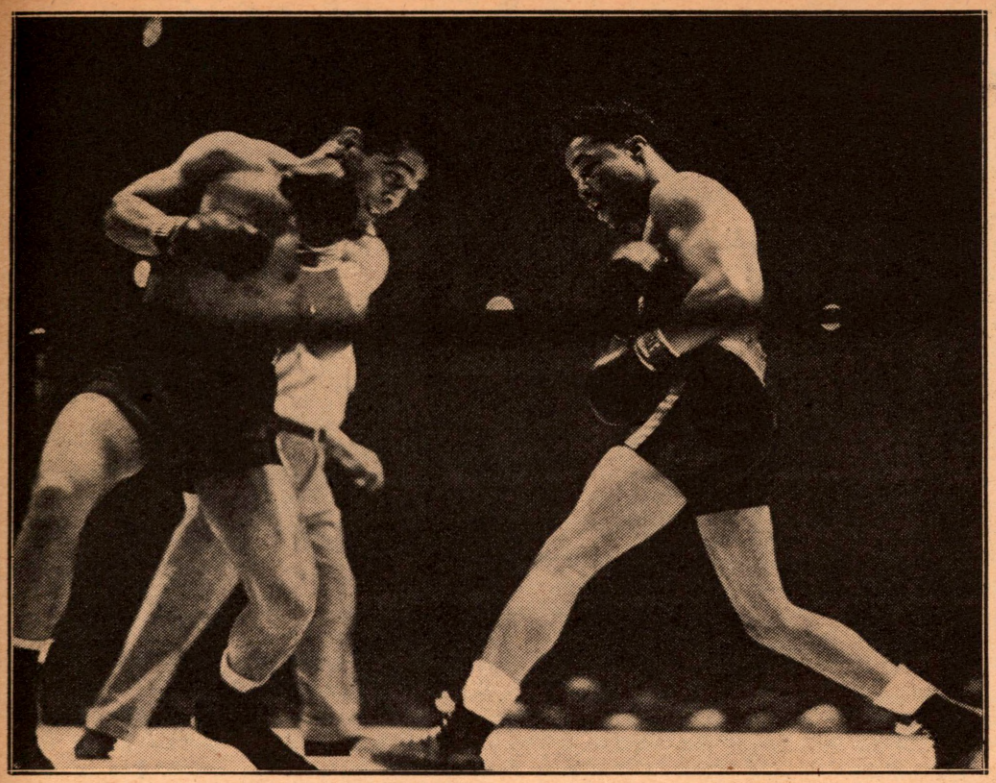




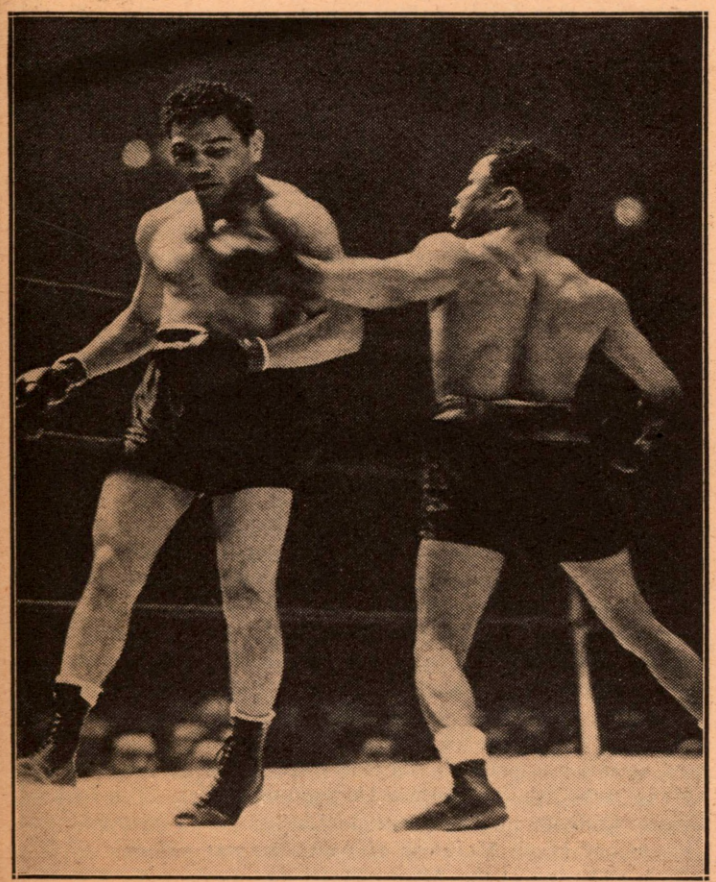
In the pictures on this page we see Montanez downed for the first time in his professional career. In the above photograph as Pedro is dropped for the first time in the fourth round, note the expression of the ringsiders. Henry Armstrong has just crashed his right with dynamite effect to Pedro's chin. The Puerto Rican landed on top of the ropes and held on for dear life. He got up at the count of five.

Here Montanez is saved by the bell. It was in the eighth round. A right hook landed against Montanez's chin, put him flat on his chest and he would have been counted out had the gong not come to his rescue. He had to be assisted to his corner.

Homicide Hank Retains Welter Title

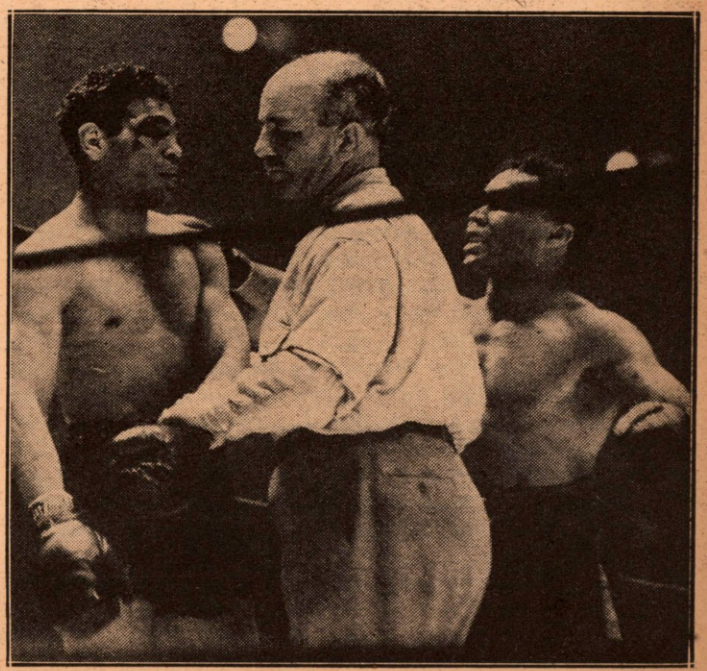


Note the tenseness. Here Pedro has missed a left hook in the sixth round in which he gained an even break, and spun around as Armstrong stepped back to avoid the blow. The fury with which the bout was fought may be gleaned from the expression on the face of each.



Montanez, in a daze soon after the ninth round got under way, stands helplessly while a barrage is sent to face and body by Armstrong. Eye puffed and bleeding, he proves an easy target.

Referee Billy Cavanaugh halts proceedings. He steps between the fighters after Armstrong's right almost dropped Montanez and stops the fight with Armstrong still the world champion. It was a great scrap.



Champagne Signing

Scenes at Dempsey's Restaurant Where Pastor-Burman Bout Was Clinched, Recall to Veteran Scribe Romantic Horton Law Period of Boxing —Jeffries-Johnson Signing Most Elaborate

OLD "DOC" KEARNS ever was a man who believed in adding a sparkle to his fistic deliberations by opening a few bottles of champagne! When he entertained folks at Jack Dempsey's camps, each night, the good "Doctor's" wine bill would hit four figures and he never batted an eye.

The other day, Kearns and Dempsey got together in a right rollicking wine party at Jack's restaurant across from Madison Square Garden when Kearns, as promoter, signed Dempsey's heavyweight, "Red" Burman, to meet Bob Pastor in Detroit, the town which Kearns has made his stamping ground.

Dempsey set a lavish table. There was smoked turkey, Virginia ham, with the pictures of the fighters; caviar at $14 the little tinful, stuffed celery, brandies, Dempsey's own rye whisky, cordials and, of course, quart after quart of champagne! What a party!

Like in days of old, a merry time was had by one and all! As it should be! "Renault Pink Special" was used.

That party, tossed in honor of the re-union of Dempsey and Kearns, the greatest money-making combination the sport of boxing ever knew, brought back memories of those days when the professional wine buyers, the champagne agents, fought like the ring warriors themselves in order to shove their favorite brands into the pictures of the signing of articles by the stars of the ring.

The wine buying idea didn't start with Kearns in the old day. Wine sparkled long before Kearns and Dempsey ever were heard of. When the two Jacks hurled their little party the other day it only served to bring back to mind those occasions when wine buying was the greatest thrill of a meeting of the clouting clan.

It was the custom in those days. There were no boxing commissions or boards of boxing control and usually the wine agents staged the show when the stalwarts, yea the tiny spit-fires, too, put their John Hancocks to parchment and went off into the hills to train for bouts which eventually were to make history.

* * *

THE most memorable gathering along these lines was the day on which Jim Jeffries agreed to meet Jack Johnson for the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world. They didn't actually sign. Of that, later.

It was a day of kidding and goat-getting, the Jeffries crowd deliberately setting about to get Johnson's "nanny," a task which got out of hand because Johnson, sure he could whip Jeffries after Jim had been out of the ring for nearly six years, kidded them right back. As a matter of fact, Jack kidded them silly.

If there was any man whose prowess had no terrors for Johnson, it was Jim Jeffries.

They met in the grand ballroom of the old Albany Hotel on Broadway at Forty-first Street. Long tables were lined up and Bob Vernon, always a close friend of Jeffries, swamped the proceedings with his offering of Pommery champagne. Bob was handsome, likeable and the crack Pommery agent of the town, though he was teamed with "Vic" McGuire, another fellow who pushed the "grape" of that name almost as energetically as did Bob.

Vernon got his wine into the picture because of that close friendship for Jeff and all was going on sweetly, glasses bumping here and there, all over the room when George Little, Johnson's manager, raised ructions about Pommery getting into the flashlight pictures of the historic occasion to the exclusion of "White Seal," a brand of the giggle water sponsored by a close friend of his.

"Waiter, WAITER!" roared Little. "Bring me a bottle of White Seal. These articles won't be signed until my friend's wine is shown in the picture."

* * *

THEY took snaps of the scene, and the writer, then a skinny 110-pounder, looms up in the front row, seated between Johnson and his manager. There were only a few copies of the picture showing the White Seal bottle standing in front of Little to reach the outside world. Vernon attended to that. He bought the negative! Thousands of reproductions, displaying the long line of Pommery bottles, went out over the world. I've received copies sent to me from all parts of the globe, proving that poor Bob Vernon's enterprising publicity stunt had done the trick. That signing bee made the universe Pommery conscious.

The editor of this wide-awake boxing tome has a picture of that historic meeting among his treasured souvenirs. I hope he digs it up and prints it with this story.

There they are, all happy and smiling, thirty-one years ago! Today so many of them are but memories! As I looked at the picture the other day in writing a memory story of the gathering for the New York *Journal* and *American,* I checked up on those great characters who have gone on the great adventure.

"Tad," the Charles Dickens of pen and ink, years the *Journal's* crack sports cartoonist, is no more, and that great Broadway wit, playwright and cinema writer, big Wilson Mizner, standing beside Tad, has gone to join him. Honest John Kelly, directly back of Johnson, Little and myself, one of New York's top sportsmen, is no more.

Gone, too, are Bob Edgren, greatest draftsman among sports cartoonists who ever lived! Johnny Pollock, his boxing notes man on the old New York *Evening World;* Joe Norton, a noted Newark, N. J., sports editor; Bill Rafter, sports editor of the *Police Gazette;* Sam Berger, who was Jeff's manager and one-time amateur heavyweight champion of the world; George Considine, proprietor of the original "Metropole," meeting place of the world, at Forty-second and Broadway; Bob Murphy, who owned the hotel, where the preliminary negotiations for the match were gone over.

* * *

MANY who do not loom up in the picture, too, have gone down the purple valley. There were Arthur Lumley, oldest living sports writer and cartoonist in the world at the time. Jimmy and Johnny Considine, gone, do not appear in the picture. Paddy Mullins, long the manager of Harry Wills, and many I can't recall were there and have left this world since that day.

It seems that when Jeff and Johnson met there, they had every good intention of signing for the bout. None of the men who were to participate in the actual bidding and signing—Tex Rickard, Jimmy Coffroth, Uncle Tom McCarey, Eddie Graney, Jack Gleason and Hugh McIntosh of Australia, was present.

This gathering at the Albany Hotel was meant to be a signing bee. When all were assembled and the wine was billowing about the ballroom, Police Commissioner Baker came in and informed the boys about the Law Horrible. Baker told them that to sign

Bee Comes Back

By HYPE IGOE

One of the most elaborate champagne parties tossed at a signing in recent years, was that which the Boxing Commission of San Juan, Puerto Rico, gave following the completion of arrangements for the Salica-Escobar fight there three years ago. Hype Igoe, one of the judges, is seated on extreme left, next to Commissioner Cebera, and Nat Fleischer, RING *Editor, another judge, is at extreme right.*

for a bout in New York State was a serious trespass of the law against ring fights.

Some smart aleck said that it would be all right to take a ferry-boat across the Hudson River and sign on the way over. They'd be safe because they were on the water between two states. That, Baker told them, also would leave all hands liable to arrest and the actual signing was delayed. It was agreed that they would "meet for the championship of the world, somewhere in the United States, the date to be named later." Nothing was signed.

* * *

THE actual bidding and signing, therefore, took place some time later, in Naegeli's Hotel in Hoboken. That was a beer party because Naegeli's was a famous old beer emporium and he insisted on placing his own merchandise under the snouts of the assembled horde.

If my memory serves me right, Bob Vernon didn't get into the picture that day. One of the funniest incidents of that celebrated gathering was when Raymond Hitchcock, the tall, blond comedian, went into the bar and kept ordering beer for all who cared to drink.

"It is my day off from the worries of making people laugh," said the famous side-splitter. "Drink and be merry boys, ON ME! Quaff the foaming amber while Tex Rickard and Jimmy Coffroth, the millionaires, bid their heads off for this fracas between Jim and Jack. Up with the suds, boys, here comes another round. It's on ME!"

How they drank! There were some so earnest about it that, like Hitchcock, they never saw the making of the match nor the winning bid of $103,000 laid on the table by the little known Tex Rickard of Goldfield, Nevada. When they handed Hitchcock the check for the beer, he said: "Give it to my pal, Tex!"

McCarey, father of Leo McCarey, now one of the leading movie directors in Hollywood, bid $40,000. Eddie Graney, representing a group, bid $70,000. Coffroth bid $80,000, and thought he had it.

Little did he dream that with that bid, far under the one to come from the spectacular Rickard, the Coffroth reign as king of the promoters was at an end. Jack Gleason guaranteed $75,000 with 66 2/3 per cent of the movie rights and Coffroth seemed to think that the extra $5,000 had run down his only rivals.

When Rickard threw an envelope on the table, casually and with no fuss or feathers, he drawled:

"There's mine, men. I bid $101,000 for her, and 66 2/3 per cent of the movie rights. If there's no other bid, I guess I'll take her." Tex deposited $20,000 in cash to bind his bid.

Hugh McIntosh's bid on the fight was such a small amount that it never entered into the picture. He bid $27,500 for each fighter.

What all the bidders didn't know was that Rickard had stolen a march on the others by seeking out Johnson long before the match was made and giving him a bonus of $10,000, just to "wait until you hear what my bid is to be."

* * *

IT is a safe bet that if Coffroth had made another bid, topping Rickard's $101,000, Tex would have gone to $150,000 if he had to. Another thing they didn't know and something which Tex told me years later, was that he had an "angel" back of him all the time, one of the big meat packers of the country, who, liking Tex and his daring, told him to bid the other boys blue in the face and he would bankroll him to the limit, that being the sky!

"Tex, I want you to have that fight. You're the only man who can put it on. If those other fellows try to out-spot you, I'll back you. We'll make them dizzy."

Perhaps Tex did. I well remember riding back to New York in a cab with Coffroth and Tad. I asked "Sunshine" Jim what he thought of Rickard's record-breaking bid.

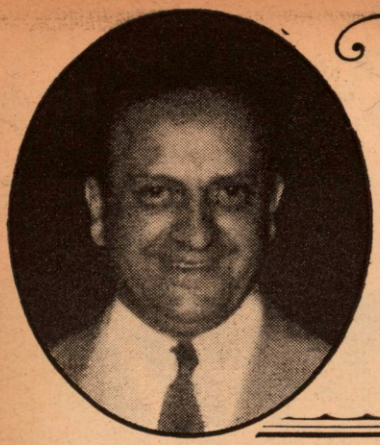
"The man is absolutely insane! One hundred and one thousand! The man is loco! IT WON'T DRAW THAT MUCH MONEY!"

That's how far Coffroth missed his guess. Strangely enough, the last time that Coffroth was in New York, in an interview, he told me that when he bid $80,000, he did so knowing that he was going to lose to Rickard!

"I didn't want the match. I didn't like it. I bid with the hope that I wouldn't get it."

Why, Coffroth wouldn't say. I don't think that this latter statement jibes with his remark in the cab going back to New York from Hoboken on the day that Tex cinched the bout with his tremendous bid.

Perhaps Coffroth was happy about not having bid when he saw Rickard forced out of San Francisco after Tex had expended $35,000 on his arena. The California Governor, unable to stand off a tirade against the fight aimed by the Uplift Contingent, told Tex he would have to pick up his darned old arena and go elsewhere. Tex didn't pick it up. *(Continued on page 44)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Officials Air Views on The Ring Editorial
Kearns' Monopoly Thrust Encounters a Hazard
Sabatino and Zale Real Middleweight Threats

WE are in receipt of two letters, one from Lieutenant Colonel Harvey Miller, president of the National Boxing Association, and the other from Ed Foster, its Executive Secretary, each commenting on the editorial we carried in our last issue on why a National Commissioner of Boxing is not needed. Col. Miller analyzes his own analysis of the boxing situation as regards fighters, promoters and writers, and Foster informs us that we have erred in our impression of his views regarding a Federal Boxing Commissioner. The letters of both are very interesting.

Col. Miller says that under the constitution of the N.B.A., the president may not serve more than one term. He stresses he will be glad when it's over so he can return to his own private affairs.

Col. Miller adds that he has no aspirations to be the Landis of boxing, as was intimated in our editorial. In this connection it is interesting to read an article in a Washington paper, booming Miller for the job, should one develop from the suggested Congressional investigation of boxing.

If a Landis ever were named, boxing and not the national treasury would have to pay him, and boxing and not the national government would have to support him. We can say quite definitely that boxing is not in a mood to pay or support a czar for its activities. Even if it were possible to weld all factions together.

We repeat that our governmental representatives and agencies have no reason to meddle in boxing affairs. Anybody who is behind the idea of an investigation is wasting his time. With that, THE RING wishes Col. Miller luck for the rest of his term as N.B.A. head, and good fortune when he returns to the private business he has in mind.

Here is Col. Miller's letter:

"Re your N.B.A. article, there are just three points on which I would like to comment.

"(a) You say 'The old-time fight writer perhaps knew more about the technique of boxing than does his successor of 1940.'

"That is EXACTLY my point. I know these boys today have better 'lines' than the oldsters. But they do not write 'boxing' like the oldsters and are too much inclined to tear down in well written columns.

"(b) You deride the N.B.A. for not tackling the Thomas case as the New York Commission did. Nothing Thomas referred to took place in N.B.A. territory. How then could we tackle it?

"(c) You say boxing's doing OK. It is—in NEW YORK! It's having tough sledding elsewhere and we believe it is largely due to New York tying up the champions after they are developed into cards OUTSIDE of New York. We also believe this is, eventually, going to hurt New York, too.

"My story, from which you quoted in your editorial in the March issue, was written for Washington consumption and referred to what I honestly believed ailed boxing locally and nationally, insofar as it affected the local situation.

"I know of no man in the N.B.A. who wants to be a national commissioner of boxing. Personally I'll be glad when my N.B.A. year is up so I can get back to the business I am neglecting in the interests of boxing.

"When the hearings take place here on the 'National Control' issue you'll no doubt be asked to appear as will each State Commission. You'll learn then that Mr. Kennedy does not intend to interfere with State Commissions, but that he does want State Commissions to cooperate with each other. I believe that if the N.B.A. could have assured him that Jeffra would get an immediate return match with Archibald, there would have been no further move from Mr. Kennedy in digging out other shortcomings in boxing in which premises he is being furnished with plenty of ammunition from any number of reliable sources.

"Your article seems to advise that I take all newspaper criticisms, and 'like 'em.' I can take 'em but I don't have to like 'em. It is never sporting for a guy that holds the fort and all the ammunition to resent a shot back at him. Neither can you bring a fellow up in the boxing game and expect him to take punching without punching back.

"Incidentally, the N.B.A. constitution provides that a president shall serve one year and no more, so don't worry about me trying to nail myself down as a 'czar.'"

* * *

THE letter of Ed Foster follows:

"I read with a great deal of interest your article regarding a Federal Boxing Commissioner in the March number of THE RING Magazine. It is logical and full of common sense, but I think that I would like to correct the impression that you have regarding my ideas of a Federal Boxing Commissioner.

"I am not at all in favor and never have been of mixing sports and politics or sports and religion, as I think that either one of the above combinations would be a very vicious condition.

"My idea of a one-man control of boxing would be to pick out an outstanding figure in the boxing game elected or appointed for a term of years by the boxing promoters and the boxing managers themselves. In other words, it would be a person along the lines of Judge Landis of baseball or Will Hays of the moving pictures. I believe in this way that the promoters and managers would put in a man that they have absolute confidence in and in view of this fact, their problems would first be ironed out among themselves and then the top man of boxing which I have in mind would act as a sort of arbiter with his decision final.

"For the past twenty years I have been a most rabid objector to having politics and boxing classed together. I firmly believe that a great many of the boxing commissioners in this country are appointed many times for their political affiliations rather than from their knowledge or interest in boxing itself.

"In view of the above, I think that your article deserves a great deal of praise and commendation and I am of the opinion that if you would take the lead in suggesting some constructive ideas along the lines I have written above, that some really constructive good could be accomplished to restore the confidence of the boxing loving fan in some of the conditions pertaining to boxing today that I believe to be out of date and out-moded."

So, now that we each have had our say and have presented our side of this national issue to the readers of THE RING, we will permit our readers to discuss the subject in "Letters from Our Readers." Let's go, boys! The columns are open to you.

* * *

MY pal, Dan Parker, Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, hit it on the head in commenting on the signing of the Pastor-Savold fight for Mike Jacobs' Garden show, when he wrote:

"I see where Jimmy Johnston, manager of Bob Pastor, who a week ago had pledged allegiance to Jack Dempsey, Max Waxman and Jack Kearns in a fight to break the fistic monopoly of Mike Jacobs, has signed his fighter, Bob Pastor, to box Lee Savold in the Garden two weeks before his fight with Red Burman for Kearns in Detroit. That's a splendid way to break Uncle Mike's monopoly! It is equivalent to bringing about the death of someone you don't like by feeding him thick, juicy beefsteak until he develops high blood pressure and succumbs. The trouble with most trust breakers now on the horizon, is that they have no grievances against Jacobs that a fat contract for their fighters won't alleviate."

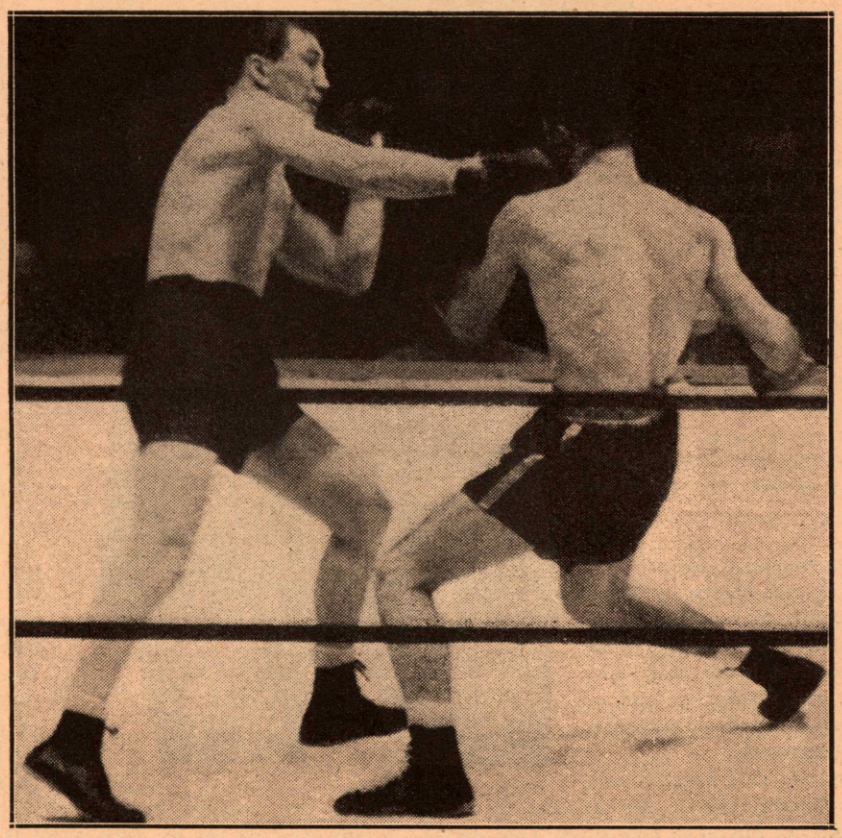
Those are wise words, brother Daniel. After all the hullabaloo at the famous champagne luncheon at Dempsey's Restaurant where Monopoly Mike, as he was called, was panned to the skies for not permitting the lesser lights in the promotion field to live, we find poor Kearns tossed aside just when the scribes were beginning to see "a new deal" for boxing. There is no use beating about the bush. Money talks in boxing and just so long as Uncle Mike has enough dough to entice fighters into his fold, there will be only one big time promoter in America —Mike Jacobs. Jimmy Johnston was in earnest when he made that long speech at the luncheon in which he attacked monopoly in boxing, but the money lure held before his eyes by Mike Jacobs, made him quickly alter that opinion.

And to think that Jack Dempsey and Kearns had spent $350 to toss that champagne party to celebrate the breaking of Mike's monopoly!

* * *

IT isn't often that one can get Jim Jeffries, former world heavyweight champion, to speak, but when he does, he speaks in terms of news. Yes, good news—the kind that makes the headlines in the sports pages. For example, a few weeks ago, Jeffries, interviewed by Jack Singer of the New York *Journal-American*, gave it as his opinion that:

1. Bob Fitzsimmons was the greatest fighter of all time.
2. That Jack Dempsey was a great fighter, but Fitz would have taken Dempsey's measure because Jack couldn't box.
3. That Joe Louis is the only heavyweight of recent years who has learned the art of punching, and because of that, he has gained a niche in the fistic Hall of Fame.
4. That Joe Louis will reign until a Fitzsimmons type of fighter, the combination boxer and hitter, will come along to dethrone him.
5. That Jess Willard was the poorest example of a heavyweight champion in the history of boxing, and therefore would have been taken into camp by Fitzsimmons.
6. That Jack Dempsey had everything a great boxer should possess except a knowledge of boxing, and
7. That the Manassa Mauler carried into the ring with him the greatest killer instinct Jeffries has ever seen.
8. That the most effective punch is a left to the liver and that Joe Louis has mastered it and through it is able to paralyze an opponent, as he did Max Schmeling.



Pete Lello (left) of Chicago and Sammy Angott from Pittsburgh, tossing punches at each other in their ten-round bout in the Garden that ended in a draw. Lello's rally enabled him to get an even break.

THERE'S real meat in that interview. Jeffries' analysis coincides with that so often made by the late Jim Corbett, who in several stories written for THE RING, selected Fitzsimmons as the best all-around fighter, but gave Jeffries the place that Jeff gives to Dempsey.

Of course, it is only natural that Jeffries should eliminate himself from consideration in such interview as he gave Jack Singer, but he would not have been taken to task had he named himself as one of the five outstanding heavyweights of the Queensberry realm. One couldn't expect the Boilermaker to mention his conqueror, Jack Johnson, but I think that if Jeffries were not a little prejudiced on that point, he wouldn't have hesitated to say that one of the greatest fighters of all time was the Galveston Negro.

In ignoring Johnson, Jeffries takes his place alongside Corbett, who in a letter written before the Johnson-Jeffries battle at Reno, belittled the colored heavyweight king, and tries to prove his points by a very fine analysis of Johnson's fighting qualities. You'll find that published elsewhere in this issue.

Readers of THE RING will recall the article by A. D. Phillips in the January number, "Veteran of THE RING Staff Lauds Louis." In that article, the octogenarian scribe named Johnson as his No. 1 fighter of all time; Fitzsimmons, No. 2; and Joe Louis, No. 3. Johnson he called the master all-around fighter who could maneuver an opponent into any position he wanted to in order to get across his stinging jabs and hooks. Of Fitz, Pop Phillips wrote:

"I have often seen it printed that Kid McCoy was the greatest ring strategist. I award that honor to Bob Fitzsimmons, the master engineer of the roped square. As a hitter, he carried a far better and more effective wallop than did Johnson. He could hit hard, but not as hard as Louis, and if hitting power alone were to be the guide for judging a fighter's ability, I would name Joe Louis the top fighter of all time. But since other points must be considered, I think that Johnson, Fitz and Louis would be a rating of heavyweights hard to beat."

So, there you are folks. There's food for thought and plenty of argument in the selections of both Jim Jeffries and "Pop" Phillips. Perhaps some of the old-timers who saw most of the great 'uns of their day and the present crop, will send us their opinions.

Let's have 'em, you veteran ring enthusiasts.

* * *

IT seems inconceivable that the American Legion, an organization made up of veterans of the World War, could be so narrow minded as to use the color line in fight promotion. Yet that is what those in charge of the American Legion Stadium of Hollywood did until a few weeks ago, when a minor change was made. According to the announcement from the Stadium, hereafter at least once a month, one colored fighter will be

permitted to perform. What a concession! How generous of the Legionnaires!

THE RING congratulates Henry Armstrong for his refusal to fight for the American Legion Stadium until such time as the ban on Negro fighters was lifted, and congratulates the American Legion promoters for changing their rules regarding the appearance of Negro fighters at their club—at least one fighter a month!

But the promoters haven't gone far enough! Intolerance by an American Legion group is absolutely in violation of the very spirit behind the Legion. Negro boxers have held the title in many divisions and two, Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong, still do. They have been a credit to their people and this country.

Those in charge of the American Legion Stadium at Hollywood should acknowledge their mistake and come forth with an announcement that the club will use the best talent available, regardless of race, color or creed. That would fit right into the spirit of the Legion, the very reason for the Legion's existence.

Boxing is one sport that doesn't breed intolerance. It is a sport in which true sportsmanship has existed for many years. If the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood lives up to the spirit of Americanism which it preaches, it would make use of fighters of all colors, as is done in New York and other centers of boxing.

Our hats off to Henry Armstrong for the part he has played in eliminating intolerance in boxing.

* * *

AL HOSTAK'S championship claim suffered a severe blow when he was beaten by Tony Zale, Gary, Ind., middleweight, in ten rounds at the Chicago Stadium. Hostak floored Zale in the first round. He had his opponent badly shaken in the early rounds but Zale's grit finally put him in front. He rallied in the closing rounds to turn the tide and win the verdict unanimously.

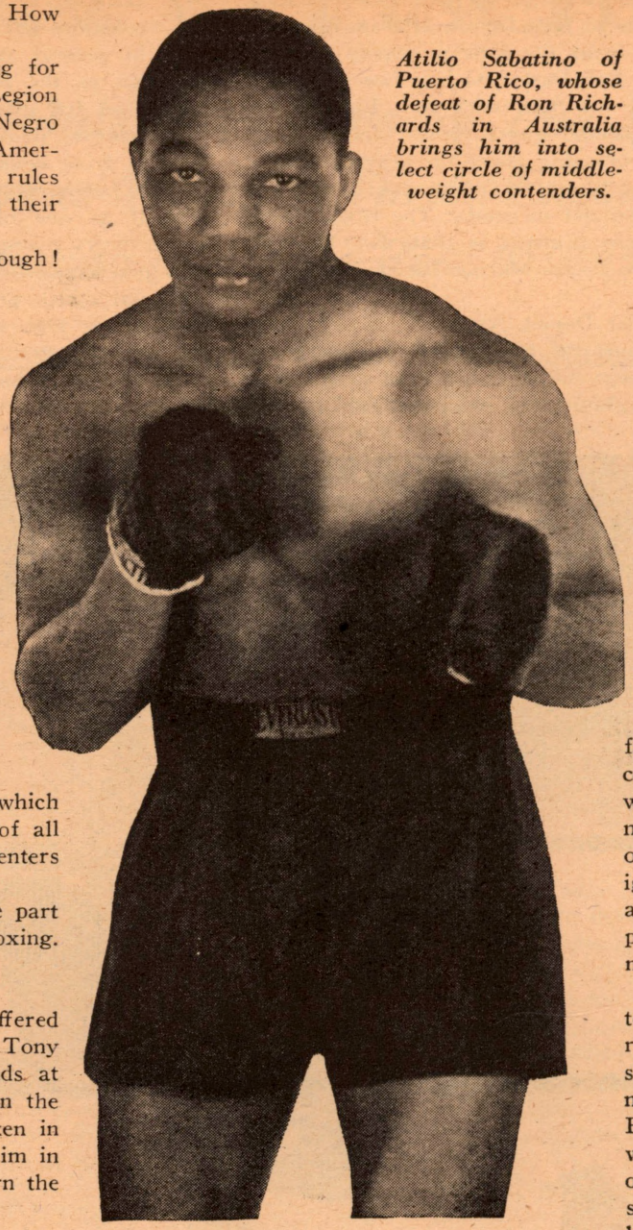
The middleweight title puzzle still remains unsolved, but it gives Ceferino Garcia a far greater claim to the title than Hostak. THE RING does not intend to take sides. That division continues to remain without a title-holder so far as we are concerned until Garcia and Hostak meet at the championship limit of 160 pounds.

Zale, who is under the care of Sam Pian and Art Winch, will undoubtedly profit on the strength of his victory. A match with Garcia looms. A return bout with Hostak in Seattle or even in New York should draw plenty of money.

The bout proved that the middleweight title remains an open proposition. It gives contenders like Ken Overlin, Ron Richards, Georgie Abrams, Billy Soose and Victor Dellicurti a great opportunity to step into the picture.

* * *

THE recent defeat of Ron Richards, Australian middleweight and light-heavyweight champion, by Atilio Sabatino of Puerto Rico, eliminates Ron from further consideration in the middleweight championship tussle, and narrows the field for world honors to four American boys—Al Hostak, Ceferino Garcia, Tony Zale and Atilio Sabatino. The one-sided victory of Zale over Hostak after the N.B.A. champion had Tony on the floor, offers convincing proof that the stand of this publication in refusing to offer its support to any one individual as title-holder, is a proper one. Ever since Freddie Steele was knocked out by Fred Apostoli and refused to meet him in a championship fight, we have held that Apostoli had as much claim to the international laurels as did Steele, primarily because Fred stopped Marcel Thil, European and world champion, in New York at the championship weight though the crown was "not at stake" according to a weird New York ruling, and because when Apostoli knocked out Steele, he scaled only one quarter pound over the weight, as per an agreement. We also argued that Jock McAvoy and Ron Richards had a finger in the championship pie and urged that a tourney be arranged.



Atilio Sabatino of Puerto Rico, whose defeat of Ron Richards in Australia brings him into select circle of middleweight contenders.

But when Al Hostak stopped Steele, he was proclaimed by the N.B.A. the crown wearer, and when Krieger beat Hostak, he received the recognition. Then Solly was stopped by Hostak in the fourth round in a return engagement and he again became the leader so far as the N.B.A. was concerned. All this time, the man who was more entitled to recognition than any other because of his record, Apostoli, was ignored by the N.B.A. officials and thus paraded before the public as New York's world middleweight title-holder.

When Garcia stopped Apostoli, he like Fred, had as much right to the world championship claim as did Hostak, and now with Zale having whipped Hostak and Richards out of the way via the defeat at the hands of Sabatino, the proper way to settle further arguments is to have a tournament in which this quartet can compete for the undisputed middleweight title.

However, so far as THE RING is concerned, a fight between Garcia and Hostak, in our opinion, would settle the matter of international supremacy, and then the winner could meet the winner of a Sabatino-Zale fight. THE RING'S offer to award a beautiful belt for a title bout between Garcia and Hostak still holds.

* * *

REPORTS from Australia indicate that the game there, as in all other parts of the British Empire, is at low ebb. The law against the shipment of money to foreign lands during the war, has played havoc with the promoters. They have found it impossible to get funds into the hands of American fighters to enable them to make the trip to Australia, and this, combined with a lack of good talent on the native soil, is responsible for the decline.

Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight champion, who has been living in Australia for the past six years, is doing better than are most other promoters. Tod, though old as boxers go, still takes a fling at the game when he finds he needs some bolstering to his cards. He is a very popular fighter and promoter. He is an example of what clean living will do for an athlete. At a time when others of his long standing in boxing are retired he keeps up his boxing activity and gives a good account of himself.

Tod has given up his American citizenship. He has become a naturalized Australian and if conscription goes into effect, he may find himself in the Australian Army. *(Continued on page 43)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Harry Greb

BORN June 7, 1894, in Pittsburgh, Pa., of Irish-German parentage. Was Lutheran. Christened Harry Berg. Started boxing career as a middleweight and went into the light-heavyweight class. Fought in those two classes and as a heavyweight. Held the middleweight and light-heavy titles. Won the former from Johnny Wilson and the latter from Gene Tunney.

Lost the middleweight championship to Tiger Flowers and the light-heavyweight to Tunney in a return engagement.

Prize ring has had few champions more qualified to be termed a "fighting fool" than Greb. Known as the Human Windmill. Fighter without a punch. Loathed training, yet one of the greatest fighters in American ring history. Fought at his best when weighing between 158 and 168 pounds. Feared no man. Engaged in many thrilling encounters. Fought Gene Tunney five times, Gene winning twice, losing once and the other two bouts were no-decision affairs. Gave Tunney the worst beating he ever received when Harry won the crown.

One of the most vicious fights was with Mickey Walker in 1925, which Mickey lost in fifteen rounds. That bout softened Mickey for Pete Latzo, who shortly after, relieved Walker of the welter title. One of his earliest victories was a knockout over Gunboat Smith at a time when Greb was only a middleweight and the Gunner a heavyweight. Bout went one round.

Fought several battles with Tommy Loughran, winning one and engaging in four no-decision mills. Boxed total of sixteen years. Began career in 1913. Engaged in more than 300 battles. He lost only five fights, was knocked out once and was held to a draw twice, but fought a large number of no-decision contests.

Liked the Great White Way. Accumulated a fortune and spent it there. Started on down grade just before he lost title to Flowers. Twice faced the Negro Deacon and twice received a beating. Was the most spectacular fighter in many years. Knocked out many heavyweights when he scaled only about 155 and gave away forty pounds.

The only man to rock him to sleep was Joe Chip, who turned trick in two rounds. Ambition in life was to succeed Dempsey as heavyweight king, but never got the chance. Worked with Dempsey at Benton Harbor and thought he could whip Jack. Tried hard to get a match but failed. Broke into New York's Garden against Charley Weinert and made impressive showing, winning in fifteen rounds. Next beat Billy Shade in ten in Garden, and thereafter was a star attraction in New York.

Greatest feat was his victory over Tom Gibbons in 1922. Tom at the time was being groomed for a shot at Dempsey, and Greb won the bout before packed house and handed Tom a temporary setback.

Was an indefatigable worker, sometimes engaging three to five times a week in several parts of the country. Didn't care how much he was to receive. Craved competition and accepted surprisingly low terms.

In 1924 had a big year, defeating a number of stars. Like Joe Louis, was never afraid to face any kind of opposition. Died after an eye operation in 1929.

Gene Tunney

CORRECT name, Joseph Eugene Tunney. Irish parentage. Born New York, May 15, 1898. Attended Parochial School. Father a laborer. Gene is 6 feet 1½ inches and weighs 192 pounds. Has chestnut hair, brown eyes.

Graduated from school. Entered business with Ocean Steamship Company as stenographer for $12 week. Wanted to study for priesthood. Gained his boxing experience at amateur club in school. First fight with Willie Green at neighboring church benefit. Was beaten.

In return benefit bout again lost to Green. Dropped third match to same fighter, then fought a draw, and finally whipped him. Those five exhibitions started Gene on boxing career.

Fought around small clubs in New York until World War. Enlisted with the Marines. Was in France. Won regimental boxing championship in A.E.F., but lost inter-Allied title.

Returned to New York, where he became active again in the professional field. Knocked out Ole Anderson, Sergeant Ray Smith, and Al Roberts in three rounds each, White Allen in two, Jim Monohan in one, and Ed Kinley in five, besides fighting no-decision contests of six and ten rounds, respectively, with Paul Sampson and Leo Houck in 1920.

In 1921 knocked out six opponents besides fighting several no-decisions. Won the American light-heavyweight championship from Battling Levinsky on January 13, 1922, in Madison Square Garden, and he lost the light-heavyweight crown to Harry Greb, fifteen-round decision, May 23, 1922. Was badly whipped in that fight. Regained the crown from Harry Greb, fifteen-round decision, February 24, 1923, in Madison Square Garden.

Gene's knockout of Tommy Gibbons in twelve rounds on June 5, 1925, cleared the path of challengers for Tunney and brought him into spotlight for shot at Dempsey's title. Was crowned heavyweight king at Sesquicentennial Stadium, Philadelphia, September 23, 1926. Successfully defended his title against Jack Dempsey at Soldier's Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927, in the "Battle of the Long Count."

Fought only once more before retiring as heavyweight king of the world, his fight with Tom Heeney, Yankee Stadium, July 26, 1928, marking his farewell to the ring. Knocked out Heeney in the eleventh round.

Married Miss Polly Lauder, Carnegie heiress, and settled down to a business career. Has two children, lives in Greenwich, Conn., is a millionaire in his own right.

Is a bank director, and a director of several large business institutions, including a nationally famous distillery firm. Is an ardent follower of amateur boxing. Attends all important professional fights. His ring earnings grossed $1,942,282 dollars but his earnings from ring and other affiliated enterprises grossed more than $3,000,000. In the second battle with Dempsey he received $1,000,000, the largest amount ever given to a fighter.

Is an active worker for Catholic Youth Movement. Goes around the country lecturing to boys on boxing and clean living. Often officiates as referee in their amateur competition.

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MAKING THE GRADE

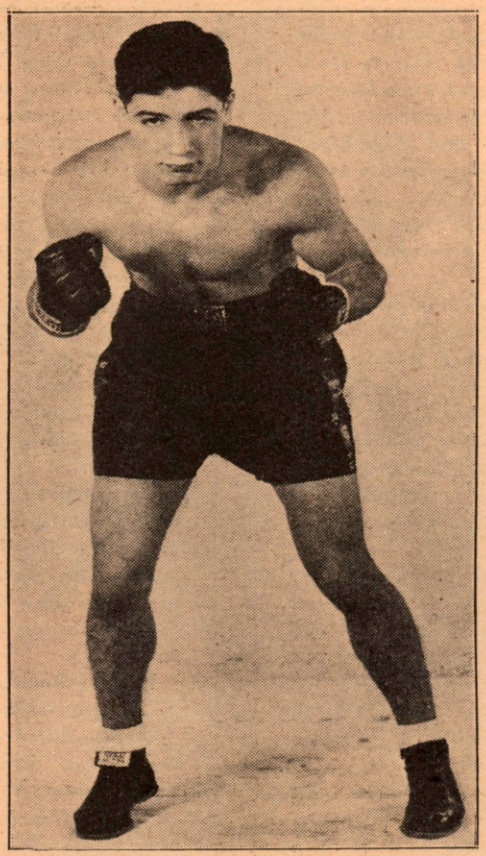
By EDDIE BORDEN

ADD the name of Bob Sikes to the list of bright, young heavyweight hopefuls who have come up with a sensational splurge during 1939. Not since the days of Dixie's favorite, W. L. "Young" Stribling, has a pugilist warrior among the heavyweight fold reached the hard and thorny road of fisticuff fame to be deeply imbedded in the hearts of the Southern fight followers.

True, he hasn't reached the loft Strib did, but the Arkansas Assassin, a knockout specialist, is destined to climb higher than the Georgia lad by the way Southern fight mentors term it. Better than all, young Bob received Nat Fleischer's bid as THE RING'S Best Heavyweight Prospect Call of the Year, an honor shared with the sensational Pat Comiskey.

So, Comiskey wasn't the whole show after all, judging by Nat's rating. Beginning his boxing career in a C.C.C. camp in his native state, Arkansas, young Robert Lee Sikes, with the namesake of the famous Southern Civil War general to guide him, did what boxing he could while in there and further interested himself in the sport by appearing on several prelims on Little Rock cards, only a few weeks after his enlistment was up.

Ed "Pappy" Stein, his present manager, happened to be at the ringside whenever Sikes put on appearances and the wise "Pappy," seeing promising talent in this lad, quickly snapped him under contract. A careful bringing up was accorded the Pine Bluff pride and he was soon indulging in main events.



Paul DeBello, Brooklyn lightweight, a fighter of the rugged type.

At this time, Arkansas, in a sorry state of unconsciousness for boxing, suddenly woke up to hear of a native son who was in a few months to put her right back on the boxing map as did Tommy Freeman, ex-welter champion. It didn't take long before Little Rock, Hot Springs and other Arkansas cities were appealing to Sikes for performances, the only chance they had to put boxing back on its feet. Sensational appearances here and there made Sikes a household name wherever the fight game was a topic and to him goes the credit for the sudden change this state has taken.

Stein made a wise move when he hired the services of the well known Izzy Kline of Chicago to train his protege. And Izzy did wonders with the Arkansas hope, who now is one of the finest prospects in the heavyweight picture.

At this writing, Trainer Kline is ready for an invasion of Chicago with his noted charge. Kline thinks so well of Sikes that he is devoting more time to developing him than he usually spends with a fighter. Barney Ross and Chris Dundee, good judges of talent, speak highly of Sikes.

Yes, the revival of boxing in Arkansas rings today blossomed forth when a youngster answering to the name of Robert Lee (Bob) Sikes decided to make the ring his one and only business. His record for 1939, all wins, include eight knockouts and three decisions. Bob combines a stiff left jab and left hook plus the employment of a dynamic right cross which has become a steady executioner for the Southerner. Watch him in 1940.

During the past few months his record shows knockouts over 11 opponents in 14 battles. He won the other three bouts by decisions. Most of his contests have been in Arkansas.

HAILING from the Red Hook section in Brooklyn, N. Y., comes Paul DeBello, Brooklyn's leading lightweight contender, who in forty-nine professional ring bouts has met with but one reversal, losing a disputed decision to Wesley Ramey, and in a later bout against Ramey he emerged with a draw.

DeBello has earned the name of "the Red Hook Slasher" through his rough style of milling, and Red Hook is the section in Brooklyn that produced some of the greatest ringmen in years gone by, including Terry McGovern, Phil McGovern, Johnny and Bobby Twin Collins, Walter Mohr, Steve Kid Sullivan, Vincent Pepper Martin, Cannonball Eddie Martin and numerous others.

Prior to entering the boxing game, DeBello worked as a longshoreman on the waterfront docks of Brooklyn, juggling heavy bales and packing cases twice his size which helped him develop a good body with solid muscle.

He ventured in the fight game on a dare and engaged in two amateur bouts which he won. He then took the game seriously and turned pro the early part of 1936.

As a professional, he ran up a string of thirty-eight consecutive victories before losing to Wesley Ramey. In that time he became one of the most feared fighters in the lightweight division.

He was taken to California in 1938 and arriving there as an unknown, he was pitted against Georgie Crouch in a ten-round bout at Gilmore Stadium in Hollywood. Crouch is considered the best lightweight in California, and DeBello entered the ring as the underdog. Wagering was 4-to-1 that Crouch would defeat him. However, in the second round, DeBello received a fractured jaw and hid the injury from his manager, fearing his manager would have the bout stopped. Fighting under that handicap, he went eight more rounds to win the decision.

The injury kept him on the shelf for four months. He then returned to Brooklyn and resumed fighting. At this writing, he has again compiled a string of eleven straight wins, scored over some of the best boys in the lightweight division, including Tommy Cross, Red Guggino, Irish Johnny Mack, Howard Scott, Frankie Wallace, Ambrose Logan and numerous others.

* * *

UP in New England, in New Bedford to be exact, they had a young colored fighter, Chick Suggs by name, who, like Harry Wills in New York, had the misfortune to be too good, as a result of which he found it most difficult to get a crack at the title, a chance to which he was entitled, until age had taken its toll and he no longer was at his best when the opportunity finally did arrive. Ring history is full of such cases. From the time that boxing gained a foothold in England to the present day, good men have found themselves shunted into the background to make way for set-ups in the rôle of challengers.

What happened to Chick Suggs has happened to another New Bedford scrapper, Babe Verila, but he found a way to overcome that handicap and today he is rated the top middleweight in New England. But to get to the top, he had to change his name several times, because that was the only way he could get the kind of fights that enabled him to reach the heights.

Even now many New England fans, hearing the name of Babe

Verila, might ask, who is that chap. But by the name of Jackie Averilla, Jackie Alverillo or Jack Elvirilla, they might recognize him, for those are fighting names under which he performed at some time or other in his short career. Jackie did some travelling, and again that was done because he found he couldn't get the kind of work for which he craved in his home section. New Orleans, Kentucky, Georgia, Oklahoma, New York, Texas, New Jersey, Pennsylvania—yes, they all saw Jackie in action, but not always under the same fighting name.

From city to city he went, not because he liked travelling, but because he found that after he had engaged in one or two contests, he couldn't get any more work, so on his way he went, altered his nom de guerre, and in that manner was signed. The fighters and managers thought he was too tough and that was his greatest handicap.

* * *

HE went to New England more than a year ago and at the New Bedford club he had to beg for an opponent. Then came the toughest proposition. The promoter couldn't find one suitable. The boys that were good refused to meet him and those that didn't know him weren't good enough.

His name was changed to Verila and after one bout which he won, he moved into Maine. That he was a sensation in the Pine Tree State is attested to by the fact that the promoters in that section have offered him $1,000 guarantee to defend the middleweight title, which he won in New Bedford, against a Maine boy.

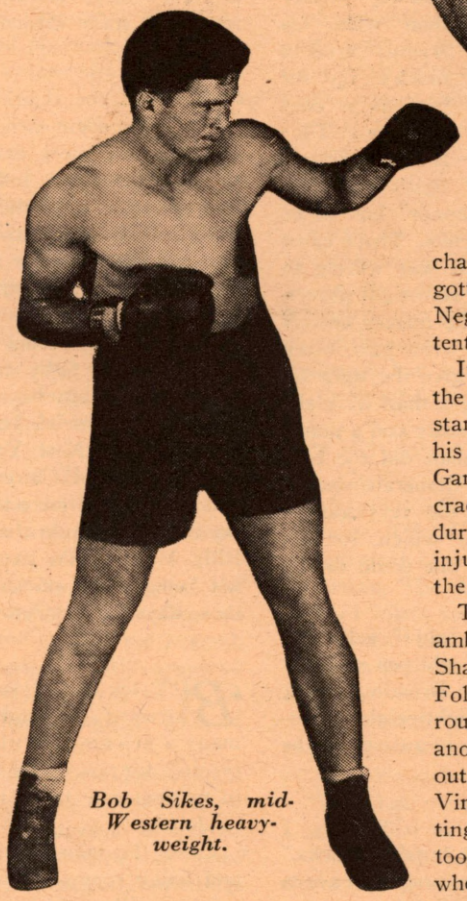
Nine straight victories, eight via the K.O. route, comprise the record he compiled in Maine last summer. Lou Brouillard, the world's former middleweight champion, gained a draw with "Babe" in the Pine Tree State, after losing eight of the ten rounds.

Verila returned to New Bedford last August and came under the guidance of Dave Lumiansky, the same gent who handled the reins of Suggs during the latter's best days. Verila has been impressive in all his showings there, fighting in both the welterweight and middleweight classes.

As a middleweight, however, he was by far more powerful and more deadly with his punches. Manager Lumiansky, after watching "Babe" work at both weights, sent Verila against a pair of middleweight opponents, then matched him with Frankie Britt for the New England title, and Frankie called it quits in the tenth after being floored twice. Verila is a smart, cagy fighter, possesses a good left jab and is game. He is a willing mixer.

He got into the fight game because he couldn't find work on the farm in Oklahoma, where he supported his two brothers and sisters after his parents had died. When work on the farm became slack, he went to town daily looking for other employment, but without result. Then he saw some amateurs training for an appearance in an Oklahoma tourney and he decided to don the mitts and practice with them. He became proficient and entered the game, but as a pro. He never was an amateur fighter. He got five dollars for his first bout and has been going strongly ever since.

Babe Verila, New England middleweight.



Bob Sikes, mid-Western heavyweight.

* * *

WITH the Negroes, Italians and Hebrews monopolizing the lighter divisions of pugilism, it is gratifying to see the Irish come into the fistic spotlight. In the lightweight division, the first Irishman to make the select circle for some time, is Pat Foley, rugged, aggressive Worcester, Mass., fighter. The lightweight division is presided over by Lou Ambers and foremost among the challengers are Davey Day, Jewish; Sammy Angott, Italian; Eric Boon, British and Jackie Wilson, Negro. Now comes Foley along to just make the tenth position in that section.

It took plenty of patience and perseverance on the part of Manager Johnny Buckley to get Foley started in New York under proper auspices. In his first New York showing at Madison Square Garden, he was pitted against Irving Eldridge, crack New Yorker. Foley was doing very well during the first round but suffered a severe eye injury which necessitated the fight being halted in the second period.

This was quite a setback for both Foley and the ambitions of portly Buckley, who steered Jack Sharkey to a world heavyweight title. He brought Foley back to Worcester where he scored a 10-round victory over Vernon Cormier. He made another entrance to White Plains, which is on the outskirts of New York City, and was beaten by Vinnie Vines. Foley did exceedingly well but spotting his opponent seven and one half pounds, was too much of a handicap. He then went to Portland where he was nosed out by Paul Junior, another rugged boy who is a few pounds above the lightweight limit.

Returning to the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn on December 9, his luck completely changed. He was pitted against Joey Fontana and although Foley was on the short end at 3 to 1, he came through with a splendid victory. The following week he fought at the same club and on this occasion found the rugged Greek, George Zengaras, as his opponent. George was 2 to 1 favorite but that did not stop the determined Foley and he came through with a smashing victory.

He returned to his lucky stamping ground at the Ridgewood two weeks later when he scored a victory over Jimmy Vaughn, tough lightweight entry from Cleveland. In his last contest he came through with a five-round knockout victory over Joey Greb in his home town at Worcester. Buckley is now convinced that Foley is of championship calibre and hopes soon to prove it.

Those Were the Days!

John L. Sullivan, a proud American.

FROM about 1869, when I saw my first bare-knuckle battle, to the start of the Spanish-American War, I witnessed upward of 1000 skin-tight and bare-knuckle contests in which the winner took both stakes and purse, and the loser received nothing other than what his friends cared to make up for him as a contribution. The law against such fights was stringent. The principals as well as the "guests of honor" had to be mighty careful to avoid a "catch" by the gendarmes. There came a period in our boxing history when the sheriff was willing to look the other way if the contestants would wear skin-tight gloves, a tight fitting glove with the upper portion of the fingers cut off down to the second joint of the finger and the wrist part, often an inch or two higher than ordinary gloves, to give the tight fit.

Such gloves were even more damaging in a fight than were the bare-knuckles, because they cut the skin more readily and a punch landed with them carried a far greater sting than did the bare fist. Fights with the skin-tight gloves were of a desperate nature. They were fought to a bloody finish and only the very gamest battlers took part in them. Let's start with one which, for experiences that carried their thrills, was all that one could desire.

* * *

"HAVE you got the tip for tonight's fight?" asked an anxious young swell in a mysterious whisper of Billy Edwards, in the old Hoffman House on Broadway, back in 1886. Edwards, who had formerly been the lightweight champion, was a very cautious man indeed, and his only answer to the young clubman was a knowing wink.

"Do we have to travel very far, Billy?"

"No, not so far."

"You know, I wouldn't miss this fight for five hundred bucks," continued the swell, trying to control his enthusiasm. "I have a friend with me who's just as anxious as I am. Had I not better engage a cab? It's now nearly ten o'clock. When do we start?"

"Keep quiet, boy. I'll see that you get there all right," answered Edwards.

"They say it will take place near Passaic. In fact, I read a small item in *The Sun* a few days ago to that effect. Is that the spot?" persisted the young swell.

"Nonsense, boy. Keep cool. There's a couple of Central Office men watching us now. Somebody may have let the cat out of the bag. Let us go into the cafe, and mix up with our friends a bit," whispered the old champion in his nonchalant manner.

Groups of rather sporty looking men stood around in various parts of the hotel corridor and cafe chatting in a low voice. They seemed to have their eyes on a couple of mysterious individuals who were very busy hopping from one gathering to another.

One of them I recognized as Jack Adler, the noted racetrack announcer, still alive, who, in the old days, never missed an important mill, and like myself, still goes to big fights. The other was a very active fight fan known about town as Capt. Joe Early.

They were two of the secret guides who knew the place of battle and were intrusted to lead their respective parties to the selected spot in safety. That was no easy task considering that the police were always on the alert in those adventurous days, very anxious indeed to spoil a night's sport by raiding and locking up all hands indiscriminately.

About eleven o'clock, group by group of the mysterious crowd began to disappear through the side entrance of the hotel on Twenty-fifth Street, New York City. Some went in one direction and some in another. This was done in order to confuse the Central Office sleuths, who seemed to be somewhat perplexed, for they could not make up their minds which group to follow. There were, however, half a dozen cabs waiting at the side entrance, and this being rather unusual, the sleuths asked two or three of the old cabbies what call they were waiting for.

"We're going to take some gentlemen over to Bob Davis' ball in Jersey City," answered Jack Hughes, when the detectives persisted for some information.

* * *

WHILE the sleuths were quizzing the shrewd cabbies, some fifteen silent men rushed out of the hotel and quickly entered the cabs and were driven toward the North River. But shortly the two detectives followed in another cab. One of the sleuths told me years after that they had trailed the party to the Twenty-third Street ferry and had come to the conclusion that the sports were on their way for a long, cold, snowy ride to Passaic.

"We didn't give a tinker's cuss where they went after we saw them off on the Jersey ferry boat," said the old sleuth, who shortly after had retired from the police department. "No, we didn't care as long as the fight wasn't pulled off on Manhattan island.

"But those cagy boys fooled us at that, as I learned weeks after. They went over to Jersey on the Twenty-third Street boat and came back to New York on the Cortland Street boat, and then drove up to old Clarendon Hall, where the fight took place. Do you know, there were some twenty smart headquarters men watching to stop the fight that night and what a dressing down Inspector Billy McLoughlin gave us all, a regular merry Hellulujah, for not being more efficient. But the fighters were too smart for us those days," concluded the old detective with a laugh.

* * *

BUT let us get back to old Clarendon Hall on 13th Street between 4th and 3rd Avenues, which was the scene of many a private skin glove fracas. The old building was originally erected for an insane asylum with thick deadened walls, so as to prevent any noise the inmates might make from being heard outdoors.

Later the upper floors were turned into many good sized ball and lodge rooms. Some of the rooms were ideal places for the private mills, which were so popular from about 1870 to 1889.

The particular fight referred to in this article took place there on a cold snowy night of February 3, 1886, and was between Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Jack Fogarty of Philadelphia for the middleweight championship of America. A very important pugilistic event, indeed, although there were less than 250 fans at the ringside, who paid ten dollars each for the standing room privileges around the ropes. There were no ringside seats for the guests then. Admittance was all one paid for.

And only the chosen few of inner circles could obtain admission. Every spectator had to be vouched for by some well known reliable insider, and only a few of the trusted sport scribes were allowed to witness these restricted affairs, I being among them.

The newspapermen who had the entrance to them were Peter J. Donahue, Toppey McQuire, Howard Hackett, Billy Norr, George Tiddens, Bayard Brasier, Sammy Russell, June Rankin, Sam

By A. D. PHILLIPS

On November 28, A. D. Phillips celebrated his 88th birthday. The following morning he died suddenly. A few days before, he completed a new series of fireside chats, stories of the old days in American boxing history. There are six in all. As a memorial to him, THE RING is publishing these stories posthumously. His contribution is of historic value. This is the third article.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

A. D. Phillips, Who Died the Day After He Had Celebrated His 88th Birthday, Tells of the Fogarty-Dempsey Battle and the Americanism of John L. Sullivan—This and Five Other Articles He Wrote Just Before Death Stilled His Pen, Are Appearing Posthumously

A. D. Phillips, THE RING'S *famous expert on old-time boxing, who died recently.*

Austin, Eddie Forbes, now a judge and referee, Chris Fitzgerald and a few others.

There was a sort of free masonry among the fans in those days, and it wasn't very agreeable for any squealer if he was caught telling tales out of school. He was not only barred from all battles, but he was apt to be treated rather rudely as well. There was a big long bar on the ground floor of Clarendon Hall, and this particular night, the wine bottles popped profusely for probably two hours before it was whispered around that the combatants were about to enter the ring.

* * *

DURING the festive flow of champagne and other exciting beverages, there was betting galore. New Yorkers generally were offering odds of 6-to-5 that the Nonpareil would win. Quite a large delegation from Philadelphia was quite confident, however, that their home boy would become the champion and they wagered quite a pot of money on Fogarty.

In those days, there was considerable local rivalry between New York and Philadelphia fighters and this same feeling showed very strongly on this occasion. In fact, several scraps started in the barroom between some of the hot-headed New Yorkers and Philadelphians as a kind of preliminary to the star bout, as it were, and good fights with the fists they were. These impromptu brawls, however, were quickly stopped by the active proprietor of the hall, who threatened to call the police and have the whole crowd thrown into the street.

When Dempsey and Fogarty entered the ring in one of the upper lodge rooms, the gallant old Nonpareil did not impress the gathering as a very formidable opponent against the rugged, powerful, splendidly trained Fogarty. Dempsey usually appeared very pale and sickly at the call of time. There were no gongs rung in those days. The timekeepers of each fighter shouted "time," instead.

The Nonpareil was never a quick finisher. He cleverly took his time, cutting and bleeding his man into sheer exhaustion by his marvelous skill and generalship. With these same tactics he conquered the robust Fogarty, greatly to the surprise of those present who were not familiar with Dempsey's style of combating.

He was a wonderful fighter with skin-tight gloves or bare knuckles and was at his best at 140 pounds. He never was really a middleweight. What a pity he didn't remain in his class.

* * *

IN the fight with Fogarty, which though it went twenty-seven rounds before the Nonpareil was declared the winner, took 1 hour and 51 minutes to decide, Dempsey declared that he knew after the seventh round that he could take his man, and wasn't in any hurry to do the job. When the fight was over, Dempsey seemed fresh though his hands were badly swollen and his body was as red as a beat. But his opponent was a sorry mess. He was all in.

Fogarty's face and body were sadly battered. His lips were cut, his eyes almost bulged from his head, his right hand was puffed, his neck was also swollen and his nose was broken in two places. An artery in his mouth was severed and he bled profusely.

It was a gory sight, yet a thrilling battle, one of those contests that could be seen only in a skin-tight or bare-knuckle battle.

When the contest was over, Dempsey and Fogarty each went to their quarters while the crowd, one by one, left the hall so as to avoid police interference. Betting was high and many a Philadelphian went home broke. The victory enabled Dempsey to continue his unbroken string of victories. The unconquerable champion had put up a valiant fight, one long to be remembered by those who saw it.

* * *

THE Dies Committee meetings at which agitators in this country are being investigated, brought to my mind the great Americanism of the Mighty Son of Massachusetts, John L. Sullivan. The Boston Strong Boy not only was a great fighter, the greatest of his era, but he also was a one hundred per cent American. The flag to him was his God. No man would dare to hurl an insult on this country or its flag in John L.'s presence. On several occasions I had an opportunity to see Sullivan in action when disparaging remarks were made about the United States.

And when he ended his career in New Orleans via the knockout route, he showed his true Americanism by the manner in which he took his defeat.

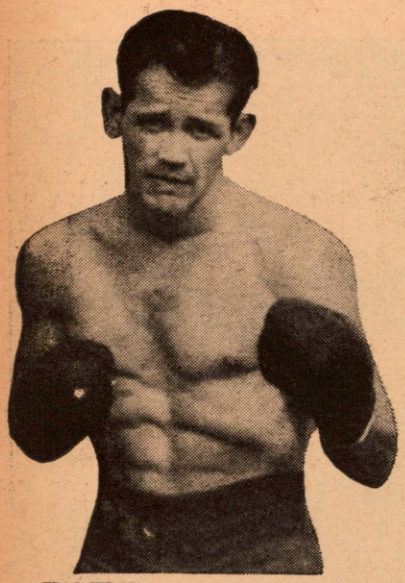
"I'm glad, young fellow, as long as I had to be licked, that I was licked by an American."

A battered hulk, battered by the swiftly driven fists of the clever young bank clerk, James J. Corbett, and knocked from the pedestal on which he had stood for so many years, was trying vainly to get back on his feet during the twenty-first round of a battle for the championship in the ring of the Olympic Club of New Orleans on the night of September 7, 1892.

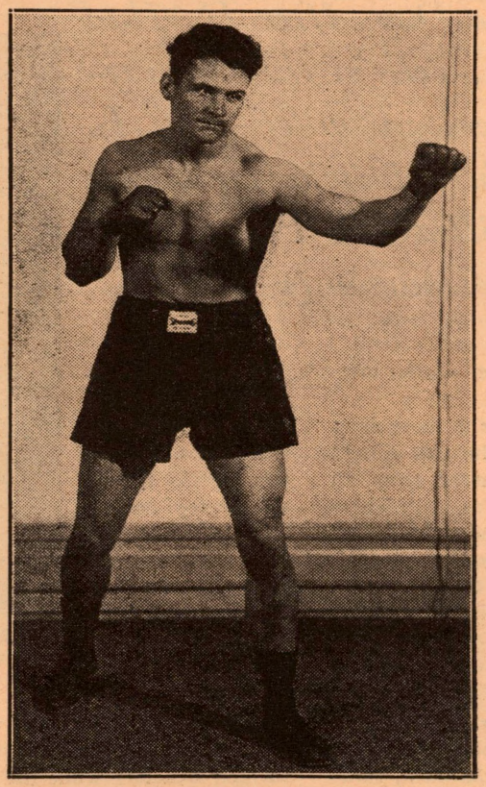
He had carried the hopes and money of his admirers the world over. His heart was broken, not so much for his own downfall, but for the losses of his friends, yet the bigness of John L. Sullivan never showed better than it did when he was able to speak these words to Jim Corbett, the young bank clerk, who that night had dethroned him.

The expression stamped Sullivan as an American through and through. On many other occasions, both previous and subsequent, he proved his Americanism beyond dispute. Even the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, learned this on the night when John L. was to spar *(Continued on page 45)*

NEW FACES



Kid Williams, good left-hook artist from Daytona, Florida.



Sammy Jenkins, middleweight, who is being handled by Tommy Burns, former world heavyweight king.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS

TOMMY BURNS, former world heavyweight champion, who is now living in Vancouver, is back in harness in the fight game with another good prospect. Tommy is all het up over a newcomer, whom he calls the middleweight champion of Western Canada, Sammy Jenkins, a lad who Tommy predicts will be the world title-holder in another two years. But we will let Tommy tell RING readers all about his latest "find." So here goes:

"It is approximately three years, Nat, since you last heard from the old champ, so I thought I would write you just to let you know that I am still in the fight game. You know, Nat, all of us old champs dream of the day when we see ourselves again in that old squared circle, bobbing, weaving, shuffling, smothering punches in the image of a strong, healthy boy into whom we have put our hopes, dreams and years of experience of ringcraft. It is like an answer to a prayer when that dream becomes a reality. I have combed the world in the quest for such a fighter, and, ironically enough, I found that boy under my very nose in Vancouver, B. C., after I had almost given up hope. He was brought to my attention by a young lad named Joe McIntyre—with whom I now hold a half-interest in a nine-year contract of a coming champion named Sammy Jenkins. I tell you, Nat—I've found that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

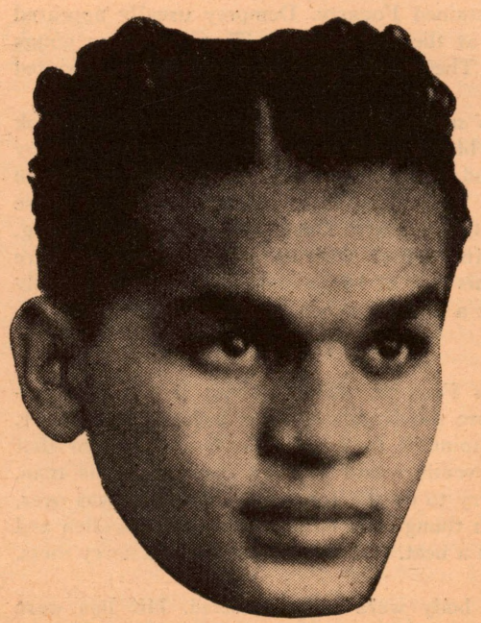
"This protege of mine is twenty-two years old, of Irish-Welsh descent, weighing 160 fighting pounds, a deadly puncher with either hand, flushed with the blood of the old champions flowing through his veins. In my opinion, he is a combination of Henry Armstrong, Jack Dempsey and Al Hostak. Perpetual motion like Armstrong, always up and at 'im; that left hook to the head or body coming out of a weave, after the fashion of the killing Dempsey style; and a short right hand that possesses all the dynamite of the Al Hostak order.

"He is as game a fighter as ever entered the ring, with the courage and ability to take it that is only surpassed by his intelligence and cool-headedness when in the heat of battle. The beauty of this battler is his versatility and ability to grasp anything he is told. Show him a thing, and he perseveres until it is perfected.

"He has only had four fights in his life, all professional, scoring three K.O.'s, with one decision. Fighters like Dempsey, Louis, Armstrong, Hostak don't come very often, but when they do, they can be built up into a million dollar fighter. Such is the boy, Sammy Jenkins, who I am offering to the sporting American public. I am enclosing some pictures of the fighter, my partner and myself, which you may use at your discretion.

"As for me, old friend, as the old saying goes, 'You can't keep a good man down' if he plays the game of life according to the rules. Well, that's just what I'm now doing and have been doing for many years. There is only one way for this old baby, and that's the true way. Regards to yourself and to my other good friends at THE RING office." * * *

ONE would say that two broken ribs, a broken wrist and a fractured left duke is most unfortunate, especially to a boxer, but all that, plus a three-year lay-off and a change of name, have been a great benefit to Maxie Doyle. Three years ago he was called Al Massey, middleweight. Today he is Maxie Doyle, the South's number three heavyweight. A big change, comparing yesterday with today, and only Bob Sikes, the best heavy in the South, and Buddy Scott, sweet boxing protege of Gabe Menendez, are ahead of him in the field.



Wayne Powell, Pacific Coast middleweight.

Still, an enormous amount of credit must go to Maxie's most capable trainer and handler, Izzy Kline, one of the best in the business today.

Doyle finds himself almost a two-hundred-pounder and beautifully proportioned, thanks to Izzy's fine training. Maxie's fighting style, a popular one with the Arkansas fans, is a peculiar weave and roll with the use of a deadly left hook and when necessary, a right smash, following. Most of the time the

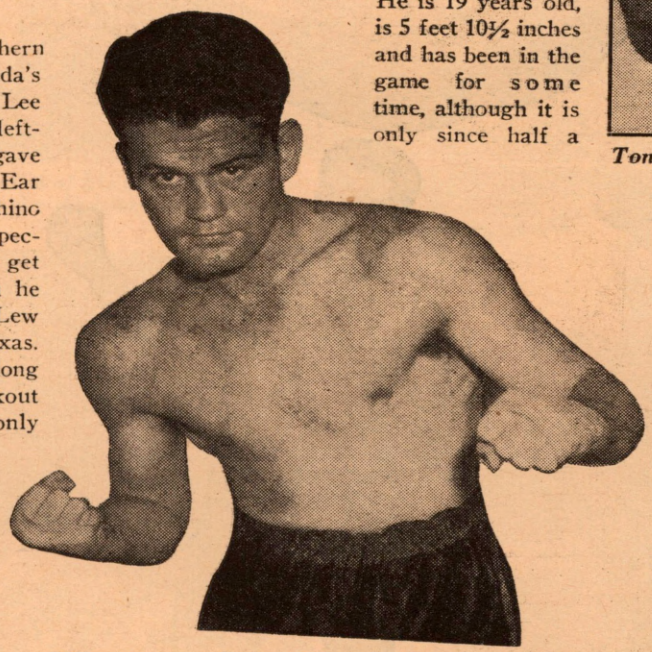
latter is not necessary. Only recently a sort of barroom brawl with Jimmy Merritt, a ponderous 230-pounder, took place in an Arkansas ring and in winning by a kayo, Maxie proved his punching prowess in downing the giant Merritt twenty times before the latter was gamely counted out.

Maxie tasted resin three times himself in that slugfest, but also proved his ability to take it and dish it back out. For this achievement in scoring twenty knockdowns, Editor-Publisher Nat Fleischer of THE RING has selected this happening as one of the 1939 boxing season's outstanding merits, a very worthy tribute.

Doyle's 1939 record includes nine kayo wins and four decision triumphs. His lone loss was to Buddy Baer, losing by a knockout in three rounds, but had to be knocked down ten times before admitting defeat to a vastly experienced boxer who has met several of the leading heavies in the ring. No one could have doubted Maxie's courage that night.

* * *

RAPIDLY rising in Southern lightweight ranks is Florida's latest fistic find, Harvey Lee (Kid) Williams, a nifty Daytona left-hook artist. This lightweight, who gave notice of his forthcoming to Tin Ear Terrace by holding the mighty Chino Alvarez, the Tampa Terror, to a spectacular ten-round draw, is soon to get his biggest moment to date when he collides with the winner of the Lew Jenkins-Chino Alvarez scrap in Texas. Jenkins, now riding the top along Leatherpusher Lane, was a knockout victim at the hands of Alvarez only last year, so Williams did quite well in holding the Tampa Cuban to a standstill. And he did that feat in Chino's own backyard, which makes the affair more spectacular than it seems.



Billy Pryor, a lightweight who has been fighting around Texas.

The Kid was first brought into the game by the late Al Jensen, who did great work with the Jacksonville Jewish idol of last year, Carl Sivers. Jensen predicted several months before his death, recently, that Williams would go high in the punch and pay game and it looks like the prediction is taking shape. Williams appeared on two of Jensen's Jacksonville promotions and won in both appearances.

His first was a quick kayo over Jimmy Powell and followed with a slashing triumph in the semi over Al Manriquez, a Mexican lad who fought some of the best in the featherweight field as Ginger Foran, Wesley Ramey and Leo Rodak, among others.

Moving stakes to Tampa, the Kid showed well in handing Tony Monin a sleeping dose in four rounds; added several more good wins and in his second best showing, punched a clean-cut decision over Joey Raymond, a seasoned campaigner with experience galore. Then the big moment in the setto with Alvarez, which found two judges favoring a draw while the third saw Williams as the winner. The Kid is made, and once again Florida moves in with a lightweight with an excellent chance to challenge the best within several years.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA has a splendid little lightweight fighter in Tony Sarullo, whose recent battle with Jimmy Lancaster shows that he is ready for the big time. Since starting his professional career he has won twenty-seven fights and lost three. He dropped a decision to Marcelline, one to Tommy Speigal and the third to Benny Bass, the veteran lightweight, who is making a strong comeback.

Sarullo will be twenty-two years old on his next birthday. He is a good drawing card around the Quaker City. Jimmy Wilson is his manager.

Sarullo is an Italian and scales for most of his fights around 135 pounds.

* * *

UP in Alaska they are busy grooming a light-heavyweight, who, according to the lumberjacks, should soon make the grade. His name is Bob Kerr, and he scales 173 pounds. He is 19 years old, is 5 feet 10½ inches and has been in the game for some time, although it is only since half a year ago that he began to show real promise.

Tony Sarullo, Philadelphia lightweight, who is making good.

He started his career when only fifteen years old. When he was seventeen, he won the middleweight championship of the C.M.F.C. at Fort Lewis, Washington, fighting against strong amateur competition. He expects to come to the States next summer for a campaign. This Scotch-Irish lad has the makings of a good fighter and he hopes to prove it this year.

* * *

SOUTH CAROLINA boasts a young Italian light-heavyweight who seems to possess enough ability to make the grade. His name is Johnny Carotenuto, a lad who was born on June 29, 1917, at Philadelphia, but who now resides at Parris Island, where he is a marine. He started his professional career on July 4 and has had six fights up to this writing, of which he won five, three by knockouts, and lost one.

He launched his career with a one-round kayo of Jack Crawford at Beaufort, and followed that with a one-round victory via the knockout route over Bill Ford. Then came a six-round triumph over Gene Messer and a decision loss to Joey Cash.

That defeat seemed to take the heart out of the boy. He took it quite seriously and started three weeks of intensive training that put him in such good condition that he scored a knockout over Leon Foucert at Savannah in five rounds, a victory that caused the promoter to bring him back in the main event three weeks later. In that bout he beat Ralph McGaglin in ten rounds and is now considered a good drawing card in Southern clubs.

Vinson A. McNeill, supply sergeant of the United States Marine Corps, is handling Carotenuto's affairs.

* * *

ABOUT a year and a half ago, Wayne Powell, Pacific Coast middleweight, was sent to Australia to gain experience. Now he is back home for an American campaign. With the experience he gained in his fights in Australia and Hawaii, he feels he is ready to tackle the best in his native land. He engaged in twenty-nine fights in the Antipodes, of which he won twenty-one by the knockout route, and lost only two contests.

He is twenty-one years old and has had only twenty-eight months of professional ring *(Continued on page 42)*

Hit at Lil' Arthur

Before Jack Johnson's Victory Over Jim Jefferies, Gentleman Jim Belittled Qualities of Defensive Fighter

By "THE RING" EDITOR

Jack Johnson, conqueror of Jeff, who was belittled as boxer of defensive school, by Corbett.

James J. Jeffries, whom Corbett called greatest fighter.

"IF Johnson had been in the field as a competitor for heavyweight honors when Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy and myself were in the ring, he would have been a mark for any of us. I don't want to belittle Johnson nor take any credit from him for his rise to the top of the ladder, but it makes me tired to see him praised to the skies as the greatest or one of the three greatest fighters of all time, George, when you and I, and thousands of other close students of boxing know that he doesn't deserve such ranking. The years will prove that, mark my word, George.

"Some people are accusing me of going to Jeffries' aid because of jealousy. Some writers have said that I am going to help train Jim because I dislike Johnson. That's all far from the truth. I have nothing against Johnson. I admire him for his game fight to gain recognition, something he finally has acquired. I admire him as a clever, defensive fighter, but when the critics contend that he is a great all-around fighter, they err. His defensive skill is what has enabled him to come to the front. It has saved him from many a defeat.

"I am going to help Jeffries to regain his speed. I know there is nothing I can teach him so far as new points in boxing are concerned. When he beat me in California, he actually outboxed me, which to me, proved that he was the greatest heavyweight that ever pulled on a glove. He has not forgotten how to box and to fight, George, but I do fear that his long layoff is going to doom him.

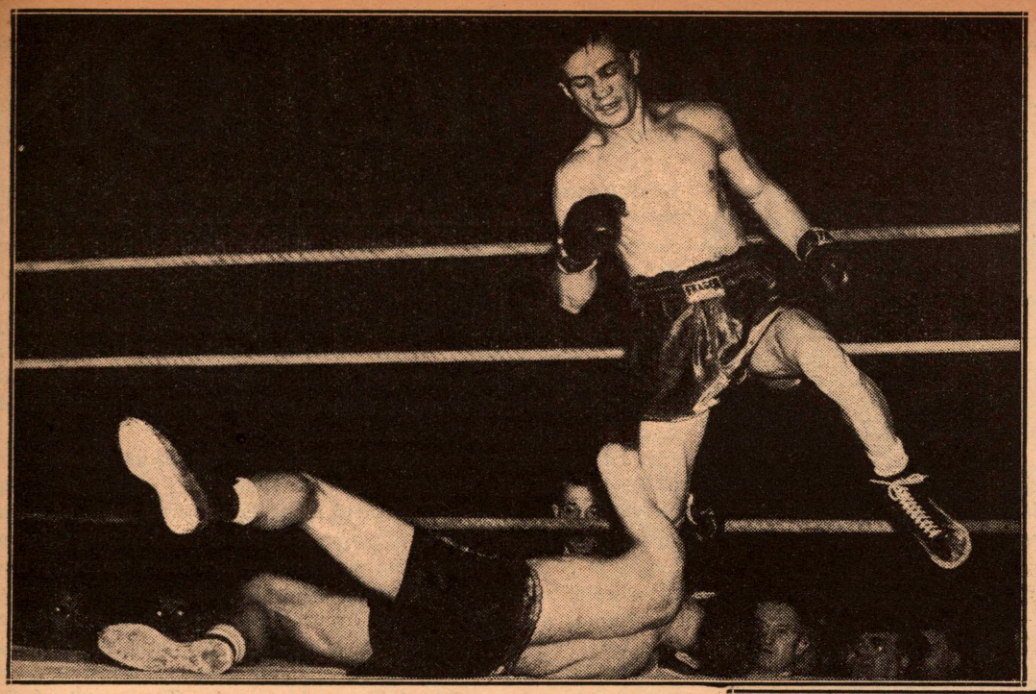
"He will be the biggest man physically that Johnson has met to date, also the hardest hitter. But can he come back? That's the point, George.

"In your query, you ask me if I think that the fight will be on the level. I'm surprised at you, George. I surely thought there could be no such doubt in your mind, you who know Jeffries so well and must know that he never was mixed up in a shady fight.

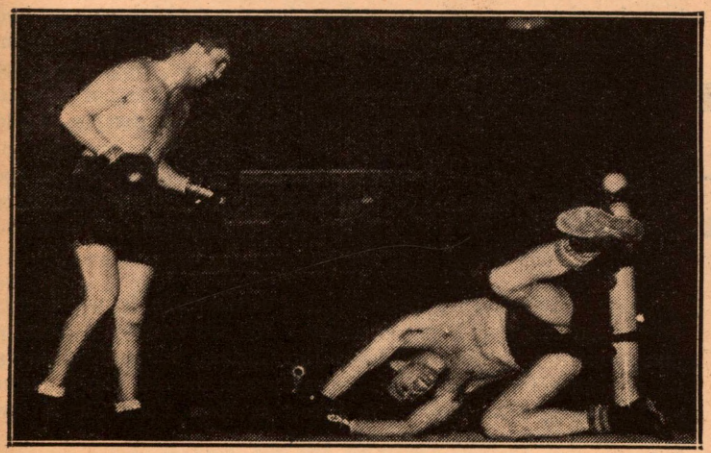
"Jeffries wouldn't think of being involved in a frame-up. He would knock a man down who made such a suggestion to him, and I doubt that the fellow would ever get up and live to tell the tale. That's my answer to your question, George. Don't you think I'm correct?

"Jeffries doesn't give a hang about the motion pictures. Bet your latest sou on that. He wouldn't fight Johnson if he thought he couldn't win. I can't conceive how Johnson can possibly take the measure of the Boilermaker. *(Continued on page 43)*

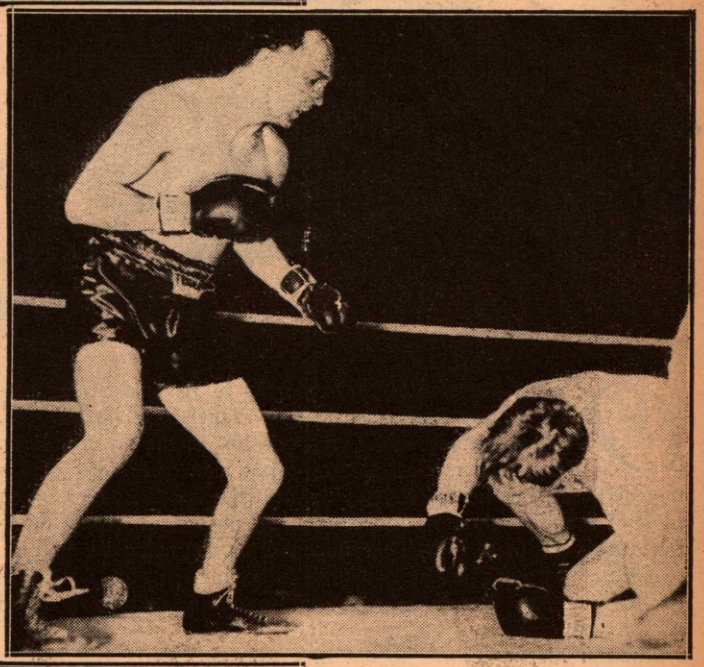
In the News of the Month



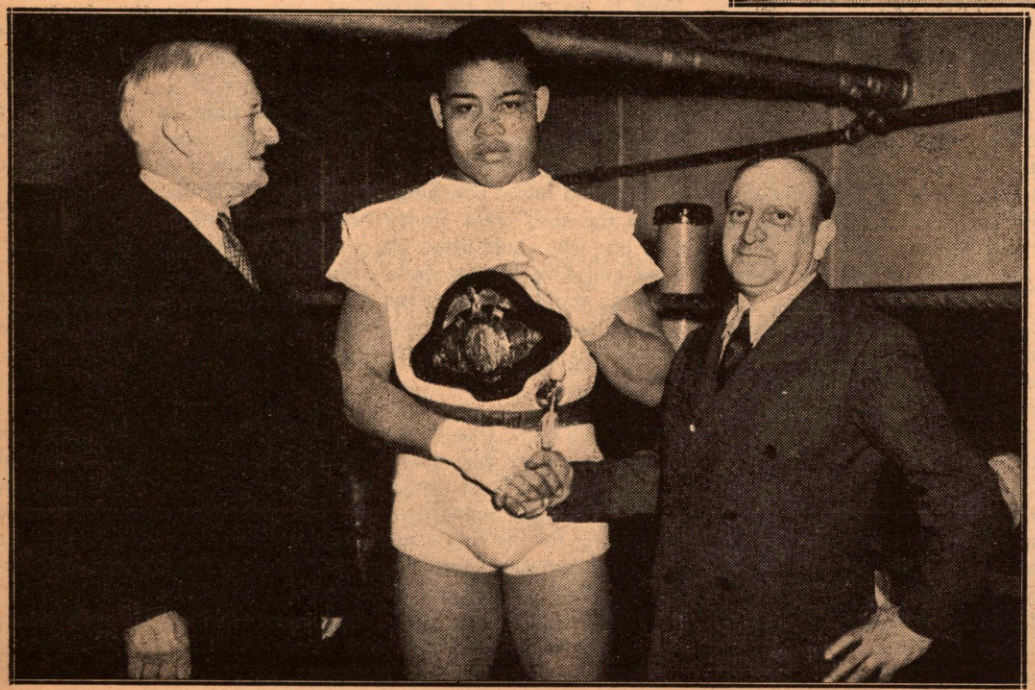
Mike Kaplan down in the seventh round of his fight with Fritzie Zivic in Philadelphia. Zivic gained the decision in 10 rounds.



The debut of Valentin Campolo of Argentine was a success. He stopped Jim Robinson in 1.25 of the ninth round. Campolo proved that he is a game fellow who can take it, and should help keep up interest in the heavyweight ranks.

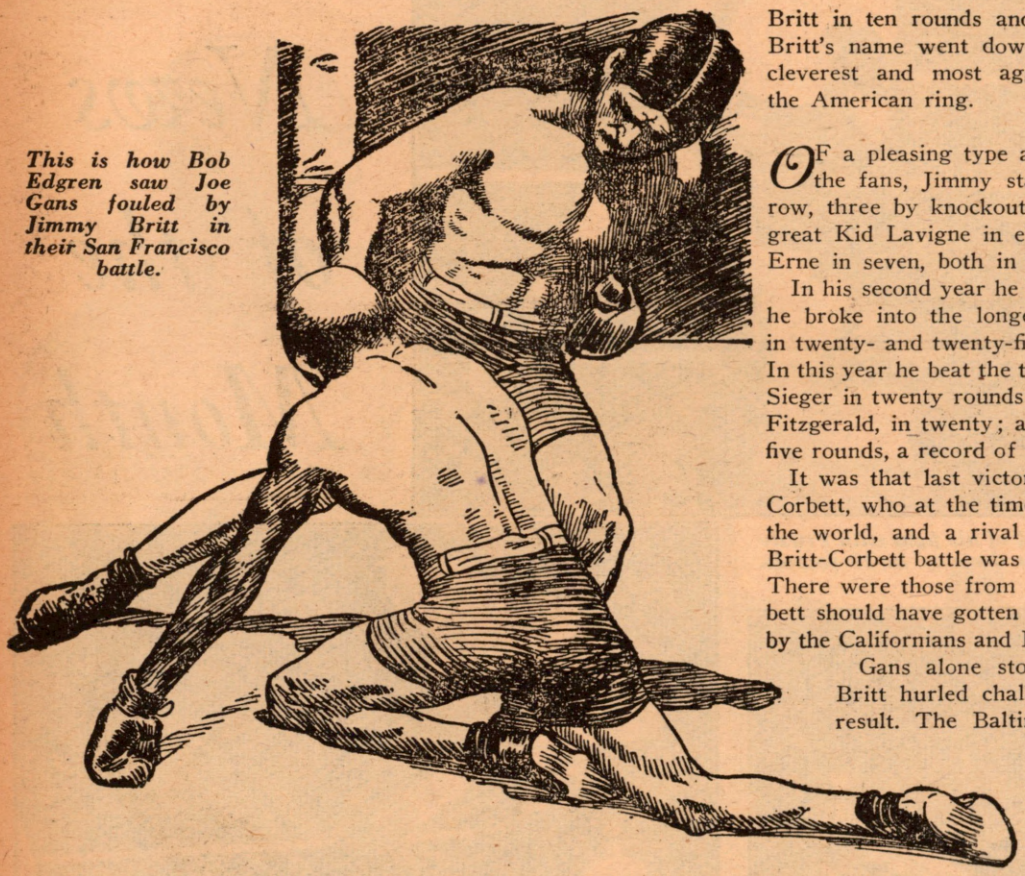


Tony Zale, down in the first round, came back to win the verdict over Al Hostak, N.B.A.'s middleweight king, in Chicago bout. It was a big upset.



The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, awards "Merit Plaque" to Joe Louis at Pompton Lakes. Louis was judged in The Ring poll the outstanding fighter of the year. Gen. John J. Phelan, chairman of the New York Commission (left), congratulates Joe.

BRITT PASSES ON



This is how Bob Edgren saw Joe Gans fouled by Jimmy Britt in their San Francisco battle.

ONE of the greatest lightweights in American ring history, Jimmy Britt, died in San Francisco on January 22. A heart attack ended Jimmy's life at the age of sixty. Britt, who met all the top-flight men of his day, had a meteoric rise, but he didn't keep in the fistic spotlight as long as most of the men whom he had fought. He passed on from a fighting career to that of a Thespian, and as an actor he became equally as successful as he had been in boxing. In fact, Britt was one of the few boxers who turned to acting and made good with a vengeance.

Though his name was legion in California where the Native Sons dubbed him the world champion, Jimmy never held the crown. He did hold the championship of his state and was undoubtedly the best white fighter of his era, but when he laid claim to the lightweight championship, that title rightfully belonged to Joe Gans who, when he finally consented to meet Britt, twice beat him, once on a foul and the next time by a kayo.

James Edward Britt was born on October 5, 1879, in that district of San Francisco called "South of the Slot," the same in which our own Hype Igoe, his pal and boyhood chum, lived. It was the district that brought into the sports world such famed sports characters as the Corbett brothers, Jim and Joe, Joe Kennedy, Sam Mertes, Joe Nealon, Truck Eagan, Mike Donlin, Dal Hawkins and other stars of the baseball and boxing world.

Seldom has it been the good fortune of an aspirant for the fistic diadem to have gained the recognition and renown which came to Britt so soon after he had launched upon a fighting career. Had he not fouled Joe Gans when they met for the first time on October 31, 1904, and lost that fight in the fifth round, he might have gained the laurels he so much cherished, the undisputed hold on the world lightweight title. But that foul enabled Gans to make good his claim to world honors and in a subsequent battle the Baltimore Negro stopped Jimmy in the sixth.

Despite those defeats and his knockouts at the hands of Battling Nelson in the eighteenth round; Packey McFarland in six and Johnny Summers in nine after Johnny had previously lost to Britt in ten rounds and beaten him in twenty, all in England, Britt's name went down in ring history as that of one of the cleverest and most aggressive lightweights in the history of the American ring.

* * *

OF a pleasing type and the kind of boxer that is favored by the fans, Jimmy started his career with four victories in a row, three by knockouts, and among his kayo victims were the great Kid Lavigne in eight rounds and the equally great Frank Erne in seven, both in San Francisco.

In his second year he decided to go after the big game only and he broke into the longer distance matches. He tied himself up in twenty- and twenty-five-round contests and won most of them. In this year he beat the tough, aggressive and hard hitting Charley Sieger in twenty rounds; the well known Brooklyn terror, Willie Fitzgerald, in twenty; and the fearless Martin Canole in twenty-five rounds, a record of which he was proud and had reason to be.

It was that last victory that brought on the fight with Young Corbett, who at the time was one of the greatest lightweights in the world, and a rival of Terry McGovern. The result of the Britt-Corbett battle was discussed for a long time in sports circles. There were those from the East who thought that the least Corbett should have gotten was a draw but the decision was praised by the Californians and Britt was hailed as a sure world champion.

Gans alone stood between Jimmy and the crown and Britt hurled challenge after challenge at Joe but without result. The Baltimore Negro had decided that he would fight in over-the-weight matches instead and picked on fellows in the welter class rather than harking to Britt's plea for a chance at the world crown.

* * *

WHEN Britt turned from fighting to the stage, he was recognized as an actor par excellence. He was as good a monologist as were Jack McAuliffe and Jim Corbett, the leaders among the pugilist-actors. I recall his appearance at the old Star Theater on Broadway near Fourteenth Street in New York City a few years after his retirement, when he said:

"I often have been asked why a nice looking fellow like me ever went into the fight business. Well, it was a matter of convenience. Local conditions made it necessary. Where I lived, 'South of the Slot,' a boy either had to fight or stay in the house, and I always liked to go out in the street."

He then proceeded to tell that it was a case of survival of the fittest so far as his early associations were concerned.

"Vendettas were the vogue and the style of a youth's raiment often did more toward embroiling him than hard words or a boastful bearing," he said. "A high collar often marked a lad for something little short of slaughter, while a red necktie would convert him into a punching bag for the entire district.

"In the end," said Jimmy, with a touch of pride, "I was the only one who could dress like a dude and remain in the neighborhood and I've been a dude ever since."

There could have been no doubt about that, for Jimmy was a Beau Brummel. In addition to being a handsome fellow, he was immaculately dressed at all times.

* * *

HAVING traced the connection between the curbstone scraps of his childhood and his debut as a professional pugilist, Britt would then keep the audience in an hilarious mood by relating humorous experiences which came to him while in training for his ring contests. One of these, I recall, had for its butt an Alameda doctor. Jimmy, it appeared, felt stale from working too hard and he went to consult the physician.

"Young man," said the doctor, after feeling Jimmy's pulse, "what you need is exercise, and plenty of it."

"But," said Jimmy, "my business . . . ."

Famous Lightweight Who Claimed World Championship, Dead From Heart Attack — Rated High As a Pugilist and Actor

By HARVEY THORNE

Before Britt could finish the sentence, the doctor interrupted:

"Never mind your business. Let your business take care of itself. You need lots of walking and that kind of thing. Go to a gymnasium. Play a lot of handball, punch the bag, do anything that's strenuous."

When Jimmy finally found an opening, he said:

"Your diagnosis is all wrong, Doc. I'm Jimmy Britt, the fighter."

"What," exclaimed the doctor, as he almost fell into a swoon.

"Yes, Doctor, I'm Britt, and I think I've done too much exercising and that's why I'm stale."

The medico was flabbergasted. He looked at Britt, according to Jimmy's monologue, and said:

"Well, then what you need is a good rest. Stop exercising for a couple of weeks."

The house came down with a roar of laughter when Britt finished that one.

* * *

IN that same appearance, Britt spoke of great fighters and their earnings, and he remarked:

"I have another answer to those who want to know why I turned pugilist instead of leading what they think a normal life. Show me a business in which a young chap can make as much in a short time as a fighter, provided he hits the mark. During my brief career as a professional I earned well over $160,000, and I have most of it. Yes, I held on to mine, while John L. spent his.

"I was so good when I broke into the professional field and had my first fight against Toby Irwin, I received $2,000. Why? Because I was popular and the promoter realized that I was a drawing card in San Francisco, even though I had never fought professionally.

"I next fought Tim Hegerty ten days later and I received $1,000 more for that bout, my share being $3,000. Not so bad for ten days in the business, was it?

"My third fight was with George Kid Lavigne, and my bit for winning was $4,500, and then I received $5,500 for stopping Frank Erne. The biggest purse I received was when I fought Young Corbett and got $17,500 for winning that bout."

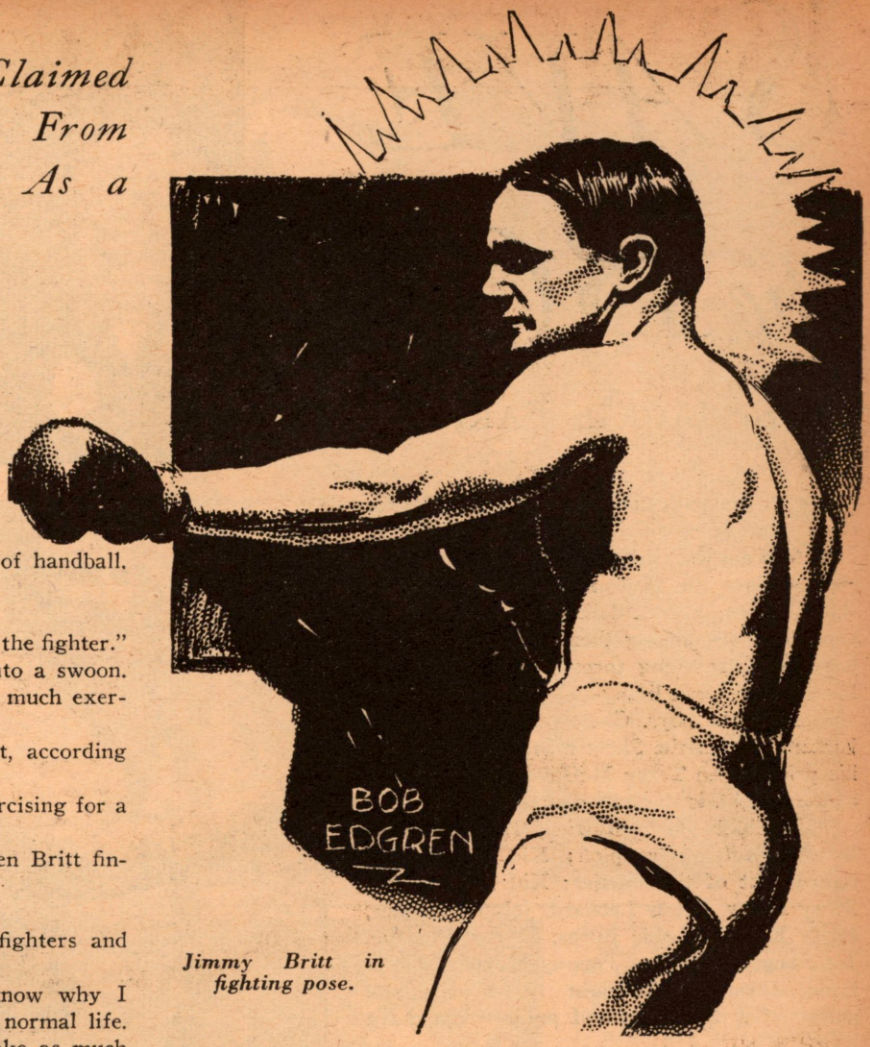
Then came some verse recitals. Jimmy was good at that. He made a hit when as a wind-up to the monologue he recited "The Kid's Last Fight."

* * *

A PECULIAR thing about Jimmy Britt—who was as tough as the best of them—was the fact that he bled at the slightest tap. Punches that he never felt on his face would start the carmine flow from his nose or mouth, a sight which in the experience of a fighter frequently gives an opponent the psychological edge on the bleeder. This, however, never interfered with Britt who seemed unconscious of the flow of blood.

All through his battle with Nelson in which he was stopped in the eighteenth round, Britt bled freely. This was also the case in his bouts with Gans and McGovern, as well as Young Corbett, and the continual hammering of Packey McFarland's gloves on the face brought equally brilliant results.

It was Battling Nelson who started the series of knockouts which are checked against Jimmy in his official record. In 1905 "Bat" treated him to his first knockout sensation. Then came Joe Gans in 1907 with his master stroke and in 1908, Packey McFarland, the classy Chicago stockyards champion, spilled him in



Jimmy Britt in fighting pose.

the sixth round at Colma, Calif. Finally, after tripping to London in 1908 and getting the long end of a ten-round bout with Johnny Summers, Jimmy tackled Summers twice again losing in 20 rounds and then being stopped in nine.

The last fight was one of the greatest ring contests ever seen in England. Britt was not completely knocked out. He had gone down from a terrific right hander to the jaw and in the din that Summers' admirers set up, the timekeeper's voice was drowned and few heard the count.

Britt was on his feet, ready to continue when the referee waved him aside declaring that he had been counted out.

Then came one of the greatest demonstrations a fighter ever got in England. Crazed with joy the Englishmen stormed the ring, ran the British colors to the top of the mast and hailed Summers.

Britt was nearly done for in the second round. In a spectacular mix-up Britt was knocked to the floor with a right to the jaw. He lay still, with his arms outstretched and just did get up in time. Though staggering he managed to push his right to Summers' jaw and down went the Britisher. The bell saved Summers from a knockout.

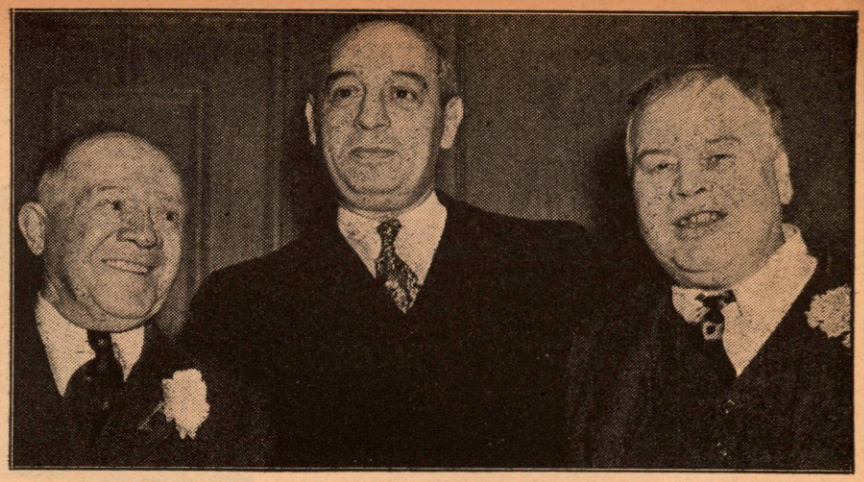
From that time until the battle was over it was a stubborn one. Summers seemed to be the stronger, though Britt won the admiration of the crowd by his splendid footwork and defensive boxing. Thus it went to the ninth.

Britt came out of his corner apparently as fresh as ever. Summers worked close and Britt fought back viciously. He had the Englishman rocking several times, but finally Summers landed a hard right on the jaw and Britt went down for the count that brought the battle to an end. Snowy Baker of Australia, a spectator, was among those who said that Britt was not actually knocked out. Harry Pollock who managed Jimmy for that fight, likewise asserted that the count was short and that Britt could have gotten up. That was Britt's last contest.

Corbett, McGovern, Gans, Lavigne—what memories those names bring back to veterans of the roped square. Only a few of the stars of that era are still with us.

"SAVE the BOY"

By JACKIE FARRELL

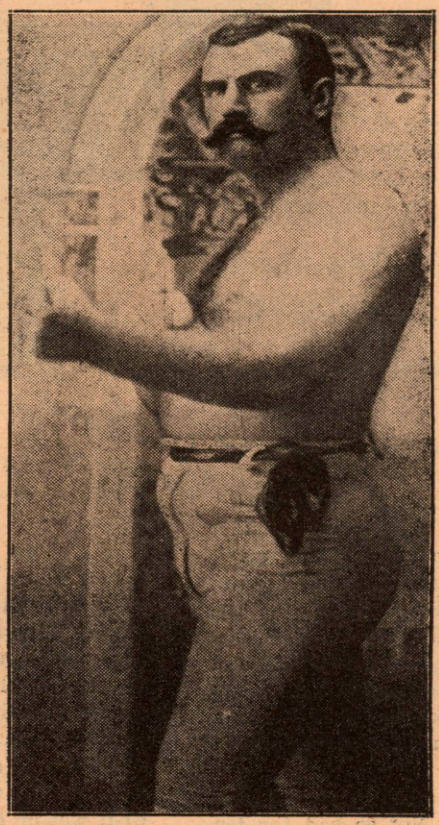


In the above picture we have Charley Roden (left), Harry Harris, former bantam champion, and Kid Broad. Broad and Harris are now down in Wall Street, while Roden does prison welfare work.

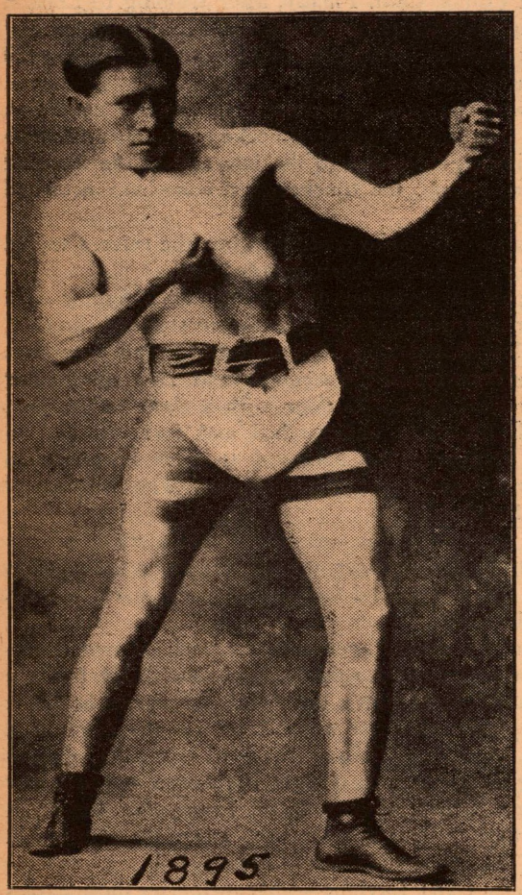
A Movement Launched in New Jersey Receives Widespread Support—Charley Roden, Former Bantam Star, Heads a Notable List of Old Timers Whose Lectures On Sportsmanship and Clean Living at Orphan Homes, Recreation Centers, Community Houses, and Schools for Delinquents, Make Hit With the Boys—Fight Motion Pictures and Vaudeville Add to Interest

IN line with the determination of Mayor Hague of Jersey City to do all he can to aid the youngsters of his state in his "Save the Boy" movement, and by so doing, lessen juvenile delinquency, several old-time pugilists, among them world champions, have been crusading throughout New Jersey, lecturing on clean living and putting on special shows for the boys. Charley Roden, one-time bantam king of the Skeeter State, who was in his prime when Terry McGovern was the best at the weight, is the leader of the group.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Harry Harris, former bantam champion; Kid Broad, star lightweight of the nineties; Kid McPartland, Patsy Haley, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Patsy Kline, Frankie Burns, Young Shugrue, Joe Shugrue, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Frank Erne, former lightweight title-holder, and many other fistic stars of another era, have been carrying on the work gratis. One night it's a visit to a boys' club. Another night it's a show and talks at the American Legion. Still another, it is a show with motion pictures, sparring and lectures at the hospitals for the war wounded. Often as many as three performances are given weekly. Recently, the work was extended to include the welfare work at the penal institutions with which Charley Roden is associated as an employee of the state.



Charley Prendergast, famous fighter of the John L. Sullivan era, who passed away last year.



Charley Roden as he looked when he was king of Jersey State bantams in 1893.

The men who are doing the work first started the venture as an experiment but it has reached far beyond that stage now. In fact, so big has the movement become, that there is a possibility that the State may take it over as a regular part of its welfare work. The men are so imbued with the spirit that the entertainment they give to the youngsters and sick war veterans, gives them as much a kick as it does enjoyment to those receiving it. At the suggestion of Mayor Hague, Charley Roden got the campaign started, and so successful has it been, that he now has to turn down offers from entertainers.

* * *

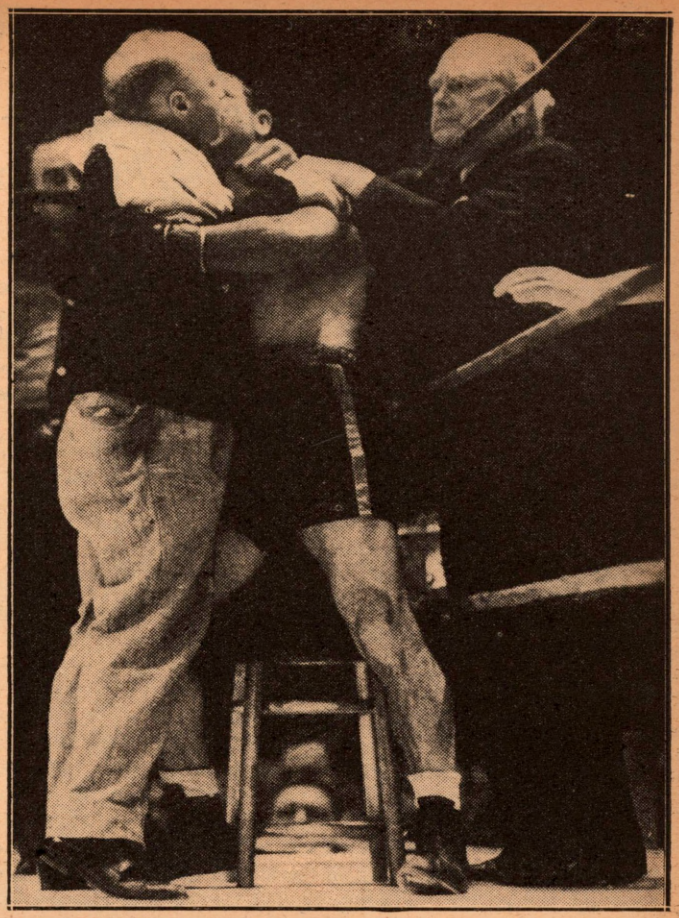
RODEN acts as referee at the performances. Often he pairs the old-timers and has them exhibit their skill in one or two rounds of two minutes each and on other occasions, he has them act as officials or has them give talks on boxing and the benefits of leading a wholesome life. Recently, Roden, with the aid of the Catholic Youth Club, started a boxing class in Jersey City and so many boys applied for instructions that it is likely to develop into one of

(Continued on page 42)

Fred Apostoli Faced With Mental Hazard

Defeats at Hands of Billy Conn and Knockout by Ceferino Garcia Caused Breakdown That Ended in Rout by Bettina

By THE PUBLISHER

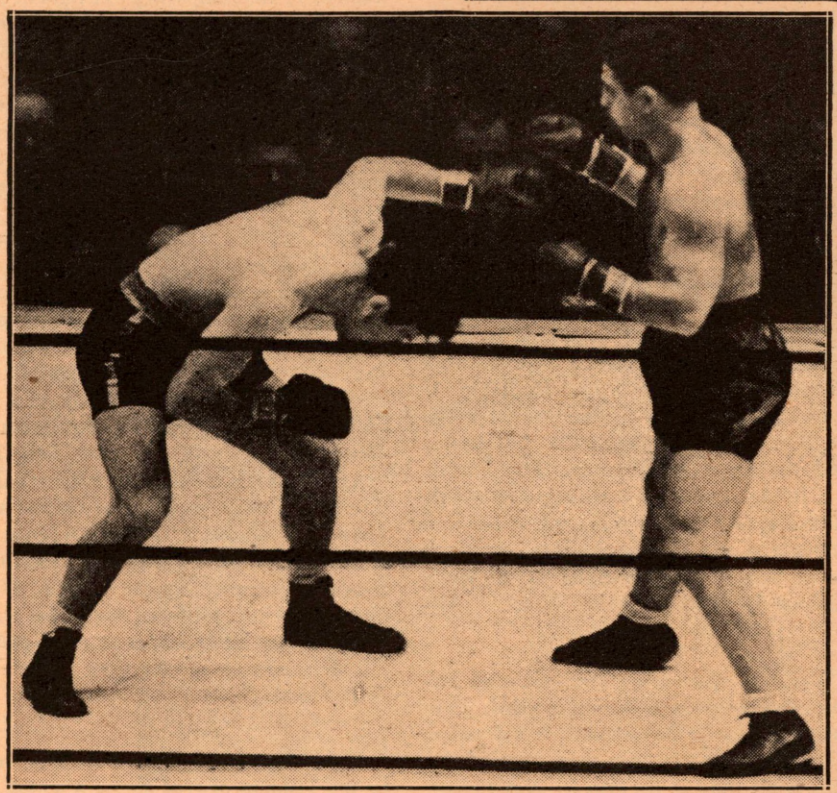


And here we see Apostoli crying on the shoulder of his trainer and chief second, Whitey Bimstein, who halted the fight shortly after the bell sounded ending the twelfth round. Fred was taken to the Polyclinic Hospital after the fight but quickly recovered.

THE downfall of Fred Apostoli at an age when he should have been in the prime of his career, will remain one of the mysteries of boxing. The former king of the middleweights in New York and in California, celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday on the day when he fought Melio Bettina in a return engagement in Madison Square Garden, and that night he took the worst shellacking of his career. Floundering around the ring like one who was in a stupor, Fred went through twelve rounds at the end of which his seconds had to call a halt.

Keen judgment on the part of Whitey Bimstein, competent trainer and Larry White, his manager, prevented what might have resulted in another Ernie Schaaf case. They realized that the once hard hitting Apostoli, one of the best middleweights developed in this country since Mickey Walker's rise to fistic fame, was through. He was a physical wreck. The power of his punches was gone, his equilibrium was faulty and his mumblings indicated that he was bordering on a state of delirium.

The bout was stopped, the victor was Melio Bettina, who lost the hairline decision according to the judges in their previous engagement. Thus Bettina had gained the goal for which Apostoli had aimed—a shot at the winner of the Billy Conn-Gus Lesnevich fight, with the world light-heavyweight title at stake. The defeat of Apostoli, according to his mentor, also put an end to his fighting career. With sufficient funds to enable him to live comfortably, Apostoli will go back to California where he'll probably enter business with the man who brought him along from a bellhop to one of the world's outstanding middleweights. Where other fighters of his caliber have remained in the profession until they at least reached the age of thirty, Apostoli found the going too tough, the shock too severe for him to carry on. The morale of a good fighter was shattered.



A scene in the twelfth round of the Apostoli-Bettina fight in which Fred is almost ready to collapse. Note how he is fighting aimlessly.

* * *

IN his return bout with Bettina, I scored only three rounds for Apostoli, and those he won by a margin of only a point. The rounds in which Bettina came through on top were all by wide margin. Whereas their first contest was close, with the final decision in Apostoli's favor, offering plenty of food for argument, the second found Fred so far behind, there could be no question.

(Continued on page 41)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

THE RING MUSEUM received several splendid contributions from Walter Miller upon his return from Australia and New Zealand. Walter sent to the museum two beautiful boomerangs from Australia and a Maori club in addition to a complete desk set for THE RING Editor. Walter, in his message to THE RING, declared that he had a wonderful time on his trip, and that wrestling is still going well in those countries which he visited, despite the war.

"The people are wrestling enthusiasts," says Walter, "and if an American with showmanship, and who is also a good wrestler, appears on the scene, he soon gets a big following." Walter is back in Los Angeles and he will resume where he left off before he went abroad.

* * *

JACK SHERRY is back in New York. He is in the greatest condition of his career and is rarin' to go. Recently he appeared in Hartford against Charley Strack and won in 18 minutes, that bout being arranged for him by Paul Bowser, but since then he has not had an opportunity to show his wares.

Sherry is most eager to get a crack at some of the top-flight wrestlers, now appearing in the East and if he can't get action, he'll try to force the issue. There isn't a better or cleaner wrestler in the game today than Sherry, and it is a pity that with his ability and the clamor of the fans to see some real stars, that the promoters see fit to keep him in the background because he is too good for the phonies parading around the various circuits. THE RING hopes he'll soon be where he belongs.

* * *

JIM PARKER, the Tennessee Tussler, recently returned from a six months tour of South Africa. No sooner did he land back on United States soil than he was signed to substitute in a Philadelphia ring. Jim made good with a bang . . . . The return to these parts of the Man Mountain Swede, Tor Johnson, means that many of the so-called "pygmy gripsters" are due to be hospital bound. Johnson, who scales well over the 300-pound mark, has a unique way of crushing his opponents into defeat by simply hurling his entire weight at them . . . . Joe Maynard, the rugged Jamaica roughneck, owns a large poultry and vegetable farm in the state of Delaware. He will soon be moving to that state to take care of the season's crops . . . . Joe, Ernie and Emil Dusek have joined brother Rudy to battle it out with the best of them along the Atlantic seaboard . . . . Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, seems to have found the fountain of youth. The Italian idol is traveling along the mat highway at a terrific pace, which reminds close followers of the sports of the days when he was the most dangerous contender for the highest honors. At that, Gino who is only 28 years of age, is still knocking at the door of the occupant of the championship room for a title shot.

* * *

The Philadelphia *Daily News* is sponsoring the cause of Ed "Spike" Howard, ex-wrestler, for the Humanitarian Award. This 63-year-old ex-gripster, who today scales 246 pounds, has donated blood over 900 times and is yet to lose his first case. One of the persons who benefitted by his life's fluid is the son of Nat Frank, RING correspondent, who is now past 13 years of age. Howard twice gave blood to the lad a dozen years ago . . . . Though a veteran in the bone breaking trade, Indian Tom Marvin still manages to more than hold his own with the promising youngsters of today. The Redskin "outsmarts" most of his rivals, who figure that youth will prevail over experience. Tom is one of the roughest men in the business . . . . Another "vet" is Allen Eustace, the popular Kansan. Like Old Man River, Eustace seems to be going on forever, facing all who care to meet him in mat combat and he invariably proves that he is capable of keeping up there with the front runners. Eustace is a master of numerous holds which he uses to good advantage over his rivals . . . . Ed Cook, the ex-University of Iowa football luminary, is considered one of the best trial horses in the business. If anyone can get by the rugged mid-Westerner, then he is considered ripe enough to have it out with the stars. If Cook manages to sideswipe them, then it is a known fact that they need more seasoning. Win or lose Cook is considered a class A-1 showman and capable of mixing it with the elite.

* * *

TOMMY O'TOOLE, pal of John Henry Lewis, with whom he often competed in athletics, is doing well in the wrestling game as a professional. He hails from Phoenix, Ariz., where John Henry was born. He can box and he can wrestle and for a time he was uncertain in which of the two fields to toss his hat.

As an amateur he won the middleweight amateur title in his sector and later, at the age of sixteen, he went on a trip with the Podicter-Pardee Wild West Show through the Rocky Mountain district and the Mississippi Valley. Tommy is only 27 years old. He was born on April 26, 1913. He has been wrestling either as an amateur or a pro since he was 17. He stands six feet two inches and scales 236 pounds.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Theodore Yamachika, follows: The return of Al Pereira to the mat wars after his temporary retirement more than a year ago, created an interesting situation in Honolulu's wrestling circles. At the time of his retirement Pereira himself made a verbal statement to the effect that the course he was taking was due to the lack of competition and he would return as soon as suitable opponents were found. But many of the skeptics were of the opinion that the old war horse was washed up. Naturally when Al won two successive victories over huge Ignacio Martinez, everyone was surprised and even the skeptics had to admit that Pereira is still a great warrior and a worthy opponent for the Hawaiian champion, Paul Jones.

In the meanwhile the Hawaiian champ hasn't been neglecting his chores. He has taken on almost everyone in sight and still has an undefeated record. The logical thing to do now is to match Pereira and Jones and that bout would be something to watch.

Honolulu fans regret the leaving of Ignacio Martinez, Latin giant, who proved one of the greatest drawing cards in the Islands. During his four months stay here he was very popular. It can be rightfully said that he took part in more main events than any other grappler. In case you missed this, his real name is Ignacio Juan Jose Nicolas Alberto DeJesus Navarrete De Martinez. He scales 248 pounds, stands six feet four inches and is about the roughest wrestler in the world. He has been away from the mainland United States for some time but expects to return to Los Angeles after his tour of Japan, China and the Philippines. He will be one of the first wrestlers ever to invade the Dutch East Indies.

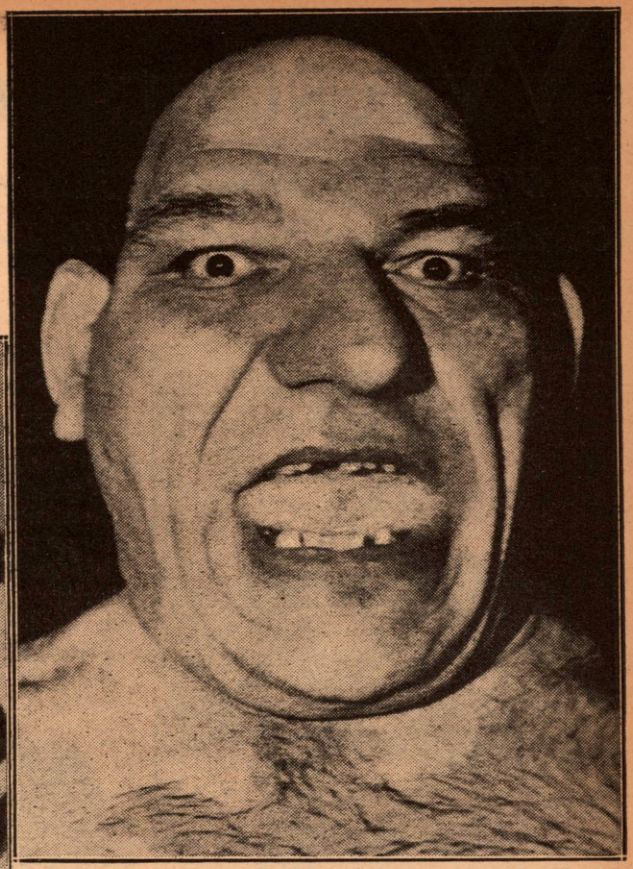
* * *

Promoter Al Karasick's idea of importing junior heavyweights to the Islands proved to be a great tonic to the wrestling game. Junior heavyweights are those who weigh about 190 pounds and they are fast boys. The three importations who are already here are: Whitey Walberg, recognized junior heavyweight champion of Europe and the greatest Swedish star in the game; Tony Bommerite, scrappy Italian; and Steve Nenoff, the Bulgarian Lion, who is ranked as one of the greatest men in his weight in the game today.

Tug Wilson and Kimon Kudo are scheduled to arrive here shortly. Other wrestlers who are showing in Honolulu are Jack Gacek, Jack McArthur, George Harvin, Henry Graber and Paul Boesch.

A Human Monstrosity

Sour-puss looks at himself smiling and asks, "Is this me?"



And here is how the Angel looks when he "gets angry" after an opponent has tickled him.

The Angel, Latest Wrestling Importation From France, a Weird Looking Man Who Should Be a Big Attraction in U. S.

By
THE MATMAN

Hairy-chested, he presents an appearance like that of the ape, when stripped for action.

THE Angel, the greatest freak that ever appeared in sports, is now in our midst. As a wrestler, he is only fair, but as a showman, he is tops. With his weird looking features, his stubby body, tremendously large face, elephant's ears, a mouth like that of a hippopotamus and legs built like those of a piano, this European matman is sure to draw 'em in at the gate. Already he has become a sensation only because of his physical appearance, because as a wrestler, he knows only a few holds. The movies and the magazines are hot on his trail. He makes a good subject for the pictures. He's a scare crow.

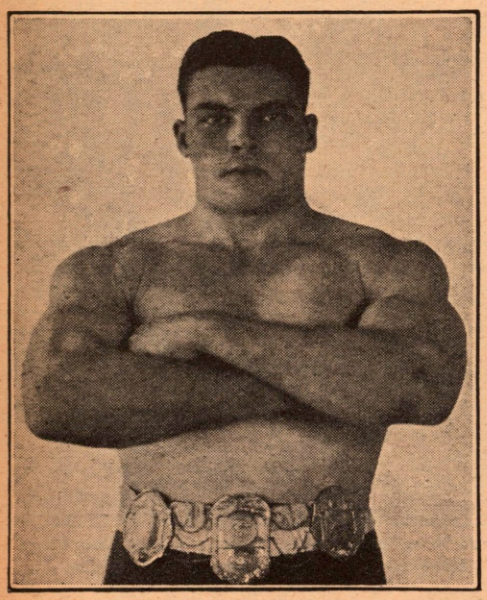
He may appear dumb when he gets on the stage or is in the company of newspapermen, but when he is in the company of his friends, he shows plenty of culture. He is a highly educated man, a graduate of a French university, a member of the French navy and is well read. But he finds it more convenient to plead ignorance to aid his cause in the wrestling game.

He never wrestled nor was he in athletics until he was discovered by Carl Pojello and Jack Sherry on a street in Paris. According to Sherry, this pair of famous wrestlers, saw in the freak an opportunity for great exploitation and *(Continued on page 41)*

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

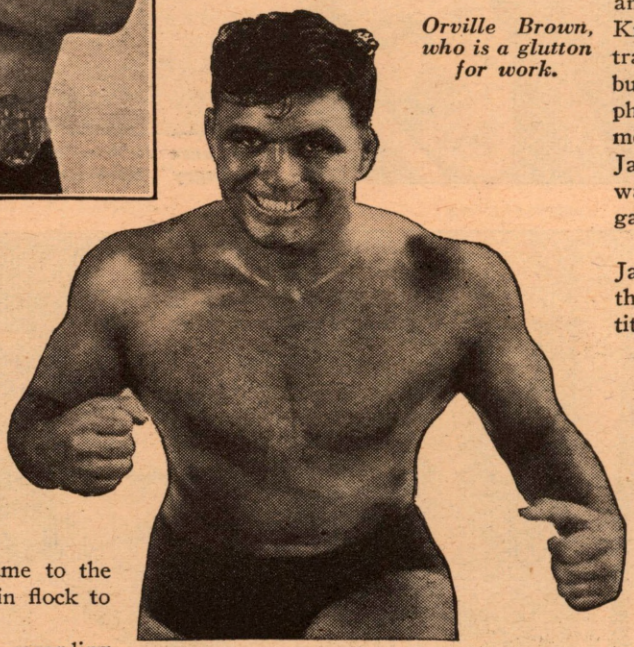
In Which We Introduce Talent That is Drawing Well in Eastern Mat Circles—Dick Shikat, Orville Brown and Wladyslaw Talun Big Attractions

By AL MAYER



Dave Levin, Jamaica Butcher Boy, who is back in harness.

WE have to go back to the end of the summer, just before the opening of the 1939-1940 wrestling season, to get the proper slant on the wrestling situation as it is today. At that time Promoter Jack Pfeffer came out with a definite statement that wrestling was due for the biggest boom since the golden years of ten years back. After a seven year battle, during which time he debunked wrestling, Pfeffer at last felt convinced that he had brought back the game to the point where fans would again flock to the turnstiles in droves.



Orville Brown, who is a glutton for work.

The house cleaning is over, according to Jack, and again the fans are giving their full support to the world's oldest sport, at least so it seems in New York, where his clubs on several occasions have had the S. R. O. sign hung out. The Ridgewood Grove and St. Nicholas Palace have both been sold out completely on several occasions this season for the first time in a decade. It is therefore in order that we should look over some of the boys who according to Pfeffer are responsible in no small measure for the new order of things at his clubs.

* * *

DICK SHIKAT is one of his mainstays. He recently returned from Europe with the idea of making a bid to win the title for the third time in his career. The conqueror of both Jim Londos and Danno O'Mahony looks better than he ever did. Just prior to the present unpleasantness in Europe, Dick was wrestling in every country abroad, meeting with tremendous success and attracting capacity crowds. Shikat today tips the scales at 220 pounds, little difference from the poundage he had when world champion. Since he returned here, he surprised even his most ardent and numerous admirers by his wrestling cleverness.

Dick Shikat must still be rated with the world's greatest wrestlers, having lost none of his speed or stamina and displaying the same strength which made him one of the most feared wrestlers of all time. Shikat has turned in some brilliant matches since he returned and much of the credit for the sellouts which have been the order of the day of late, are due to him. His well wishers are rooting for him to win the title for the third time, no better athlete or more sincere wrestler deserves the honor.

* * *

THEN there is Dave Levin. Wrestlers come and wrestlers go, but so long as wrestling is wrestling, the name of Dave Levin will stand out as one of the most extraordinary among matmen. Levin's career reads like fiction. Known as the Jamaica Butcher Boy, because by trade he is a butcher, he was discovered in a butcher shop in Jamaica, L. I., where his grand physique attracted the attention of a local promoter. He was first introduced to the public by Jack Pfeffer who nursed him along until Dave was in a position to meet the best men in the game.

Quick to learn, in full bloom of youth, the Jamaican surprised even his mentor. In less than three years of wrestling Levin won the world's title by defeating Ali Baba then accredited champion. Dave was only 23 years old at the time the youngest wrestler to win a mat title.

On top of the world, with a fortune within his grasp, he was laid low with a knee infection and was out of wrestling for a year. It was his toughest battle but he had the determination to pull through and he did. Now fully recovered, he has been wrestling on the Pacific Coast, meeting top men everywhere and recently returned East to make a bid for the title.

Dave Levin recently reached his 26th birthday. He already has been world's champion and his friends are certain he will win the coveted crown again.

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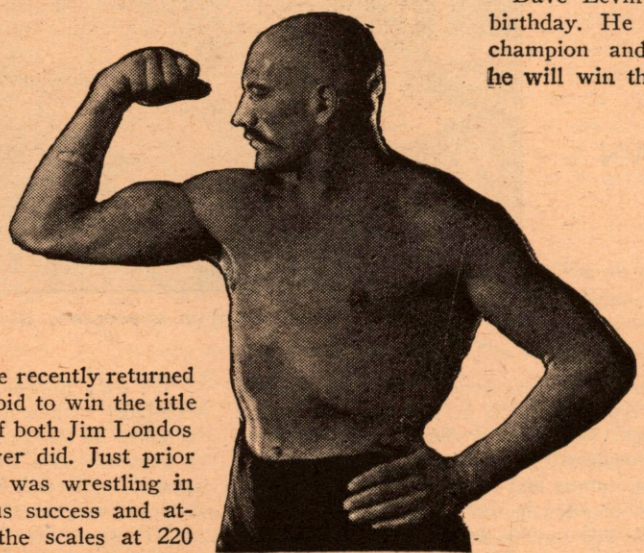
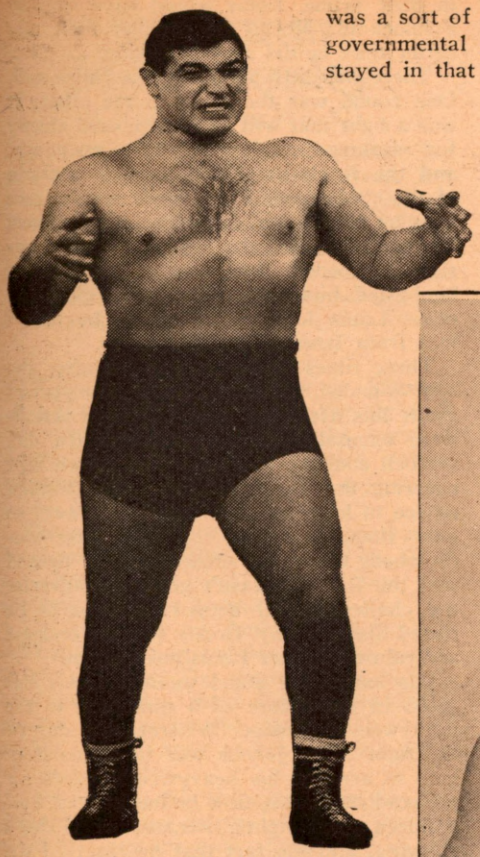


Wladyslaw Talun, the 300-pound giant from Vilna.

STILL another, who is a big card, is Wladyslaw Talun. A man like Talun makes his appearance in the sport world once in a lifetime. A giant, he stands seven feet in height, weighs 300 pounds and hails from Poland. He is the most striking and imposing figure we have seen in wrestling in years.

A typical woodsman, he used to prowl in the woods around Vilna, where he was born. He



Angelo Martinelli, the "Italian Roughneck."

mentors who looked after him and after a siege of training, he was entered in several tournaments which needless to say, he won easily.

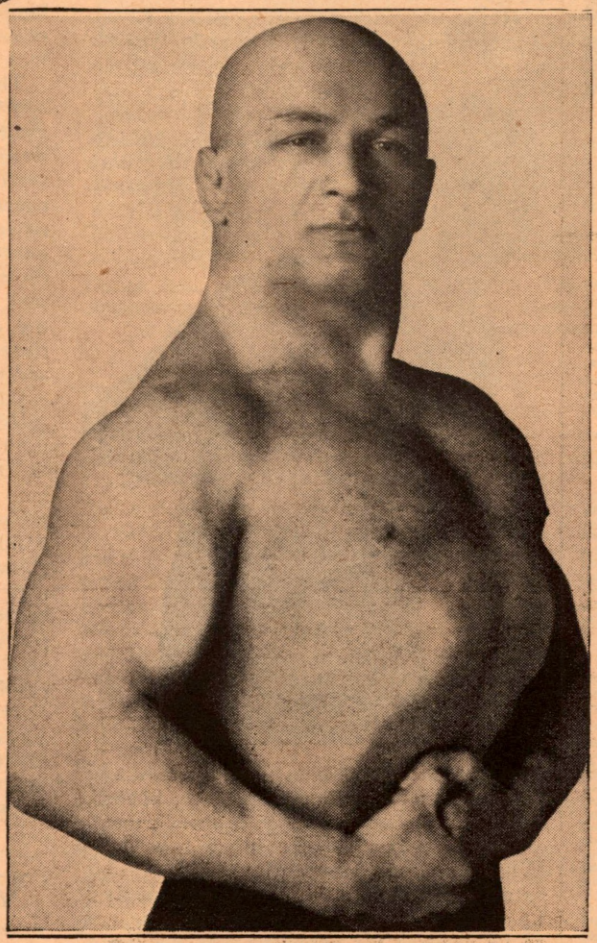
Wladyslaw Talun is not exactly handsome, he is no matinee idol, but if you seek real manhood, a man's man, then we recommend him. His face is rugged, high cheek bones, a large nose, wide open eyes which look straight at you, but none of the earmarks of the giant or freak. His chin is normal not lantern-like as found in giants.

His hands are tremendous twice the size of those of a normal man. His feet are abnormally large, so big in fact, that no shoe will fit him. They have to be made to order. Shoes are Talun's pet hate. His hobby is dancing. In spite of his tremendous size he is a good dancer. His favorites are the Majur and Kujawiak, Polish native dances.

* * *

KOLA KWARIANI, a Russian white army cossack, is another good card. He is a picturesque individual who likes to walk the streets in his native cossack uniform, not so much to attract attention, as the fact that he wore the uniform when a captain in the white Russian army. He was born in Georgia, Russia, that extraordinary spot on the map which has given us the much marrying Mdivanis, was a sort of gamekeeper, a semi-governmental job and might have stayed in that post if tales of his strength had not drifted to the cities. Talun was finally brought to Vilna and taught wrestling. He had good Kola Kwariani—army officer, gentleman and wrestler—and Josef Stalin.

Kwariani knew Stalin well when a boy. He remembers him as a big rawboned man who used to tell him that he wanted to be a politician. Rather extraordinary for a man to have such an ambition in Georgia. Kwariani used to laugh at the idea then. But life takes on queer twists—Josef did become a politician-plus, while Kwariani in the white army fought against the rise of the Terror. Today, Kola is happy that he is in the United States.



Kola Kwariani, a picturesque heavyweight from Russia.

It proved his downfall eventually and made him turn professional wrestler when forced to flee his native land. As a wrestler Kwariani has been the gentleman he was brought up to be. He wrestled throughout Europe and this country. He now returns East under Jack Pfeffer's banner to take on the stars now gathered here.

* * *

ANGELO MARTINELLI is the new Italian roughneck who has gathered quite a following here. Angelo Martinelli is just a roughneck whose style of wrestling is aggressive and borders on the illegal side. He was born over here of Italian parents and hails from Brooklyn. Martinelli is 24 years old. He was brought up with boys who loved to fight on the slightest provocation and learned his fighting and wrestling in street brawls. Martinelli was always in some sort of trouble or other and decided to capitalize his strength by turning pro wrestler long before he had seen his twentieth birthday.

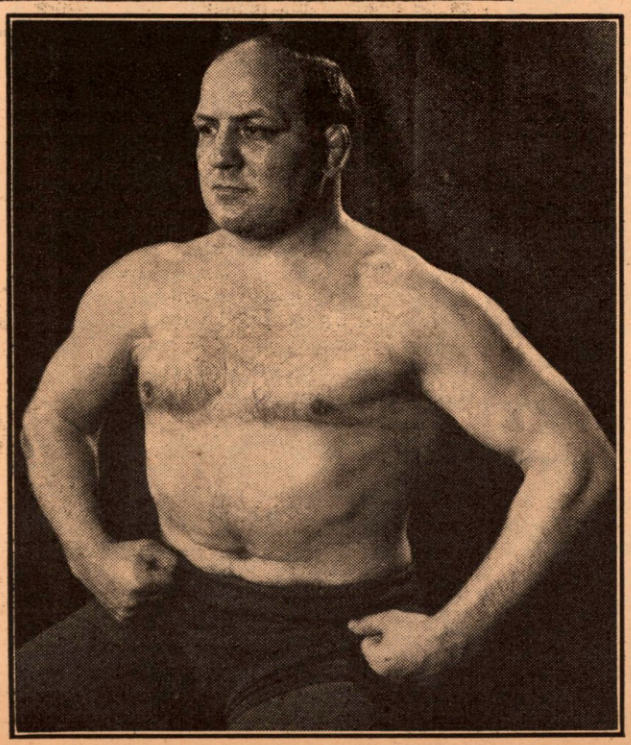
Martinelli loves to wrestle especially against the baby face type and the heroes. The boos and catcalls are music to his ears, in fact the louder they are, the more he likes it.

* * *

ORVILLE BROWN, one of America's best wrestlers, is a glutton for work. He is strictly a wrestler who plays for the chips. He doesn't believe in luck or "breaks" preferring to make them for himself.

He rushes from one state to another, turns down no opponents and in less than a year, has put sixty-seven thousand miles on the speedometer of his automobile. At breakneck speed, he rushes along filling engagements, braving the elements to make the town in which he is to wrestle. He is a master at the wheel and says he would be a

(Continued on page 40)



Dick Shikat, former champion, who is still going strong.

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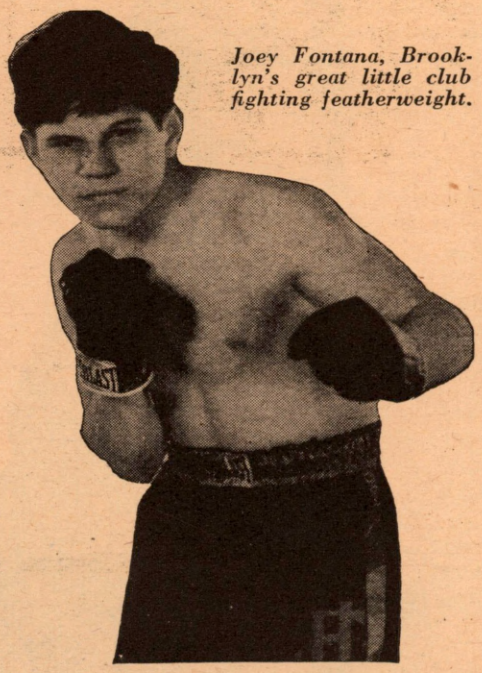
Godoy Brings Out

(Continued from page 6)

opportunity to get set, the one style of milling at which the Bomber excels. Given an orthodox opponent who will offer a good target by facing him, the title-holder, with his flat-footed style, is a world beater, but once an opponent doesn't act according to Hoyle, Joe is in a strange world. He's lost, and his every move shows it. That's how he was in the Godoy fight.

He was so unimpressive against Godoy that the fans wondered whether he was the same fighter who had given Schmeling and



Joey Fontana, Brooklyn's great little club fighting featherweight.

Pastor such shellackings. Godoy rushed and broke up Louis' boxing finesse. He bobbed, and Louis looked about him in wonderment, asking himself, "What must I now do?" When, in the fourteenth round, Godoy actually crawled on the canvas and laughed up at the champion, Joe's face became red as he realized his opponent was making a monkey out of him. He stood in the center of the ring, wondering if Referee Donovan couldn't help him.

Later, after the fight, he condemned Donovan for not warning Godoy the first time he went down on his hands without being hit and not having disqualified him the second time when he was down for twenty-seven seconds, crawling towards the champ in ridicule. In that, I agree with Louis. The rules of boxing called for a warning and Donovan would have been well within his rights had he even disqualified Godoy for those actions. In England, Godoy would have lost on a disqualification for going down twice without being hit.

* * *

IN the fourteenth, Godoy added insult to injury by planting a kiss on the cheek of the champion, and Joe wondered whether that was the South American custom. Strange things happened in that fight—strange indeed for a battle for the world heavyweight title!

Louis won, but it was a hollow victory. His prestige was injured. Followers of Dempsey have every reason for ridiculing those who figure that in a fight between the Manassa Mauler and the Bomber, both in their prime, Louis would have won by a knockout. Not if he couldn't fight any better than he did against Godoy.

There was little action in the entire mill. One round was the same as the other. It was a fight that will be remembered chiefly for weakness displayed by the champion, and the fearlessness and carefree attitude of the challenger. The rounds which were won by the South American were gained because he forced the milling in those sessions, crowded Joe against the ropes, lambasted him with lefts and rights and made Louis look ridiculous as he halted him from landing a telling blow.

Three times Godoy struck Joe after the bell sounded. Though Louis complained about this after the fight, Arturo's actions were excusable because, through the din, the bell couldn't be heard. The crowd kept cheering the Chilean. They were shouting advice to keep low and the shouts were so loud that the clang of the gong was drowned. Once the crowd had it figured that the Bomber wasn't going to pulverize the challenger, all support seemed to be tossed Godoy's way. Godoy was the cockiest and calmest fighter Louis has ever met.

His surprising stand against Louis has acted in the nature of a pulmotor to the heavyweight division. Whereas the day of the fight Mike Jacobs was in a quandary how to arrange his heavyweight cards for the outdoor season, now he has at least half a dozen good fights. Because of Godoy's showing, and the fact that he received the nod from at least one judge, Jacobs now has ten heavyweights for his outdoor campaign, with Godoy and Galento as his top men as Louis' opponents. Mike can arrange elimination bouts in which will figure Godoy, Farr, Galento, Pastor, Burman, Paychek, Savold, Max Baer, Buddy Baer and Valentin Campolo. This represents the biggest field and the best that has been gathered since Schmeling was knocked out.

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 39)

good auto racer if the opportunity came.

Before he turned professional wrestler he made his living in rodeos: bulldogging, bareback riding, breaking in broncos and what have you. He tossed a steer in 5-2/5 seconds which is par for the course. Today, as America's greatest wrestler, Orville has not forgotten the rodeo. In the summer when the wrestling season is over you will find him competing in shows all over the country.

Orville brings his own cattle—he owns a well stocked ranch in Kansas—gambles, risks breaking his neck, always playing to win and doing it most of the time. Orville Brown is a big strapping raw-boned American, 29 years old, six feet one inch and 230 pounds of him all brawn and muscle.

His rough style of milling comes in for plenty of boos but Orville says that the guys who get the boos must be pretty good, it's the fellow who doesn't get them, that means nothing to the fans. Off the mat, he is a quiet soft spoken man, you would never guess what a tough guy he can be on the mat or when competing in rodeos for the chips.

A Human Monstrosity

(Continued from page 37)

Pojello asked Sherry to go into partnership with him in the handling of the freak. But Jack had his own ideas and refused, leaving Pojello to take full charge. Now Jack is sorry that he didn't take his half share, because this freak is bound to make as much money in America as any wrestler in recent years.

* * *

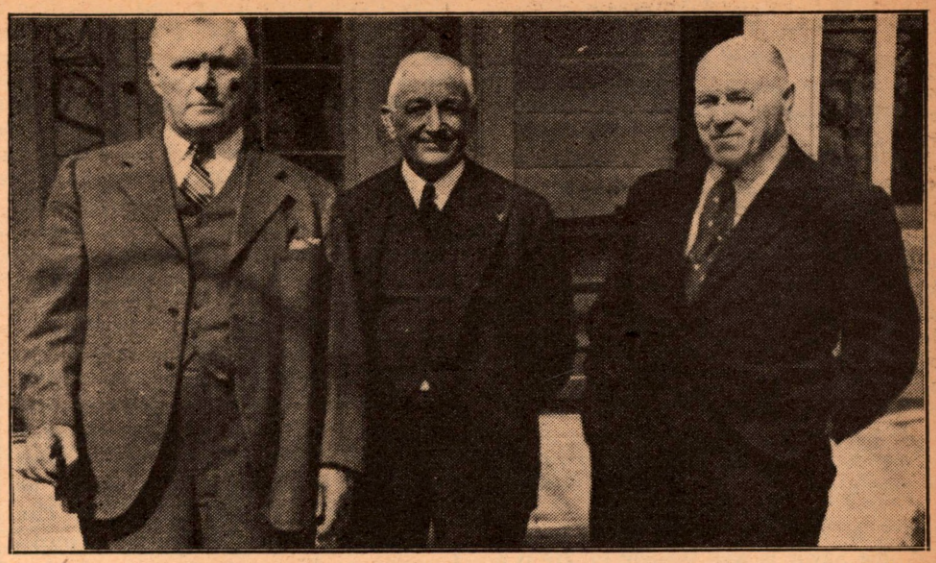
THE Angel's real name is Maurice Tillet and he first saw the light of day thirty-five years ago in the town of Rheims, France, where prankish nature fashioned his body and face like a Japanese Joss.

Though he is a monstrosity in appearance, he served in the French navy as do all of the physically fit, and when he was discharged he was a sergeant.

There can be no doubt but that he is suffering from glandular trouble as is Primo Carnera. The shape of the Angel's head and its size, make that evident to the layman. He seems to have all his size packed into his head and the upper portion of his body.

Carl Pojello, his manager, says that the Angel is unusual in mat circles in that instead of doing the bulk of his work on the mat, as do others, he prefers to stand and "fight" it out with his rivals. He gets a vise grip on his opponent, squeezes him, raises him off the floor and pounds him to the ground. He does it with a hold similar to the "bear hug."

Pojello disputes Sherry's claim that Jack aided in discovering the Angel. According to Pojello he discovered the Angel in Singapore when he was on shore leave and upon the Angel's return to France and his discharge from the navy, he took the Angel in hand and induced him to become a wrestler. He says he asked Sherry to help coach the Angel, but when Jack refused, Carl took the Angel in hand and today Pojello is reaping the financial benefit from that instruction.



Three aces of wrestling (left to right)—Tom Jenkins, coach at West Point Military Academy; George Bothner and George Hackenschmidt. This photo was taken recently at West Point, where Hackenschmidt went to pay a visit to his friend, Jenkins.

Fred Apostoli

(Continued from page 35)

There were no knockdowns, though it was a bloody affair and on several occasions, either Melio or his opponent was jarred from powerful hooks. Whereas Apostoli was staggered at least a dozen times, his opponent only three times found himself in a position where a solid blow to the jaw might have put him down.

For courage, the fight fans could find no greater fighter in the ring than the loser. He was chuck full of that in his affair with Bettina. He protested vigorously, shaded his eyes and cried bitterly when Bimstein waved his hands to indicate the bout was over as Fred came to his corner at the end of the twelfth round. The bout officially ended in that round. It goes into the records as a twelve-round kayo.

It was feared after the fight that he might be suffering from a brain concussion because of the manner in which he was carrying on, but a short stay at the Polyclinic Hospital showed no traces. He did, however, have a high temperature and his case was diagnosed as the grippe.

But that illness shouldn't detract from the well earned victory of Bettina, nor should it cause Larry White to waver from his original statement that Apostoli's days as a fighter were over. Those who pay homage to a great little fighter, feel, like me, that Apostoli has seen his best days and that no matter in what physical condition he will be should he face a tough foe again, he'll be beaten. Hence it is far better that he retire and let others do the fighting.

* * *

IT was plainly evident after the fourth round that Fred would be a badly beaten battler because his blows weren't landing and he seemed to be fighting in a daze. He gazed to a far corner, seldom on the target he was trying to reach. He was taking punches which two years ago, when he was coming up to receive the acclaim of the fight fans, many of the blows with which Bettina caught him, would never have reached the mark. From the ninth round until the end, Apostoli was handed a hard beating. In the eleventh and twelfth, he could scarcely stand on his feet or even drag them around. It was a pitiful sight for one who less than fifteen months ago was regarded one of the world's best talent.

He rallied for a few seconds toward the end of the eleventh to stagger Melio with a powerful right to the jaw but that was the last hard blow he landed. In the final session it appeared time and again that he would be battered to the canvas for keeps, but his courage held him up and he completed the round despite fierce smashes to the head and body.

* * *

APOSTOLI offers an enigma, yet if one is to analyze the situation closely, he will find several analagous cases of famous fighters who, having lost a bout of importance, have taken it so to heart that they never were the same again. Fred was a fighter of the tough school. He could hit, was clever and as courageous as they come. When he knocked out Freddie Steele, he showed championship class. When he beat up Marcel Thil, the world title-holder, he proved that he could take it and give.

When he faced Billy Conn and dropped the verdict, he became downcast. He felt he had let down his friends and pleaded for another shot to prove he was Billy's master. He got it and again he lost, and this time he became morose.

It then was decided that perhaps it would be better to pit him against a boy nearer his own weight and the fight with Garcia for the New York end of the world crown was arranged and Fred was knocked out. That kayo paved the end of Fred's fighting days. He had been shorn of his self-confidence! He brooded! He couldn't understand how a boy who had lost to Henry Armstrong, could have knocked out Fred Apostoli!

* * *

HE was no longer the same fighter of sterling qualities whom the scribes had been touting to the skies! His mentor, Larry White, confided the secret to me.

"I don't know what to make of him," he said, when discussing Fred's case in my office. "Some days he works like a beaver and looks every inch the champion, and others he looks stale, rambles in his talk and is bleary-eyed. I often think that he has been brooding over those two defeats by Conn and the knockout by Garcia and I'm afraid I'll have a tough time getting him to forget those defeats."

That to me, is the answer to Fred's downfall. It was the answer to the downfall of such ringmen among others as Freddie Steele, Paul Berlenbach, Justin Suarez, Art Lasky, Jimmy Wilde, Al Singer, Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Lou Nova, Jimmy McLarnin, Jim Coffey after his knockout by Frank Moran, and Jess Willard after he lost his title to Dempsey.

One defeat, especially a knockout, is often sufficient to end the career of a great fighter, just as one knockout victory over a star is sufficient to make a great fighter who previously might have appeared an otherwise ordinary boxer. Kid Psychology is the demon.

New Faces

(Continued from page 29)

work. Jack MacNamee and Max Raynor were the fighters who beat Wayne and each is a pretty good fighter.

MacNamee is the former middleweight king of Australia and Raynor recently won from Fred Henneberry, hence Wayne's record speaks for itself. Powell has stopped such good boys as Lofty Stigg, heavyweight champion of Queensland; Tommy Vaughn, middleweight champion of Queensland; Les Brander, middleweight and light-heavyweight champion of New South Wales; and in Hawaii, where he had two fights, he lost to Red Farmer and won from Tony Roccaforte. So it seems that Powell has served his apprenticeship and has done pretty well to qualify for main events in this country.

* * *

UP in Moncton, New Brunswick, Kid Joe Savoy is well thought of. He is a good attraction in that locality and with more experience, may branch out to other sections. Savoy has been fighting only a year, and during that time he has had eight contests, of which he won six.

Savoy started his career rather poorly, his first two bouts resulting in losses. Then he went out to the woods to do some real hard chores to get himself into fighting trim and when he returned, he began a climb that has enabled him to win six in a row. He scored four knockouts and gained two decisions.

He is twenty-one years old, stands 5 feet 11 inches and scales at his best, 145 pounds. M. J. Shea is his manager.

* * *

BILLY PRYOR is billed here among the new faces, but he's a newcomer only to the Easterners, as his record shows quite a number of performances against the best lads his weight around Texas and vicinity. His more recent battles were with Al Bernard and Tony Bruno. He calls himself the Texas middleweight champion and is managed by Dick Toothman.

He defeated the Colorado champion, Joe Aguilar, in Idaho in a non-title fight, and lost to Midnight Bell and Dale Spar, but has been winning consistently since then.

* * *

IN Memphis, Promoter Milo Solomito is striving to revive boxing as it has been comparatively dormant for the past year. He has been successful because, fortunately, he has some local talent that deserves recognition. A few months ago THE RING published a little story about Steve Wilkerson, who had just started his professional career. Well, Memphis has another boy who deserves a "send off" as he is making a fine showing. The boy is Charlie Jerome and he is managed by Louis Barrasso, Jr. Jerome is only twenty-four years of age and has been taking on all comers.

During the past three years he has campaigned all over the West and East and has fought some good boys, including Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champion of the world, whom he fought three times. These fights were all close and Jerome gave a good account of himself in each.

The past fall he had seven fights in Memphis, where he is looked upon as a favorite son. He fought two thrilling draws with Steve Wilkerson, beat Grady Flynn twice, and they brought the highly-touted Billy Pryor from Texas and made him a big favorite over Jerome, but Charlie beat him. The Memphis fight public then got the big fight they wanted—they matched Charlie with Wild Bill McDowell, also of Texas, and it was a natural as both boys are rough and can punch. They fought ten thrilling rounds and the referee gave the verdict to McDowell. Watch this lad.

The Ring's Quiz

Copyright, 1940—The Ring, Inc.

HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of ten you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—How many times has Henry Armstrong been knocked out since starting his professional career?

2—True or false: Joe Gans fought Joe Walcott; Johnny Dundee was world lightweight champion; Benny Leonard was stopped by Jimmy McLarnin; Bob Fitzsimmons won the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett; George Dixon was called "Little Chocolate."

3—From whom did Barney Ross win the world lightweight title?

4—Can a world championship fight end in a draw? Can it be won on a foul?

5—Identify the following: The Belfast Spider; the Saginaw Kid; the Fighting Marine; the Pottowatomie Giant; Homicide Hank; the Fargo Express; the Cuban Bon-Bon; Satchel Feet.

6—True or false: Joe Walcott held the welterweight title; Harry Greb lost his middleweight title to Gene Tunney; Tex Rickard staged the Gans-Nelson fight in Havana, Cuba.

7—How many minutes are there to each round? When does the count over a fallen boxer begin?

8—What title did the following hold or claim: Johnny Ertle, Johnny Wilson, Willie Ritchie, Kid McCoy, Freddie Welsh, Abe Adell, Ben Jeby, Pete Latzo.

9—Name three punches that are illegal and will draw a penalty if used after a warning.

10—What ounce gloves are used by heavyweights and light-heavyweights in championship fights? What famous fighter played in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"? In "The Cadet"? In "The Bowery After Dark"?

"Save the Boy"

(Continued from page 34)

the best amateur organizations in the state.

The idea of catering to the lads was broached by Mayor Hague to Joe Prendergast, a product of the bare-knuckle era, and close friend, and he in turn got Roden to launch the drive. Prendergast, who died a few years ago, was the oldest pugilist in the state. His contemporaries were John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe among others. George Flanmiller, who played with the pennant winning Jersey club in 1903; Jacko Fields, a catcher of the 1885 period, and Willie Kenny, a bantam of the late eighties, were among the first to aid Roden in carrying out the wishes of Mayor Hague, the sponsor of this movement.

Roden has developed several good boys in the Skeeter State, among them his grandson, Buddy Schwembler. Buddy has absorbed much of the science of his grandfather. Charley Roden knows the sport from A to Z. As a bantam he won the state title back in 1895.

* * *

RECENTLY he presented to THE RING Museum, a set of solid brass dumbbells that were used by John C. Heenan, the champion of 1860. These are unique in that the bar is riveted to the knob and each dumbbell is cast in one piece. Heenan used them when training for his bout with Sayers in Farnborough, England, and upon his return to America he brought them back and later presented them to his friend, Johnny Dwyer, famous Brooklyn sportsman.

Dwyer gave them to John L. Sullivan, who used them in Chantilly, France, where he trained for the Charley Mitchell fight. Later he handed them to Prendergast, who was one of his sparring mates and trainers, and upon Prendergast's death, they were given to Roden to be sent to THE RING Museum of boxing relics.

Incidentally, the museum also has the wooden swinging clubs of James J. Corbett. These, made of extremely light wood, are almost a foot in length, yet weigh only one pound each. Corbett was an excellent performer with the dumbbells and clubs. He was almost as good with the clubs as is Detective Sergeant Dick Cox of the Washington, D. C., police force, present champion. Dick and Corbett often worked together, as did Dick with Gus Hill, his teacher, the greatest exponent of swinging club exercises in the world.

* * *

THE Old-Timers' "Save the Boy Brigade" was organized in 1937 and the membership includes men of sixty and more years old. Here is a list of the members who were boxers:

Joe Prendergast, 82 years old, died July 26, 1939; Alex Gallagher, age 75; Billy Kenny, 73; Joe Craig, 66; Frank Erne, 66; Charley Roden, 65; Harry Harris, 62; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, 63; Joe Jeannette, 60; Harlem Tommy Murphy, 60; Hughie Dunn, 68; Tom Gaffney, 67; Leach Cross, 45; Knockout Brown, 47; Joe Shugrue, 40; Maxie Fisher, 26.

Former baseball players who are members of the "flying brigade" are Mickey Welch, 80 years old; Jocko Fields, 75; Dude Mike McCormack, 60, and George Phanmiller, 58. Charley Refgerson is the movie operator, and the youngest boxer who goes the rounds with the troupe at the various entertainments is Buddy Schwembler, 14, grandson of Roden.

It is a movement that should be copied throughout the country to aid delinquency. It has the whole-hearted support of Edward Mulrooney, former State Commissioner of Correction in New York.

Stamina—

(Continued from page 11)

when Wolgast defeated Nelson. Wolgast, like Nelson, was not impressively equipped with any of the ring talents. He was a good puncher, not a great one, but his stamina was enough to crown him king of his class.

* * *

THE years rolled by and no boxer appeared on the fistic horizon with endurance qualities comparable to those of Wolgast and Nelson until the appearance of Ace Hudkins on the scene about fifteen years later.

The one-time Nebraska Wildcat was born fifty years too late. He was a throwback to the stone age of pugilism, the days when men battled until one fell exhausted to the turf. This yellow haired toughie used to shadow box ten rounds at a fast clip in his dressing room before his fights, and then complain that he couldn't get started at the end of a ten-round go.

Hudkins was anything but clever. He was a fair puncher only, but every man who ever boxed him was mighty glad when the final gong rang. The Ace laid his head on his opponent's shoulder in the Armstrong manner and flailed away endlessly. He never seemed to tire.

Although he was not fortunate enough to win a title, he beat good men in four divisions, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight. He was lucky in that he did his battling in the lush days of prosperity. Although an old-time brawler in action, the old boys didn't get the kind of money that Ace got for his battles with Mickey Walker, Ruby Goldstein, Rene DeVos, Sammy Baker, Phil McGraw and many other top-notchers of a decade or so ago.

Hudkins' stamina and little else, carried him to a fortune, and with better breaks, would have gained him a title, for even Mickey Walker himself agrees that the Nebraskan received none the better of the decision that retained Mike's middleweight title for him that rainswept night in Chicago in 1928 after ten of the bloodiest, brawlingest rounds ever seen in a Windy City ring.

"When you got in there with that egg," says Mickey, "you sure knew you were in a fight. He never let up and was a real good tough fighter."

* * *

AMONG the big fellows there have been many more talented fighters than gold-toothed Paulino Uzcudun, but it is doubtful if any heavyweight ever possessed better staying powers. Paulino, like Hudkins, was born in the wrong era. The Basque might have been champion had he come along in the twenty-round days. As it was, he did handy with the outstanding men of his time on stamina mainly, along with an oaken ribbed body and a steel chin.

Paulino's twenty-rounder with Max Baer under an equatorial Nevada sun in Reno, Nevada, in 1921, was a test of endurance unsurpassed in recent ring history. The steaming atmosphere boiled fighters, handlers and spectators alike, and although Baer, in those days, a powerful, hard hitting youngster, had greater physical assets, the Spaniard's iron constitution stood him in good stead that broiling day and he gained the decision.

Paulino displayed the same lasting abilities in all his ring battles. Often beaten, he always acquitted himself well and was never knocked down or stopped until Louis turned the trick when his best days were long behind him.

* * *

CONTEMPORARY with Uzcudun and strongly similar to him in the possession of unusual stamina was the Cleveland Rubber Man, Johnny Risko. The blubbery Ohioan never seemed to get tired although he was built very much on the pudgy side. Like Paulino, his endurance saw him through a long and honorable career in the ring despite his lack of other outstanding talents. Johnny could throw 'em and keep throwing 'em without a letup for any distance, and he still plays the tank town circuit every now and then when he desires a little ready cash.

In race track parlance, a horse with endurance is known as either a "router" or a "stayer," and no thoroughbred has ever attained real greatness minus this ability. This shows the importance of stamina to finely bred horses and the same thing goes for fighting men.

Bat Battalino, Billy Petrolle, Harry Greb, Mike O'Dowd, Maxie Rosenbloom, a tireless fellow if ever there was one, Tiger Flowers, were some of the great ones who possessed plenty of staying qualities. Ditto Jack Kid Berg, Louis Kid Kaplan, Pancho Villa. But some of these also had plenty on the ball besides the ability to set a terrific pace, but in many cases their stamina alone made them outstanding. Jim Jeffries, along with other abilities, probably possessed more stamina than any big man who ever lived.

Against Montanez, Armstrong, who had shown signs of decay in some of his recent outings, was more persistently aggressive than ever. Some place, some where, the Perpetual Motion Man has apparently replenished the supply of whatever he uses for fuel to keep his amazing fistic machinery moving.

Armstrong's career is a good example of what stamina and persistency can accomplish not only in the ring, but in almost any other calling. Henry, like the other battlers mentioned, has proven that stamina and endurance are often enough to turn back all other obstacles and talents, such as weight, superior skill or greater hitting powers.

Armstrong at His Best

(Continued from page 15)

experienced his third tumble to the canvas, one that would have ended the fight had not the bell come to his rescue. Henry came out for that round with a rush. He realized that the end was in sight, and he seemed bent on ending Pedro's misery in that session via the kayo route. So terrific was Henry's pace and so powerful were his punches then, that Montanez virtually stood through that round a helpless creature, taking all and delivering little.

As the round neared the end, Henry nailed Pedro with a clouting right to the chin that spun the Puerto Rican around. Quick as a flash, Hank whipped over a left to the chin, a right to the head, and then came a right cross that tagged the chin and down went Pedro.

His body struck lengthwise and he lay flat on his back, but before the knockdown timer could get started on a count, the bell put the round on ice. He had to be assisted to his corner, where his seconds worked like beavers over him to revive him sufficiently to answer the call for the ninth and final round.

But it was a hopeless task. Pedro could scarcely stand on his feet. He was doomed and no one knew that more so than did the Puerto Rican. He never had a chance as Armstrong tore into him in the ninth round and lashed lefts and rights from all angles. Scarcely a punch failed to reach the mark. Montanez was on the verge of being dropped again, when Referee Cavanaugh came to the rescue.

In my score I gave Henry every round but two, which I called even, the second and the sixth.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 22)

THE RING is happy to report to the many friends of Jack Johnson that he has fully recovered from a severe illness. Jack was downed by Kid Pneumonia and for several days was in a critical condition in the Abbot Hospital of Minneapolis. His splendid physical condition enabled him to pull through and he is now recuperating in Milwaukee. An electro-Cardiograph, taken after he recovered, showed a perfect heart, unusual for a person of Jack's age.

There are few finer physical specimens of manhood than the old warrior.

Hit at Lil' Arthur

(Continued from page 30)

"THANKS for your greetings. I had a wonderful time abroad. It was a most successful season for me on the other side. I was really royally treated. I made some money, but not what I had expected. Boxing is all the rage in England and in France where people have much more freedom, I assure you, than we have in America.

"Freddy Welch, the new English lightweight champion, is the hero in Great Britain. He's a mighty clever fellow. I like his style. He is a charming chap, well read and fast as a streak in his boxing. The Americans will like his style, too, should he come over, as he told me he would.

"If Battling Nelson will agree to fight him in England, there will be plenty of excitement and plenty of money bet. Freddy is the rage in his land and they'll go big for him no matter what American fighter he faces in London where they are trying to obtain such a match.

"Two other splendid fighters in England, George, are Jem Driscoll and Owen Moran. You can go big on both or all three, upon my advice, George. You can't go wrong. They'll all soon be fighting in the U. S.

"If there is anything more you want to know, I'll be seeing you at Jeffries' camp."

Considering the many stories that have been printed about Jack Johnson's greatness, this hitherto unpublished epistle is of world-wide interest in the field of pugilism.

Champagne Signing

(Continued from page 19)

He left it just where it lay and chalked off the $35,000 to sad experience.

Rickard made money on the fight. Jack Gleason and Sam Berger horned into the promotion in some way and made quite a bit of money out of their association with Rickard, though what they did to help in promotion still is a mystery. Gleason was Tex's treasurer for that fight.

* * *

WHEN Frank Moran and Jess Willard were "signed" by Rickard at the Claridge Hotel in New York, something like the old trouble with the law again popped up. There was wine and goodies in the big ballroom but no Bob Vernon. That gallant swashbuckler had died and the art of high pressure wine selling seemed to die with him.

When it came time to sign, Rickard again was reminded that to put pen to a set of articles for a "prize fight" was to invite one into a cell, and Rickard took the tip. He took the managers of the fighters over on the ferry across the Hudson River and the articles were signed in a telephone booth in the Hoboken ferry house on the New Jersey side of the river.

After the preliminaries at the Claridge, Ike Dorgan, Moran's manager; Willard's manager, Ray Archer; Moran and Rickard went out on the sidewalk in Forty-third Street in front of the Claridge to pose. They took their best Napoleon stances with a hand thrust in their overcoats as the photographers called, "Look pleasant and important!"

Just as the lenses were about to click, the sidewalk under them parted and they pitched this way and that, not knowing what had struck them. It seems that they were posing on a sidewalk elevator door, leading into the cellar of the Claridge. The elevator had suddenly come up through the sidewalk, its curved top spreading out the steel doors on which the famous group was standing.

"Wonder if there is any hoodoo in this? Never seed anything like it," snapped Rickard, not certain whether or not he had started off with a jinx on his fight.

It was okay. He put the fight on in old Madison Square Garden, building in new seats to break the attendance and money record for that old shebang. If anybody was jinxed, it was Moran, because in the seventh round of the fight, a no-decision affair, he had Willard helpless on the ropes, on the verge of a knockout and the loss of the title. Willard was a dead duck that moment when the bell rang, saving him and his title.

Moran pumped himself out, trying to win the title in that round. He came out, all in, the next round and Willard went on to win the newspaper decision. Only a knockout could have won the title for Moran. He had 'im and he let 'im get away after the bell had saved Jess.

* * *

THERE was one incident attending the Jeffries and Johnson fight which always was an amusing after-the-battle-mother yarn. Jeffries, true to his pal, Bob Vernon, wanted to help him promote his beloved Pommery champagne. Bob had exalted the idea of great banners around the arena when the fight took place in Reno, Nevada. Jeff was willing that Bob could display the name of his product any way he saw fit.

Bob ran into a snag. The Mills brothers, I think it was, took the moving pictures of the fight. No matter. Whoever it was, they reserved all rights. Nothing in the way of advertising could be shown in the background of the fight picture itself. Bob appealed against the edict and Jeffries, who had been declared in on the profits of the pictures, asked that his friend be given a chance to place his wine before the world.

Nothing doing. Unless the Pommery people paid the price demanded, no dice. No dice it was—except that the wily Bob got himself a first class idea. He bought up the whole first row, facing the cameras. The Mills brothers at least could control that part of the show. The seats cost far less than the premium demanded by the movie men for an ad stating that crowned heads of Europe drank the bubbling water for breakfast, dinner and supper.

Bob had a huge sign painted, with the one word POMMERY blazing across the sign. This sign was rolled on a pole ten feet high. While the fight was in progress, and without any dilly dallying, the sign was to be suddenly unrolled across the entire length of the front row, lifted and steadied by the young men, that the action of the fight itself would be engraved on the word POMMERY! I don't know what sort of bonus Bob Vernon got for that coup. It was a honey of an id a and the plant was perfect.

There wasn't anything that the movie men could do about it because the sign was held up so long that most of that round had been run off before the sign disappeared. It was only lowered when those back of it, their view shut off suddenly, bellowed like Bengal tigers. Only when the uproar became ear-splitting did they lower the sign. It had to remain in the action of the round unless the movie men cut it out of the films and that couldn't be done because it would have spoiled the routine of the fight by rounds.

* * *

THERE was wine aflowin' at the old Metropole when Jem Driscoll, darling of Cardiff, signed to meet Abe Attell for their great featherweight battle in the old National Sporting Club in the horse mart in Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

Great rivalry existed between these two exponents of the American and the English style of boxing. The crowd present when they signed made the Considine pub walls bulge.

This writer has been present at hundreds of signings, yet I doubt that there ever will be one like that which took place when Jeffries agreed to come back and fight Jack Johnson off his throne.

Jeffries had retired after whipping every man worth while, twice around. He knocked out Fitzsimmons twice, Corbett twice, Ruhlin once, then leveled Monroe. He had defeated Sharkey twice and in the end, no man appeared to have a chance with him. Jeffries was convinced that the public didn't want to see any more of him against fellows who didn't have a chance. He simply ran out of "customers," as Sam Langford used to call his prospective foemen. After Jim had stopped Jack Monroe in two rounds, Jeffries hung up his gloves.

He refereed the bout between Jack Root and Marvin Hart in Reno, Nev., and wished his title on Hart, the winner. Tommy Burns came along and won the "title" and then Jack Johnson stopped Burns in fourteen rounds in Sydney, Australia. That is why Jeffries, badly advised, returned to the ring to try to win back the title for the "white race."

Jeffries never should have attempted a comeback. Out over five years, it was a physical impossibility to regain the form which made him one of the terrors of all time.

* * *

PERHAPS the wine-buying episodes will come back to matchmaking, though it can't always be so arranged. Because "Red" Burman and Pastor are going to fight it out in Detroit, the New York Commission had no jurisdiction over the proceedings. It was an out-of-town affair put on in our town, don't you see.

It never would be possible to hold any shindig when they sign in New York. The Fistic Fathers of the Empire State are quite profound about the signing festivities. Only the three commissioners, the principals, the managers and sometimes the promoter get into the pictures.

There is no gathering such as was recorded at the Jeffries and Johnson matching and I think that is a great mistake, for the record's sake. That particular picture ever will be an important souvenir of the time because it reproduced the faces of men who made boxing history of the time.

* * *

ONE wine party, added to the making of a title match, came as a complete surprise to the editor of this magazine and to the writer. We were associate judges, with Jack Dempsey as the referee, in the Sixto Escobar and Lou Salica bout in Puerto Rico.

The commissioners there work with almost the same set of rules as we do in New York, all save the "no-foul" rule. They admitted that they had been sadly harrassed by claims of fouls. We explained to them that the fellow on the floor, bellowing that he had been struck low, had been cured in New York by not paying any attention to his claim.

Since New York adopted Jim Farley's idea, there has not been ONE fight stopped because of a low blow. Before that, there were six or seven every night. We asked the Puerto Rican board to adopt that rule for the Escobar and Salica fight. They did, and I hope that they have written it into their book of rules to stay. It is the ONLY cure for those fakers who eternally cry "Foul."

That, however, wasn't the surprise. After Fleischer and myself, with Lou Brix, Escobar, Salica and Hymie Caplin, had talked over the terms, we were ushered into another room in the government building in San Juan and there one of the most delightful lunches was served. THERE WAS CHAMPAGNE! Never would we get such a treat in New York's state building!

Our Fistic Fathers take the job too seriously for anything like a little grape to wash down the arguments surrounding the making of an important match. I'm strictly a wine drinker! Champagne adds tone to the making of a match!

Those Were the Days!

(Continued from page 27)

before him in St. James Hall, London. Others learned of it in various ways.

The incident with the Prince came because Jack Ashton, his friend and sparring mate and trainer, showed up at the hall in ordinary attire and was at first denied admission unless he secured full evening dress. Sullivan was talking with the Prince when he learned of Ashton's plight. Turning to the future king, he said:

"Well, Princey, he's my pal and over in my country we don't go strong for the fish and soup. He's got to get in or I'll go out!"

The Prince, a democratic fellow, laughed and gave the high sign that opened the way for Ashton and the show proceeded.

* * *

SULLIVAN could lay aside personal feelings when patriotism called and though he was very bitter against Jake Kilrain for many years, when he learned that Jake was to box Steve O'Donnell up at the West Newton Street Armory in Boston, he forgot his differences with his erstwhile opponent and went out to give old Jake the benefit of whatever encouragement he could.

When Sullivan broached the subject to his intimates, we all felt a trifle uneasy. We looked for trouble if the two should get within striking distance of each other.

This belief, I might add, was shared by Kilrain, as kindly a soul as ever existed, the last man in the world to wish for any disturbance. John L. insisted, however, and as there was no stopping him, he forced his way into the dressing room, looked about a minute and then stuck his right hand out toward Kilrain.

"Well, old stocking, you've got to win over that Australian tonight. Remember that. You're an American, you know, and he's a foreigner," the Big Fellow said in that gruff voice of his.

"Thanks, John, I'll do my best," replied Jake.

The result of that bout is history, but it opened the way for another display of Sullivan's bigness at a later date, an incident in which Kilrain also figured.

* * *

SULLIVAN was appearing at the old Howard Theater in Boston in his monologue, and was sparring with Charley (Kid) Cutler, later a champion wrestler, the holder of the American championship.

John's dressing room was always crowded with admirers and back stage space was at a premium. One of the crowd happened to see Kilrain that day in a park at Somerville, where he was a special policeman, earning probably $2 a day, which was the usual pay for such a position at the time. He casually mentioned the fact to Sullivan.

"Tough luck for a great fighter," said Sullivan, "to have to try to live on that kind of pay."

Turning to Frank Hall, his manager, John suggested that it would be a great idea to get Kilrain as a sparring partner for him. Hall, a keen showman at all times, saw the possibilities of such an arrangement and had Kilrain brought over to the theater.

Sullivan drove everybody out of his room, made Kilrain sit down and chat with him. What passed between them, nobody ever knew, but when Sullivan emerged from the room he announced so that everybody could hear:

"Well, friends, I've got a new sparring partner, and his name is Jake Kilrain, a good American."

Naturally the news that Sullivan and Kilrain were to travel together created plenty of publicity that drew added thousands into the box office and continued while the tour lasted. John and Jake became such fast friends that when Sullivan went to England on his bridal tour, Kilrain, with Mrs. Kilrain and their son, Cecil, were among the party as his guests.

John in his early days wasn't always a model citizen, but there was never a time when he was not American to the core, with a most intense hatred of those who, often for business reasons, maintained a foreign dialect or the mannerisms of the country from which they came.

"America's my country. If it's good enough for you to get money in, if you don't like it, get out," was the way he put it to those who affected foreign styles and other attributes that got on the nerves of the big fellow.

What a great man he would have been for the Dies Committee that is investigating the Communists and Nazis in America!

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 42:

1—Armstrong has never been knocked out.

2—True, Gans fought Walcott; false, Dundee was feather champion; true, McLarnin stopped Leonard in Benny's comeback; true, Fitz won the title from Corbett; true, Dixon was called "Little Chocolate."

3—Barney Ross won the world lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri.

4—A championship fight can end in a draw. It can be won on a foul.

5—The Belfast Spider, Ike Weir; the Saginaw Kid, George Lavigne; the Fighting Marine, Gene Tunney; the Pottawotamie Giant, Jess Willard; Homicide Hank, Henry Armstrong; the Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle; the Cuban Bon-Bon, Kid Chocolate; Satchel Feet, Primo Carnera.

6—True, Walcott was welter champion; false, Greb lost the light-heavyweight title to Gene Tunney; false, Rickard staged the Gans-Nelson fight in Goldfield, Nevada.

7—There are three minutes to a round. The count over fighter who has gone down starts when his body strikes the canvas or any part of his body touches the ground.

8—Johnny Ertle claimed bantam crown; Johnny Wilson was middleweight champion; Willie Ritchie was lightweight champion; Kid McCoy was middleweight champion; Freddie Welsh was lightweight king; Abe Adell held the featherweight title; Ben Jeby was middleweight champion recognized by New York; Pete Latzo was middleweight champion.

9—The kidney punch, the rabbit punch and the back-hand punch are illegal.

10—Heavyweights and light-heavyweights use six-ounce gloves; all other classes, five; John L. Sullivan played in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," and Corbett starred in "The Cadet." McGovern starred in "The Bowery After Dark."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Monte Vista, Colo.: Charley Vigil, veteran Del Norte welterweight, defeated Joe Gallegos of Monte Vista in a tough 10-round mill. Still showing flashes of his old time form, Vigil won decisively over the rough Monte youngster, who has been hailed as a coming state champ. Yep, youth may be served, but not necessarily every time.

In the semi-final, Satan Minns, colored Walsenburg middleweight, giving away 28 pounds, dealt out a nifty lacing to Grant Hawman, Monte Vista, over the eight-round route.

Any boys in this neck of the woods who would like to show in South Dakota this spring are requested to contact P. O. Box 486, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The month of January saw professional boxing hit a near "low" for Colorado. As far as I am able to ascertain, the one show at Monte Vista was the only pro card in the state.

However, the amateurs did better, with the Elks tournament at Denver going over in great style, while the regional Golden Gloves meet at Pueblo under the sponsorship of the *Chieftain-Star-Journal,* played to capacity houses all three nights.

The professional game is due to continue in the dumps in this neck of the woods until there is a change in the personnel or a change in policy of the powers that be that try to regulate the ring sport in this state.

We are heartily in accord with Eddie Borden, our colleague on the staff of this magazine, that the ring sport would be far better off without a commission to contend with.

While we realize that commission supervision in a few states has a few good points, we likewise realize that in all too many states the ring sport is being made a political football or a mere tax collection agency. And certainly in these commonwealths boxing suffers accordingly.

We were saddened to learn of the death of that remarkable old lightweight, Jimmy Britt. Among our earliest recollections are Britt's memorable battles with Bat Nelson and Young Corbett.

Wouldn't we like to toss this trio of the 1905 vintage into the present day 135-pound crop? Corbett, Nelson and Britt, what a trio—but we'll leave it to Hype Igoe to give us a story on them one of these fine days.

Those who are supposed to recognize fistic talent when they see it, are all enthused over a North Denver kid by the name of Ice Mancinelli, a 135-pound kid who has been taking the amateurs apart.

A. M. Durango, Colo.: Don't ask me who is the heavyweight wrestling champ. No less than a dozen claim it, but I am still old-fashioned enough to think that John Pesek, the Nebraska Tiger, can pin the whole kaboodle of the present "champ" crop if given the opportunity.

Any managers or fighters who are figuring on making a trip out through this region during the spring and summer, can obtain information that might come in handy by dropping a line to the writer at P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. But don't forget reply postage.

Also have a list of ACTIVE fight promoters out this way that you can have for a two-bit piece.

R. H. Henrietta, Tex.: You can obtain a very accurate account of Tex Rickard's career in a volume "Everything Happened to Him," which can be had from The Ring Bookshop.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

THE old year has just gone out and the year's outstanding boxer has been chosen—Joe Louis. It is true, Louis proved without a doubt that he is the "master" of his profession, but the man contributing the most to pugilism is Billy Conn, who whipped the "cream of the crop" in both the middle and light-heavyweight ranks, climaxing his campaign in the light-heavy group by winning over Melio Bettina in a championship bout to determine the successor to John Henry Lewis. Conn, only twenty-one, is being groomed for a shot at Louis' title, and if these two boys are brought together, old-timers will see a newer edition of the Dempsey-Tunney contests, where Louis will be in the role of Dempsey and, of course, Conn will be Tunney.

Billy has shown Eastern fight fans that boxing can be just as entertaining as a sport of science as the "killer" stuff providing knockouts. In his victories over Bettina, Apostoli, Lesnevich and Krieger, Conn has thrilled the fans by his cleverness. He scales about 175 pounds and stands just over six feet tall. Experts say that if he develops a knockout wallop he'll make things uneasy for Louis, but you know that kayo punches aren't made but born, and I believe Billy Conn will have to meet Louis with the artillery which he now possesses.

Well, Nat, let us doff our hats to Billy Conn for his wonderful contributions to the science of boxing and also to our great heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, who defended his crown four times in 1939, winning each by a knockout. Thus he established himself the greatest title-holder of this day and age. If we had a few more boys like Louis and Conn, boxing might again have a "golden era."

"RIP" LUCORE,
Duluth, Minn.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I'VE finished reading an interesting book of "Jack Dempsey, Idol of Fistiana," and the article which impressed me most was the one of the Dempsey-Willard fight rumor given out by Willard and his camp in-re Dempsey's bandages being "doctored" with plaster of paris powder. The reason for these charges was the terrific beating Willard received, in which his nose was fractured as well as his right cheekbone, also the right side of his face was abnormally swollen, two teeth were knocked out, and he received a broken rib.

I've seen the Dempsey-Willard fight pictures in Boston four times and I closely observed every detail of the fight and thought it out pro and con, and I now feel that I can offer my opinion, which I feel is fairly logical, with facts of other fights taken as comparisons.

Willard took more punches in his fight with Dempsey in those few rounds than any of Dempsey's other opponents did throughout their entire fight, which may account for the excessive carving job on Willard's face. I counted approximately fifty of Dempsey's bone-crushing blows absorbed by Willard in the fight film.

Anyone taking fifty of Dempsey's pile-driven blows is lucky to get out of the ring alive, let alone having just his face battered and bleeding. The barrage of blows Galento took in the fourth round alone, when he was staggering and helpless, was a gentle massage compared to what Willard took for three rounds from Dempsey.

Let us consider Dempsey's other fights with Firpo, Gibbons and Carpentier, in which Dempsey's cutting and murderous punch was missing. Dempsey polished off Firpo in the second round, mainly by body blows. Firpo wasn't cut up, nor did he receive many face blows to knock him down. Besides, Firpo did some fighting himself, taking perhaps a little steam out of Dempsey's punches.

Gibbons was a cinch, even though he went the limit. He rode a bicycle continuously, therefore received hardly any blows on the face.

The best fighter in history can be made to look foolish and be prevented from doing much damage, if his opponent fights a strictly defensive fight, besides running and holding.

Carpentier, another clever boxer with a punch, held off Dempsey with his cleverness for a while. A couple of hard blows to the face put the finishing touches on the Frenchman. I will say that Willard absorbed more and put up a more courageous fight without giving hardly anything back than any of Dempsey's other opponents.

Now comes the face butchering part. As for a broken nose, what boxer hasn't received one? Few indeed! Even Dempsey's "smeller" was fractured.

Jack Johnson knocked out all of Stanley Ketchel's upper teeth with one punch. In those days there were no rubber mouthpieces to prevent loosened or broken teeth.

A right cheekbone broken is no worse than a broken jaw. Lou Ambers received one from Fritz Zivic. Other boxers have had broken cheekbones and jaws, too. As for a swollen jaw, look at Joe Louis' left cheek after Schmeling played his tattoo on it with his right hand. It looked as big as a grapefruit and was ready to burst. I wonder how swollen Louis' face would have been that night if Dempsey had been pitching the leather!

Why, Willard's face would have been only a boil in comparison. Louis didn't complain of any blackjack used by Schmeling.

Personally I believe that Willard was a poor loser. He took the beating he never dreamed he would take, and to hide his embarrassment and maintain his prestige, figured that Dempsey hit him with a crowbar in one hand and a barbed-wire steel-chain in the other hand from behind. The charge against Dempsey was unwarranted.

I am writing this article in defense of a great champion and regular fellow with lots of personality today.

HENRY HATCH,
East Boston, Mass.

* * *

I HAVE been for some months now a reader of your splendid magazine, THE RING, which I uphold as being the best boxing magazine ever produced! Before I happened to spot one of your issues, I was following our one and only, "Boxing," but since having read that certain issue of THE RING, I am an ardent follower of your publication.

But the trouble is that where I get them is just a second-hand bookstore and, of course, they are not up to date, so I wonder if you could oblige me by giving me the address of the book people in London with whom you deal so that I may be able to purchase THE RING quicker and up to date. I am a great follower of boxing although only a kid yet (nineteen years old) I have taken part in various contests.

I have also seen some of our leading boxers in action, but am sorry to say there are none here who could equal any of those on your side of the "Pond." The only weight we appear to have held our own a bit is at flyweight, and even these appear to be coming down quite a lot! As regards our heavies, I can't recall seeing such a poor show. Take, for instance, Jack London. People here are shouting a bit because he isn't in line for a title here, but I don't think he is of championship calibre. He is big, but besides ponderous swings, he has little as an asset.

The only chap I think who could hold his own over on your side is Jock McAvoy, and even he is getting old! I definitely can't see Louis being dethroned for another year yet.

It is interesting to note how Louis and Dempsey are being compared and how the writers, generally speaking, select Jack over Joe, each being in his prime. I think that conditions have a lot to do in such a matter. Fighting under present rules, I think that Joe would have had as much of a chance to whip Dempsey as Dempsey would have had to beat the Bomber. Jack certainly would not have had the chance to fight against Louis as he did against Willard.

JACK T. JENKINS,
Royal Air Force, England.

I HAVE been a regular reader of your popular magazine for a number of years and I decided that in appreciation of the pleasure and interest it provides, I would write and voice my opinion by letter. No doubt you know that at present we have a number of Americans touring the capital cities, and in my mind, Johnny Hutchinson, the Negro lightweight, is by far the outstanding man among them.

I believe he left America as a feather and fought as such when he was outpointed by Mickey Miller, present bantam and feather champion of Australia. He was only off the boat a few days, and in view of the fact that he was under forfeit to make nine stone, he put up a good performance.

Since then, he has put on half a stone and at present is fighting at the top of his form, and I feel sure he would be a worthy opponent for the ranking lightweights.

And now a little about our own outstanding glove-man. I refer to Ron Richards, present Australian middle and light-heavyweight champion, and in my opinion, the uncrowned middleweight champion of the world. I must give your writers, including yourself and Eddie Borden, credit for their praise about Ron, but personally I think then that they underestimate him. He has proved himself the master of all middles and light-heavies that have visited us, holding decisions over Gus Lesnevich, Ossie Stewart (twice), Sabatino, and many others.

If a match between him and Hostak took place, I think he would outbox Hostak.

I have the highest regard for Ceferino Garcia, but I also think Richards would prove his master. They say good boxers seldom are hit with a right hand, and Richards is certainly a boxer when the occasion demands, and as Garcia relies on a right-hand bolo punch, I am sure Richards would counter his sleep producer and pile up a handy lead on points.

Australia also possesses a worthy successor to Jack Carroll in Allen Westbury, a classy welter from New South Wales. Until recently his record read 19 K.O.'s in 23 fights. Included in the victims was Jimmy Purcell, but since then, Westbury has dropped a decision to Purcell, but as he is only twenty-two years old, Westbury's best days are to come.

I would like to mention before closing that Attilio Sabatino, the Negro middle, proved himself a great boxer and a gentleman, and everybody in Australia wishes him luck in his future campaigns.

Hoping this letter warrants publication.

G. PITCHER,
Victoria, Australia.

* * *

I THINK THE RING is a fine publication, but I do not think you or anybody else has put forth enough effort to straighten out the wrestling situation. I don't see a reason why one of the best sports in the world has to be left in the hands of men like Jack Pfeffer, Jim Londos, and others who have never done anything but tear down one of the finest of sports and get it to a place where it is a laughing stock, and is universally recognized as merely an exhibition rather than a sport of competition.

Jim Londos is beyond question of doubt the poorest excuse for a champion the game has ever known. He absolutely refuses to risk his title in first class competition and the fellows he does wrestle are under wraps. I see Jack Pfeffer has a man he is trying to compare with Bronko Nagurski; one whom he calls Brunek Zagurski. This same fellow wrestled for about eleven or twelve straight times in Kansas City, Kansas, against the poorest of competition and never won a match.

There are a few wrestlers who go out and try to win, unattached wrestlers, but do such men as these ever receive any space in your magazine? NO! But definitely no. You seem to want to drag the sport down by giving space to such phonies as Jack Pfeffer, Jim Londos and a host of others like them.

We have a young wrestler in these parts, a former Oklahoma Aggie, who is a real wrestler, who goes out to win no matter who the competitor. In the last month he has beaten Everett Marshall, Lee Wykoff, Chris Zaharias, Dorn Roche and other good performers, and is undefeated this season. His name is Roy Dunn.

It seems to me that if you wanted to do the game some good and do your part in bringing it back to the high place it once held, the least you could do is to look out around you and give your space to wrestlers who are trying to build up the game, instead of flooding your wrestling news with such names as Jack Pfeffer.

C. H. WARNER,
Olathe, Kansas.

(You're a man after my heart, Warner. I've been looking for a fellow who would send in some stories and pictures of good, new wrestling talent. How about you getting Roy to send me his photo and a story and you'll see how quickly it will be used. This goes for all other good talent. We can't waste our time hunting up wrestlers about whom to write. That is a job for their press agents or the wrestlers themselves.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

PLEASE allow me to write a few lines in your world famous magazine in reply to a letter which was recently published and is written by C. Aitken of Glasgow, Scotland.

It appears that his big grouse is that Joe Louis is favored in America and that the Americans are not very anxious to let the heavyweight title leave their shores. He lodges his complaint by stating that the fight between Louis and Max Schmeling should not have been stopped in the first round. I did not witness the fight but neither did he for that matter, but I know for a fact that one can certainly go by the accounts in THE RING and by other accounts elsewhere and also photos.

My candid opinion is that Herr Max did not know whether he was coming or going after about a minute of that first round. He argues that after Louis hit his opponent a couple of times the fight was stopped and Joe gets the honors. I would like to know what he exactly means by hit and wonders if he remembers that Max was not only hit but smashed to the floor and ropes a number of times. According to photos published of Max Schmeling in his dressing room after the fight one can see that he looked a real pitiful sight and glad it was all over.

I am writing from a country full of colored folk and I do not want to take Joe Louis' part because I judge him by the types we have in this country. He is by far superior to them, but why does Mr. Aitken say that you are a great lover of the Negro people? Does he mean by that, that you would not have praised Joe Louis so much were he a white man? If your beloved Tommy Farr, Mr. Aitken, was the world champion and could knock opponents cold like Louis does, then I suppose we would not have heard a word about him. That is definitely not so. Many a fighter who has been and is still the best out of many, regardless of his nationality, has received high honors from THE RING.

I will not take up any more space and am signing off now, wishing Joe all the luck in his future fights, and Mr. Aitken all the pleasure in reading political papers (as he says he does not want to read about boxing any longer).

SAM WALTERS,
Que Que, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa.

* * *

HERE I am again to add my little bit to boxing arguments. As an old-timer who not only performed in the ring but watched other great fighters in action, I think I am in a position to say that though we have many good boys in the ring today, the men of my time were a hardier, better bunch of fighters. I note where Evans Thompson of San Francisco, in a RING letter, said that Jack McAuliffe seldom made 133 pounds. I beg to differ with him, and I should know because I was in Jack's corner.

I was Jack's chief second in the famous fight with Billy Myers and on that occasion at New Orleans, McAuliffe scaled 133 pounds. He had to, as he had a forfeit up of $2500 to make that weight and would have lost it if he didn't. When he fought Jimmy Carroll of Boston, an Englishman, at the California A. C., Jack scaled 133. He did that same weight for Jim Carney at Revere Beach.

That shows that the great McAuliffe—and great he was—was a legitimate lightweight. When he fought Harry Gilmore, McAuliffe weighed in at 133. I know, because I saw.

JOE CHOYNSKI, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Martin Thomas, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Under the no foul rules, can a referee award the fight to the one who cannot continue because of injury?

A.—Yes, he may disqualify a foul fighter who has been warned three or more times and refuses to heed the cautions.

Max Schlesser, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—In the Dempsey-Willard pictures, Dempsey is seen going over the ropes after the first round and running towards his dressing room. How come that he was permitted to continue the fight after he had quit the ring? Isn't that a violation? Didn't Dempsey lose the fight when he did that?

A.—Ordinarily he would have lost. When a fighter leaves the ring during a contest he automatically disqualifies himself. But this case was different. The referee thought that the fight was over and held up Dempsey's hand as the victor. Under the circumstances Jack had a perfect right to quit the ring. The rules state that a fighter must be in the ring ready to answer the call of the bell for the start of a new round. Dempsey thought the contest was over and so did the referee, Ollie Pecord, who didn't hear the bell sound before the count of 10 had been completed.

Susan Comiskey, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—How many times does a fighter have to be put down before the referee stops the fight?

A.—There is no limit. It is a matter for the official to decide. He can halt the fight when he sees fit. Recently a fighter was downed 10 times before the contest was stopped.

Archie Campbell, Fiji Islands.

Q.—Which heavyweight champion held the title the longest and for how long? Which heavyweight champion defended his title the most? How many fights did Joe Louis have before he won the title? How long do you think Louis will hold the title? Who did Louis beat since he won the title?

A.—John L. Sullivan held the title for 10 years. Joe Louis has defended it most. Louis had 30 fights. As long as he continues to keep present form. Tommy Farr, Nathan Mann, Harry Thomas, Max Schmeling, John Henry Lewis, Jack Roper, Tony Galento and Bob Pastor were beaten by Joe.

Harry Finkel, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How would you rate Pete Lello with the present lightweights? Would he have any chance with Lou Ambers?

A.—Lello is one of the most improved lightweights in the country today and would stand an excellent chance against Ambers.

Joey Fox, Bronx, N. Y. C.

Q.—How do you account for Walter Franklin's failure to stand up in his fights lately?

A.—Franklin looked very promising last year and there is no apparent reason for his sudden decline. He has plenty of ability.

Charley Bryan, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Is Bobby Ruffin of championship calibre?

A.—Ruffin is only a youngster and if handled properly will make trouble for all our leading featherweights. He's a fine prospect.

Ring Reader, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—I am a nervous fellow when I box. I believe I could become a good fighter if I could overcome this. What effect has nervousness?

A.—You answered your own query. You can't be a good fighter if you are nervous. A good fighter must be calm, cool, collected. He must not get upset. Nervousness makes a fighter an easy target.

Prince Henry, Allentown, Pa.

Q.—Wasn't the birthplace of Jack McCarron, Allentown, and not Pittsburgh? Wasn't the date of the Fitz-O'Brien fight in Philadelphia, 1907 and not 1902? What became of George Erne of Buffalo, the boy who boxed Benny Leonard and Willie Jackson?

A.—Yes, McCarron was born in Allentown, Pa. The date of the Fitz-O'Brien battle was July 17, 1907 at Philadelphia and Fitz was knocked out in the second round. I don't know what Erne you mean. Frank came from Buffalo and is living in New York. George comes from Philadelphia and is there. Frank is on Wall Street.

James McPherson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Is Fitzsimmons' son living? Where is Fitzsimmons buried? When did Fitz fight his last bout and with whom?

A.—Yes, Bob, Jr. is living at Greenwood Lake, N. J. Fitzsimmons is buried in Chicago. His last fight was with K.O. Sweeney on January 29, 1914, six rounds, no decision, at Williamsport, Pa.

Duke Miller, Peoria, Ill.

Q.—What is the largest purse ever paid a fighter for a four round preliminary? Who were the principals and when? What has become of Midnight Bell and Kid Irish? Is it true that Maxie Rosenbloom will fight Joe Louis in April as he said on the radio? I am 20 years old, 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weigh 152 pounds. Will I gain in weight and height? Am I too old to start boxing?

A.—$1,000 was paid to Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch for boxing four rounds on July 2, 1925, but the amount was more of a testimonial than what they deserved. Bell is still boxing but Irish has retired. Maxie must be kidding himself. You should increase your weight to 160 and add a half inch to your height. It is not too late.

George Eapman, Evansville, Ind.

Q.—In what round did Carnera kayo Sharkey or did the fight go the limit? How many times was each man down before the end of the fight? How many rounds do you think Godoy will last against Louis? I am 14 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 116 pounds. What will my measurements be when I am 18?

A.—Carnera kayoed Sharkey in the sixth for the title. Previously Sharkey won a fifteen round decision over Carnera when there was no title at stake. Sharkey dropped Carnera once in the first round while Carnera finished Sharkey with a right uppercut in their last meeting. Godoy should last six rounds. 5 feet 6½ inches and weight 124 pounds.

The Champ, New York City

Q.—What happened to that promising welterweight, Andre Shelaff? Do you think Joey Fontana has seen his best days? Is he on his way down? How do you rate Carmine Fatta? Who would win the following fights in your opinion? Nettlow vs. Davis? Conn vs. Pastor? Covelli vs. Stolz? Hostak vs. Garcia? I am 17½ years of age, 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weight 137 pounds. What will I be at maturity? After amateur experience, what do you think is the right age for a boy to get started in the professional ranks?

A.—No record on him. Fontana is about as good now as he ever will be. He is not slipping. Fatta looks exceptionally promising for a young lightweight. Davis. Conn. Covelli. Hostak. 5 feet 7 inches and weight 145 pounds. 19 years of age is about right.

D. Blackley, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Q.—I am 19 years of age, weigh 137 pounds and 5 feet 7½ inches in height. I have just started boxing. Am I too old to make a career out of it? Could you print the weights of each division?

A.—You are just right. Flyweight, 112; Bantamweight, 118; Featherweight, 126; Lightweight, 135; Welterweight, 147; Middleweight, 160; Light-heavyweight, 175; and heavyweights all over 175.

La Verne Jorgenson, Albert Lea, Minn.

Q.—Will you please give me the address of Max Baer? He is my favorite fighter and I certainly would prize his photo.

A.—Max Baer, Box 134, Route 1, Fair Oaks, Calif. Buy photo from The Ring.

Walter Ball, Greenfield, Mass.

Q.—Who was rated better Stanley Ketchel or Mickey Walker? How many fights and how many knockouts did Ketchel score. Was he a slugger or a boxer? How many times did Ketchel fight Billy Papke and what were the results?

A.—Ketchel was undoubtedly better than Walker. Ketchel had 58 contests and scored 44 knockouts. Ketchel and Papke met four times. Stanley won the first by decision, was knocked out in the second, knocked out Papke in the third and won a twenty-round decision in their fourth meeting.

Joe R. King, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Was Billy Conn, Gus Lesnevich or Melio Bettina ever knocked out?

A.—Conn, no. Lesnevich was stopped by Freddy Steele and Young Corbett while Bettina was stopped by Frank Zamoris.

Harold Alster, New York City

Q.—Why is it that Jackie Wilson, Pacific Coast lightweight, is being left out of all the Eastern ratings when his record entitles him to being placed on top?

A.—The Ring gave him a commanding position. Wilson may be suffering because he is colored and too good for the others.

D. S. Polvogt, Corozal, Canal Zone

Q.—Did or did not Joe Louis at any date lose to Maxie Rosenbloom professional or otherwise?

A.—Louis and Rosenbloom have never met in the ring, amateur or professional.

Brooklyn Reader

Q.—How many professional bouts has Arne Anderson had in both the United States and Europe. How many of these bouts has he won and how many knockouts has he scored? Could he defeat the following men, Roscoe Toles, Henry Cooper and Nathan Mann?

A.—About 19. He won about 4 of them with about 10 knockouts, lost 4. He might whip Cooper but not Toles nor Mann.

Carroll Goodwin, East Greenwich, N. Y.

Q.—How tall was the shortest heavyweight boxer in the past twenty years? Who is the shortest heavyweight at the present time? I am 15 years, 7 months old, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh 200 pounds. What will my height and weight be at 21? What is Tony Galento's height, weight and reach? Does the reach of a short boxer make it difficult for him against a boxer who is 6 feet tall?

A.—Tommy Burns was 5 feet 7 inches tall. Galento is 5 feet 9 inches tall. He is about the shortest today. 5 feet 10½ inches and weight about 230 pounds. He has a 72-inch reach. It will handicap him but one easily gets accustomed to that by assuming a crouch position and specializing on left hooks.

D. Frontman, Phila., Pa.

Q.—When and where did the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight take place and how old was each man? How old was John L. Sullivan when he lost the title? Do you think Ketchel could have beaten Walker? Do you think Walker could beat Hostak?

A.—On March 17, 1897, at Carson City, Nevada. Corbett was 31 and Fitzsimmons 35. Sullivan was 34. Yes. Yes.

A Reader—Phila., Pa.

Q.—Did Frank Zamoris ever fight Melio Bettina and what was the result? What is Zamoris' manager's name? What is his address? What has Matt Raymond been doing since he left Tommy Loughran?

A.—Zamoris knocked out Bettina in six rounds in their first meeting while Bettina won the decision in eight rounds the next time they fought. John Scavone is Zamoris' manager. His address is School 7, Bayonne, N. J. Raymond retired from boxing when he left Loughran.

Vic Paz, Lanai City, T. H.

Q.—What are the right names of Baby Arizmendi, Little Dado, Small Montana and Cocoa Kid? Who has a better claim on the middleweight title, Ceferino Garcia or Al Hostak and who do you think would win in a bout between these two? Would Armstrong stand a chance of defeating Benny Leonard when Leonard was the lightweight champion?

A.—Albert Arizmendi, Dado's correct name unknown, Benjamin Gann for Montana and Cocoa Kid is Louis Hardwick. Hostak really has the better claim and would be favored to win if they met for the title. Yes.

Bruce Webb, Yukon, West Virginia

Q.—A friend insists that Schmeling and Dudas never fought. I say they fought in Germany and Dudas was knocked out. Who is correct?

A.—They fought on April 16, 1938 and Dudas was stopped in the fifth round.

Q.—Who won the first fight between Jack Roper, and Junior Munsell? What are their ages? What fight took place first, the first Roper-Munsell, or the Louis-Roper fight.

A.—Roper beat Munsell in their first bout, Feb. 10, 1939. This bout took place before the Louis-Roper battle. Junior Munsell is 25 years old, and Roper is 37 years of age.

K. R. Block, Calumet, Minn.

Q.—Where is Jack Sherry, the great heavyweight wrestler? The last time he was in England and arrived here in America and now we have lost track of him. What is his address? Why don't we read of him in wrestling and daily papers? The Ring Magazine is the leading book in our family home and we couldn't do without it.

A.—Jack Sherry was making New York City his headquarters until recently. Write to him c/o Paul Bowser, Boston Garden, Boston, Mass.

Ring Reader, Vancouver, B.C. Canada

Q.—What division would I be in at the age of 21 if I weigh 138 pounds now and am 15 years old? Can you give me the names of the divisions and their ratio of weight measurements? Where and who could I get for a manager in my city?

A.—In middle or light heavy. Right now you are slightly over the lightweight limit. Flyweight—112 pounds. Bantamweight—118 pounds. Featherweight—126 pounds. Lightweight—135 pounds. Welterweight—147 pounds. Middleweight—160 pounds. Light-heavyweight—175 pounds. Heavyweights, all over the light-heavyweight limit. Get in touch with David Cavadas, 1296 Hastings, East, Vancouver.

Anthony Labrador, New York City

Q.—I would like to know how tall I will be and my weight when I am 20 years of age? I am 17 years old, weigh 118 pounds and 5 feet 6¾ inches tall? I would also like to know how much it will cost to enter The Ring Museum? I am a great admirer of Johnny Horstman, a welterweight, and Al Gillette, featherweight. Would like to see their pictures and a story about them in The Ring?

A.—135 pounds and height 5 feet 8 inches. There is no charge. We are glad to have visitors. Gillette has retired and Horstman has seen his best days. We have had their names in The Ring during the past.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

PLENTY of excitement was distributed among the various classes with plenty of upsets recorded to furnish the spice. Chief among them was the gallant stand made by Arturo Godoy, which forced him in front as leading heavyweight contender. Henry Armstrong's remarkable triumph over Pedro Montanez in defense of his welterweight title; Al Hostak being beaten by Tony Zale in Chicago; Melio Bettina stopping Fred Apostoli and probably causing Fred's retirement from the ring; Ron Richards, triple Australian champion, winning on a technical kayo from Atilio Sabatino and having Sabatino beat him in a return engagement; Lou Ambers whipping Jimmy Vaughn in an overweight bout were the high spots.

There was no glory in the decision that went to Joe Louis over Arturo Godoy after a dismal affair of fifteen rounds. Johnny Paychek disposed of Jack Lecroix in two and Huey Long in three sessions. Gunnar Barlund scored over Jim Thompson. Roscoe Toles won from Johnny Whiters. Buddy Walker was the latest to make the first ten among the heavyweights. He whipped Eddie Simms, kayoed Sandy McDonald and Bob Nestell in three rounds each. McDonald was also beaten by Johnny Risko. Nathan Mann finished Elridge Eatman in three and Italo Colonello in five.

Buddy Knox scored over Dan Merritt and Henry Wacker. Henry won over Ed Murray. Willie Reddish whipped Abe Simon. Blimp Williams disposed of Haystack Sloan in nine but was kayoed by Chuck Crowell in three. Harry Bobo whipped Henry Cooper. Henry Taylor defeated Obie Walker and kayoed Oscar Matthews in the third. Bob Sikes finished Joe Regan in two and Bob Ray in three. Bill Boyd finished Al Boros in eight. Tommy Tucker bested Buddy Scott, Mike Alfano and kayoed Tony Morelli in the second.

Sonnyboy Walker finished Harold Blackshear in nine rounds. Junior Munsell stopped Arne Anderson in the second round. Valentin Campolo stopped Jim Robinson in nine rounds. Al Delaney disposed of Newsboy Millich in five rounds. "Jersey" Joe Walcott kayoed Tiger Red Lewis in the sixth. Lem Franklin finished Buddy Millard in two. Freddy Fiducia kayoed Al Williams in the fifth. Natie Brown lost on a foul to Mickey McAvoy in three heats. Tony Novak kayoed Red Bruce in the second. Wally Sears won over Joe Hill.

In the light-heavyweight class, Bettina stopped Apostoli in the twelfth. Jimmy Webb scored a one-round knockout over Jimmy Smith. Solly Krieger, now in the heavier division, stopped Texas Joe Dundee in the third. Tony Cisco whipped Bobby Jones and drew with Joe Sutka. Alabama Kid whipped Jack McNamee and kayoed Billy Wiseman in the eleventh.

Tony Zale's surprising victory over Al Hostak was the standout in the middleweight class. Ron Richards stopped Atilio Sabatino in the ninth but was beaten by Sabatino in their return match. Ben Brown whipped Pietro Georgi. Victor Dellicurti scored over Augie Arellano. Billy Soose, a newcomer to the ranking middleweights, whipped Bud Mignault, Vincent Pimpinella and kayoed Jimmy Clark in the third. Pimpinella was also beaten by Howell King and Gene Buffalo. Eddie Peirce kayoed Buffalo in the eighth round.

Henry Chmielewski scored over Babe Verila. Turkey Thompson kayoed Lorenzo Pedro in the fourth. Coley Welch whipped Howell King and kayoed Babe Orgovan in eight. Jay Macedon was beaten by Bep Van Klaveren and Al Bernard. Harry Balsamo drew with Walter Franklin. Bobby Pacho won from Jimmy Casino but lost to Shorty Hogue. Erich Seelig drew with Ralph De John. Harvey Massey scored over Franklin Nelson. Dale Sparr won from Lloyd Delucchi.

Although Pedro Montanez fought bravely and gallantly he managed to last nine rounds in his welterweight title scrap with Henry Armstrong. Holman Williams bested Steve Mamakos and Eddie Dolan. Eddie Dolan disposed of Al Traino in the sixth. Traino was also beaten by Cal Holmes. Izzy Janazzo scored over Jackie Burke. Fritzie Zivic whipped Mike Kaplan. Maxie Berger defeated Johnny Rinaldi. Jimmy Leto won from Danny Devlin and kayoed George Martin in six.

Jackie Donovan disposed of Tommy Bland in four rounds. Ralph Zannelli finished Toby Tobias in the fourth while Toby scored over Woody Boord. Jimmy Garrison whipped Tony Chavez. Phil Furr stopped Bobby Masters in seven and defeated Milo Theodorescu. Red Green won from Louie Flyer and Babe Brandelli. Red Cochran won over Norman Hurdman. Steve Belloise disposed of Vinnie Vines in the fifth.

Dick Turcotte scored over Battling Battalino. Lew Raymond stopped Carl Dell in the third. Billy White won from Pete De Ruzza. Eddie Dunne defeated Tony Ferrara. Andy Callahan scored over Young Byron. Mike Piskin won from Billy Beauhuld. Joey Ferrando whipped Mike Martinez while Pete Galiano kayoed Charley Burns in three rounds.

Lou Ambers, lightweight champion, engaged in a workout at the expense of Jimmy Vaughn. Jimmy was also beaten by Primo Flores and drew with Joey Fontana. Joey also battled on even terms with Irving Eldridge. Sammy Angott and Pete Lello, ranking 135 pounders, battled to a draw. Bob Montgomery drew with Al Nettlow. Dave Castilloux drew and then whipped Charley Gomer. Johnny Bellus scored over Maurice Arnault. Paul Junior, restored to the lightweight ranks, whipped Chalky Wright and disposed of Honey Mellody in one and Dusty Brown in six. Tommy Speigal scored over Billy Maher and Joey Silva. Silva was also beaten by Jimmy Tygh who kayoed Earl Fredericks in six.

Mike Evans whipped Nick Camarata. Johnny Hutchinson defeated Allen Westbury and stopped Joe Hall in eight rounds. Westbury stopped Jimmy Purcell in the seventh. Wesley Ramey whipped Mike Gamiere. Pat Foley disposed of Joey Greb in the fifth. Tony Marteliano whipped Billy Marquart. Lew Jenkins was credited with a one-round knockout over Chino Alvarez. Mike Belloise and Bernie Friedkin battled twice on even terms. George Crouch won from William Henry Cheatum. George Zengaras defeated Tommy Cross. Benny Bass won over Tony Sarullo and kayoed Norman Rahn in one round.

Phil Zwick kayoed Peewee La Salle in one, Dick Diamond in two and Augie De Mille in three rounds. Yucatan Kid drew with Mistos Grispos. Hubert Kid Dennis whipped Truman Kennedy. Joe Ghnouly scored over Dodo Woods. Tony Morgano defeated Lou Fortuna and Jimmy Lancaster. Willie Joyce drew with Young Kid McCoy. Frankie Wallace drew with Carmine Fata. Maxie Shapiro scored over Johnny Compo. Tod Morgan disposed of Paddy Boxall in five rounds. George Hansford disposed of Eddie Marcus in two rounds. Claude Varner kayoed Bobby King in four rounds. Marty Servo kayoed Joe Marciente in three and drew with Lenny Mancini. Mancini scored over "Texas" Lee Harper. Emil Josephs won from Bobby Roberts.

Among the featherweights, Pete Scalzo turned in victories over Nat Litfin, Christobal Jaramillo and two round knockouts over Tony Dupre and Johnny Buff. Al Reid whipped Mickey Farber and drew with Joe Marinelli. Joey scored over Jackie Callura. Chalky Wright whipped Sammy Julian. Spider Armstrong disposed of Sammy La Porte in two and Darse Robertson in three. Robertson also lost to Bobby Ivy. Bobby Ruffin, a newcomer in the featherweight ranks, defeated Al Mancini and Hank Nakamura.

Tony Costa drew with Bobby Green, lost to Johnny Compo and won from Jimmy Gilligan. Nel Tarleton whipped Johnny Cusick for the British featherweight title. Johnny Brown scored over Henry Huerta. Tom Smith whipped Billy Charlton. Frank Parkes bested Joe Royce. Freddy Simpson whipped Dick Corbett.

Vincenzo Dell Orto stopped Minnie Demore in the seventh, drew with Charley Varre and defeated Ginger Foran. Foran stopped Nickey Jerome in three. Morris Parker defeated Herbie Gilmore. Matt Perfetti whipped Christobal Jaramillo. Mike Raffa won over Monty Pignatore.

Among the bantams, Little Pancho scored over Henry Hook. Hook won from Frankie Kainrath. Kui Kong Young whipped Dave Lefton while Lefton kayoed Trevor Buxton in five. Pablo Dano scored over Aurel Toma and drew with Joe Marinelli. Tommy Forte defeated Billy Passan. Johnny Gaudes bested Billy Miller.

In the flyweight class, Little Dado drew with Manuel Ortiz. Joe Curran drew with Jimmy Stubbs and lost on a foul to Alf Hughes in the fourth round. Frank Bonsor battled on even terms with Jackie Potts.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending February 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Milt Aron
2—Tony Galento	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Cocoa Kid
3—Bob Pastor	Len Harvey	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
4—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Izzy Janazzo
5—Johnny Paychek	Teddy Yarosz	Ben Brown	Fritzie Zivic
6—Lee Savold	Dave Clark	Atilio Sabatino	Charley Burley
7—Red Burman	Al Gainer	Ron Richards	Pedro Montanez
8—Gunnar Barlund	Anton Christoforidis	Georgie Abrams	Maxie Berger
9—Roscoe Toles	Larry Lane	Victor Dellicurti	Arthur Danahar
10—Buddy Walker	Jimmy Webb	Eddie Peirce	Al Davis

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Davey Day	Pete Scalzo	K.O. Morgan	Little Dado
2—Sammy Angott	Simon Chavez	Tony Olivera	Enrico Urbinati
3—Pete Lello	Al Reid	George Pace	Tiny Bostock
4—Eric Boon	Jackie Wilson	Lou Salica	Jackie Paterson
5—Jackie Wilson	Young Rightmire	Little Pancho	Paddy Ryan
6—Bob Montgomery	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane	Johnny Boom
7—Dave Castilloux	Jimmy Perrin	Kui Kong Young	Joe Curran
8—Johnny Bellus	Chalky Wright	Pablo Dano	Jackie Jurich
9—Paul Junior	Spider Armstrong	Manuel Ortiz	Small Montana
10—Tommy Speigal	Bobby Ruffin	Aurel Toma	Rinty Monoghan

Keen Rivalry

An interesting rivalry exists between Lee Savold, St. Paul heavyweight, and Johnny Paychek, his Des Moines rival, which may result in a national complication.

Paychek at one time was handled by Harold Steinman and Pinky George. George was the promoter at Des Moines and working in conjunction with Steinman, had developed Paychek into powerful consideration as a drawing card. Paychek and Maurice Strickland drew two record-breaking houses for Des Moines and Johnny was making rapid headway. He gained national attention.

Just as suddenly, a breach occurred between Steinman and George and Pinky settled his rights to his share of Paychek and Steinman was handling Johnny all alone. Paychek left Des Moines and Pinky, as the promoter, was bereft of his biggest drawing card.

Pinky had his eyes on Lee Savoldi, who had retired temporarily. He painted rosy pictures before Savoldi and hypnotized him into making a comeback and changing his name to Savold. Lee is a pure Norwegian. He is now among the ten ranking heavyweights.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Bertico Ramos, Cuba.
Bantamweight—Wilce Rivera, Puerto Rico.
Featherweight—Al Reba, Sarasota, Fla.
Lightweight—Johnny Wargo, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Welterweight—Dick Turcotte, Waterbury, Conn.
Middleweight—Andy Holland, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Eddie Camp, Chicago, Ill.
Heavyweight—Neville Beech, Memphis, Tenn.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THEY may come as game but certainly none gamer is living than was Pedro Montanez in his desperate welterweight title struggle against Henry Armstrong at the Garden. For eight rounds Pedro took as unmerciful a beating as was humanly possible without flinching in the face of attack. He was dropped twice in the fourth and for almost two minutes had his back turned against the ropes facing a vicious, determined, annihilating fighting machine. Pedro was unable to fight back but he stood there absorbing the beating and the cries of "Stop the Fight" fell on unhearing ears when Referee Billy Cavanaugh allowed this carnage to take place.

Armstrong, at 139¾ pounds, far excelled any of his previous efforts in New York. He was stronger, punched far more powerfully and was relentless in his attack. He combined boxing with punching and dispelled all rumors that he was slipping. On the contrary it was Henry's greatest showing in New York rings pitted against one of his most formidable rivals.

It was an exciting spectacle to the 19,157 spectators who had contributed the gross sum of $59,575 to see this match. It revealed that Armstrong, instead of slipping, is improving and it also showed that Montanez is far from finished when it comes to clashing with first class welterweight material. Montanez would be welcomed any time in the Garden in a feature attraction against an outstanding opponent.

As far as the actual fighting was concerned it was all Armstrong but that does not detract from the brave stand that Pedro made. He landed dynamic left hooks and crashing right hands to face and body with the ever-aggressive Armstrong bobbing and weaving forward to the attack. After that performance against Pedro, Armstrong can justly go down into history as one of the ring immortals. His class was indelibly inscribed on that single performance. Pedro was all battered and bruised and badly cut around the eyes when the fight was finally halted after 47 seconds of the ninth round.

Among the preliminary engagements, Steve Belloise, kid brother of Mike, stole the program with amazing performance. He stopped Vinnie Vines in the fifth round after flooring Vines several times and showing the class and hitting power of a potential champion. Marty Servo and Lenny Mancini engaged in a hair-raising six-round scrap with honors even at the finish. Mancini was floored in the second round but rallied in the next three rounds and the verdict of a draw was a fair one for both boys. Frank Terry shaded Frankie Cavanna in a tough six rounder while Frankie Wallace drew with Carmine Fatta in six and Artie Dorrell opened the show against Al Flora in a drawn contest. Dorrell showed class but proved too over-anxious.

Frank Bachman bought an interest in Saverio Turiello and in the future the Italian welterweight will be booked by both Bachman and Lou Brown—Harry Gordon and Jimmy Brown, who have doubled up in their training activities are increasing the volume of their business—Maurie Waxman is doing great work in keeping Bobby Ruffin before the public as a featherweight contender. Too much tampering with this youngster had retarded his progress but if the work is left for Waxman, he should be able to do something with Bobby, who is only nineteen years of age—Johnny Paychek who did part of his winter campaigning in Florida earned a shot at Joe Louis whom he will meet in New York on April 3—Artie Dorrell, a young Texas boy, is being groomed by Eddie Mead for some big doings—Paul Moss is bringing Billy Soose along splendidly—It would not be surprising to see Soose fighting for the title before another year has passed—The Armstrong-Ceferino Garcia match in California will draw a barrel full of money. Mike Jacobs' hint that he could stop this bout because he has Garcia under exclusive contract, was strictly for the rural trade. When he found he couldn't halt it, he gave permission to Mead to accept the fight and likewise to Garcia. Mike then arranged a Garcia-Ken Overlin fight for the Garden for a later date.

The return contest between Melio Bettina and Fred Apostoli for the right to meet Billy Conn in a light-heavyweight title match failed to provide a suitable opponent for Billy. It spelled the finis of Apostoli as a ring gladiator. Fred was on the verge of collapse when he just about made the corner at the end of the twelfth round and Whitey Bimstein motioned to Referee Arthur Donovan that Apostoli was in no condition to continue. The fight will go down in the records as a twelve round technical knockout but no credit could rightfully go to Bettina on the strength of his showing.

Apostoli showed nothing except raw courage in the face of Bettina's sloppy attack. Had Fred only one tenth of his natural fighting ability left there would have been no question of his supremacy. Whatever the cause of Fred's lapse in the ring, it is about time that he called a halt before he is permanently injured.

There was nothing to the fight. Bettina had little opposition and should have settled the affair long before he did had he not wasted time parrying, something that aroused the fans. The house was with Fred but he failed to show the least bit of fighting spark. Bettina was hitting at a mark that failed to strike back and his cautious, feeble attack stamped him as an awkward, southpaw clown who will find it difficult to secure opponents to meet him. Bettina weighed 173 and Apostoli 170¾.

Sammy Angott and Pete Lello, two prominent lightweights, fought a nip and tuck battle in the ten round semi-final with the honors evenly divided at the finish. Lello made a spirited drive in the last four rounds that earned him an even break from the two judges and the vote of Referee Donovan. The ten rounder between Tony Marteliano and Billy Marquart proved a savage encounter and the best fight of the night. Marteliano scored cleaner and more often but Marquart, a dangerous hitter, had the crowd enthused every time he came through with one of his drives. Carl Stein whipped Solly Pearl in the four round opener. The gross receipts amounted to $33,218.

Atilio Sabatino, Puerto Rican middleweight, returned to Australia after a visit to this country and went into action against Ron Richards, Australia's middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion. Shortly after his arrival, he had only two weeks to prepare himself and couldn't do justice to himself. He found that Richards was too much for him. Sabatino suffered an injured eye and was halted by the referee in the ninth. That did not deter him in his drive for another chance at Richards.

Atilio waited for the eye to heal and six weeks later, January 29, to be exact, took on Richards again at the Sydney Stadium and on this occasion proved his mastery without question. He had Richards on the canvas in the ninth round and gained the decision with plenty to spare.

The latest victory of Sabatino alters the middleweight situation to some degree. Richards is now removed as a top-line contender for the middleweight and must be ranked below Sabatino in the ratings.

Ken Overlin now has the inside track to a crack at Ceferino Garcia. Al Hostak's defeat at the hands of Tony Zale and the injury to his hands will necessitate his idleness for several months. Garcia and Ken will meet in the Garden according to an announcement made by Mike Jacobs.

With all the controversy existing between the N.B.A. and the New York State Athletic Commission as to whom the rightful champion is, we feel that THE RING has taken the right step in keeping that title void of a titleholder until the right man is crowned. Right now it looks like a four cornered race with Garcia, Hostak, Overlin and Zale.

Al Reid, two-fisted, aggressive Bronx featherweight, turned in another notable achievement with an ever-plunging attack to defeat Mickey Farber, fiery East Side lightweight, over the eight round route at the St. Nicholas Palace. Reid did not give his opponent any rest and battered away relentlessly until the final bell. Al cannot be overlooked when it comes to the featherweight situation and he certainly does supply his share of action and color. Reid weighed 131¼ and Farber 134½. Al Bernard came through with an eight round victory over Jay Macedon, though being floored in the first round. Bernard injured his hand in battle. Macedon weighed 156¾ and Bernard 155¼. Charley Varre shaded Mickey La Marr in a hotly contested six round fray.

Pete Scalzo continued his fine work among the featherweight rivals when he disposed of Johnny Buff of Atlantic City in the second round of their scheduled eight rounder at the Ridge-Grove Sporting Club. Scalzo floored him for keeps with a cleanly delivered right cross in the second session. Scalzo weighed 127½ and Buff 130. Vincenzo Dell Orto stopped Minnie Demore in the seventh round. Demore had his jaw fractured and was forced to halt festivities. Matt Perfetti whipped Christobal Jaramillo in the remaining eight round feature.

George Crouch, Pacific Coast lightweight, added William Henry Cheatum to his string of victims at the Rockland Palace in their eight round scrap. James J. Johnson scored over Manuel Murray in the six round semi-final—Joey Fontana and Jimmy Vaughn battled along even lines in their eight rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn. It was a tough scrap with little to choose between them. Larry Kellum scored a technical knockout over Marty Marino in the fourth round of the six round semi-final—Hayden "Young" Stuhley, globe trotting middleweight, has now definitely retired and is promoting boxing shows in his home town, Kewanee, Illinois. He can be reached in care of the *Star Courier*, Kewanee.

Pablo Dano, veteran Filipino bantam, turned in a smashing upset when he won a ten round verdict over Aurel Toma at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. This rematch was staged after their last affair which was a draw. On this occasion, Pablo was in better condition and outlasted his opponent in a smashing finish. It was a corking scrap and could stand a return. Dano weighed 121¾ and Toma 121¼.

Herbie Katz disposed of Jarl Johnson in the second round of the eight round semi-windup—Victor Dellicurti was given plenty of trouble by Augie Arellano in their eight round affair at the New York Coliseum. Arellano surprised the fans with his stubborn resistance and Victor needed all his guns to pull the fight out of trouble. Dellicurti weighed 149¾ against 155 for Arellano.

Norman Silvers put a stop to the winning streak of Joe Iannotti in the six round semi-final. The fight was declared a draw after six hotly contested sessions. Curley St. Angelo scored over Eddie Voccia and Tami Mauriello disposed of Sean Haynes in the first round of scheduled sixers.

A corking program was staged at the New York Coliseum which featured some of the best eastern lightweights. It was a twin feature event with four principals sharing top honors. Dave Castilloux, Canadian entry, received a poor deal when his eight round affair with Charley Gomer was declared a draw. It was the general opinion that Dave was entitled to the honors. Castilloux weighed 134½ and Gomer 134¾.

Johnny Bellus, rugged New Havenite, after surviving a tempestuous first round session at the hands of Maurice Arnault, of France, came back in the remaining sessions to clinch the honors and score a knockdown in the last round. Bellus weighed 137 and Arnault 138.

Bernie Friedkin, of Brooklyn, and Mike Belloise, of Harlem, waged a hectic battle at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn which was declared a draw after eight rounds. It was the type of fight in which one rallied and then the other and the popular consensus was that a draw would be a fair verdict. Friedkin weighed 135¼ and Belloise 132. In the eight round semi-final, Chalky Wright scored over Sammy Julian. Wright weighed 128½ and Julian 135¼—Johnny Juliano, Paterson bantam, was held to a draw by Carlos Cuebas at the White Plains Community Center after eight tough rounds of fighting. Davey Crawford whipped Willie Skidmore while Wilce Rivera kayoed Joey Puig in two rounds.

Following the bout with Buff, Pete Scalzo, at the Ridgewood Club, disposed of another contender, Tony Dupre, who holds a decision over Petey, via the knockout route. Solly Krieger, weighing 181 pounds, in a comeback attempt, disposed of Texas Joe Dundee in the third round of a scheduled eight. Vincent Fratello whipped Larry Kellum in the concluding eight rounder which drew one of their biggest houses.

For a moment in the second round it looked like Petey's goose was cooked at the St. Nicholas Palace when Scalzo was floored by Nat Litfin in their eight round event. Petey jumped up without a count but was dazed when the bell ended the session. He took command from that period on and

boxed his way to the decision. Scalzo was ten to one favorite in the betting and the fans received great value for their money. Scalzo weighed 127¼ and his opponent one pound heavier.

Bill Poland disposed of Enzo Avon in the opening session of the six round semi-final. Avon was floored twice before the fatal knockdown—Eddie Dunne continued to show vast improvement by taking the eight round verdict over Tony Ferrera at the White Plains Community Centre. Dunne, on his showing, is destined for matches with better graded welterweights. Ralph Ivins disposed of Charley Harvey in the third round of the six round semi-final.

Scalzo continued to display activity enough to keep him in the spotlight and preserve his position as outstanding featherweight contender when at the St. Nicholas Palace he disposed of Christobal Jaramillo over the eight round route and had little trouble. He toyed with his opponent at will.

Bill Poland, Bronx heavyweight, kept up his knockout sequence by finishing Al Smith in the second round of the six round semi-final—Philadelphia fans witnessed one of the greatest scraps in years when Bob Montgomery, their lightweight pride, clashed with Al Nettlow, Detroit's classy boxer. For ten rounds they staged a classic scrap with honors even at the finish—Billy Soose looked impressive in his ten round victory over Bud Mignault—Eddie Peirce made a hit when he stopped game Gene Buffalo at the end of eight rounds—Spider Armstrong scored a clean knockout over Sammy La Porte in the second round.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club introduced three eight round features for a novelty and provided the fans with an excellent card. Bep Van Klaveren headed the card against Jay Macedon and won the verdict. Ginger Foran won by a technical knockout over Nickey Jerome in the third round while Bobby Ruffin, Bridgeport youngster, occasioned a real surprise when he defeated Al Mancini of Providence. Cal Holmes headed the program at the Rockland Palace and won with little difficulty over Al Traino in the headlining ten rounder. Tarzan Roy disposed of Billy Taylor in the opening session of the six round semi-final and Willie Calhoun finished Billy Blades in two rounds.

Irving Eldridge, New York lightweight, in his first start in five months, fought a spirited battle with Joey Fontana at the St. Nicholas Palace. It was one of the most vicious contests staged there this season and in all probability there will be a rematch very shortly. Eldridge earned the even break by fighting desperately in the last session and flooring his opponent in one of his flurries.

Fontana fought him nip and tuck and carried the fight while Irving scored with cleaner blows. Fontana did plenty of punching on the inside and it was difficult to decide the winner. Eldridge weighed 131¾ and Fontana 132. Spider Armstrong disposed of Darse Robertson in the third round of the scheduled eight round semi-final when the latter suffered a badly injured eye and was unable to continue. Armstrong led all the way during the time of the bout. Charley Varre and Vincenzo Dell Orto staged an eight round affair which was called a draw. This was another tough one to decide at the finish.

Nathan Mann stepped into the heavyweight picture locally when he registered a technical knockout over Italo Colonello, the rugged Italian heavyweight, in the fifth of their scheduled ten round fracas at the New York Coliseum. Mann scored knockdowns in the first and fourth sessions for nine second knockdowns and asserted his mastery at all times until the referee halted the unequal encounter. Mann weighed 191 and Colonello 199¼.

Bill Kettle whipped Robert Eley; Johnny Colan humbled Georgie Griffiths and Pete Asero scored over Bob Cummings in the six rounders—Mike Belloise and Bernie Friedkin renewed hostilities in another eight round scrap at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and after another hotly contested scrap the bout was called a draw—which makes the second draw in two starts in two weeks for these gladiators. Solly Gerstler whipped Pete Mascia while Joe Goldstein defeated Silvio Zangrillo in six rounders on the program.

Maxie Berger, Canadian welterweight, engaging in his first contest since his marriage, came through the winner over Johnny Rinaldi, rugged Harlem welterweight, in their eight rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Berger was given a tough battle in spots but his all around class kept him in front when danger threatened. Rinaldi weighed 144 and Berger 142½.

Lenny Mancini came from behind to whip "Texas" Lee Harper in the eight round semi-final. Mancini started the drive in the fifth, scored two knockdowns in the seventh and won going away in the closing session. Harper made a big hit with his gameness and ability to elude punishment. Mike Raffa gained an undeserved verdict over Monty Pignatore in the opening eight rounder. This looked like a convincing victory for Pignatore but the officials decreed otherwise.

Walter Franklin and Harry Balsamo renewed their feud at the New York Coliseum and at the end of eight rounds of fighting the bout was declared a draw—but many thought Franklin was entitled to the award. Walter scored a knockdown in the first and clearly won the second. Harry was penalized in the fourth and fifth for low hitting. He was also cautioned in the seventh and Franklin enjoyed the edge in the closing round but the official verdict was even stephen.

Mutt Womer won the award over Enzo Iannozzi in the six round semi-final. Mickey La Marr whipped Joe Amico while Sammy Venti conquered Eddie Voccia in other sixes—Primo Flores turned in a good victory when he whipped Jimmy Vaughn in their eight rounder at the White Plains Community Centre. He was forced to travel at top speed but he was in excellent condition and came through a clear winner. Oliver White and Julio Gonzales battled to a draw in the semi-final of six sessions.

Joe Louis' showing against Arturo Godoy at Madison Square Garden in which he received the votes of Referee Arthur Donovan and Judge George Le Cron to hold his claim to the heavyweight crown was so bad that he was hissed and booed for fully ten minutes after the official announcement that he had retained his crown. The other judge, Tommy Shortell, gave Challenger Godoy ten rounds, two to Louis and three even.

The fight was the poorest that Louis had made since that horrible Bob Pastor incident at the Garden and it is my opinion that Louis, on the strength of that performance, would have been heaved from the ring in any section of the country. To say that he received money for false pretenses, would be putting it mildly.

Godoy emerged the uncrowned winner and the real hero of the conflict. He battered his way in a rough, unorthodox style and forced the fighting throughout. He clowned, forced Louis to miss ridiculously and had the sympathy of the crowd from the first round to the last.

Louis' claims that he was afraid of injuring his hands was the poorest imaginable. The crowd had contributed $88,523.89 to see a world's heavyweight champion in action but they saw nothing of the kind. Louis fought with uncertainty and with considerable trepidation. There was nothing about his appearance that resembled a top-notcher, let alone a world's champion.

Jimmy Webb, an unknown light-heavyweight from St. Louis, was the standout on the program. He electrified the crowd with a sensational one round knockout, scoring three knockdowns in impressive style before the fight was halted. His victim was Jimmy Smith. Tommy Tucker won all the way from Buddy Scott in the six round semi-final. Bill Poland, showing great improvement, won from Jack Marshall in six. Leroy Evans disposed of Jarl Johnson in one. Joe Matesi, former amateur star, looked good in winning the four round opener from Henry Morroz.

Four eight rounders at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club were responsible for a fine turnout of fans and they saw some thrilling scraps. Al Reid, while only getting a draw with Joe Marinelli, appeared to be the logical winner at the finish. His forcing and aggressiveness entitled him to the edge against the cleaner and sharper punches of his opponent. Bobby Ruffin, a likely looking youngster, showed a world of class in whipping Hank Nakamura in eight scrappy rounds. Bobby scored a knockdown in the opening round and held the advantage throughout but his foe gave a good account of himself. Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Ginger Foran after a tough scrap while Joey Ferrando banged out a victory over Mike Martinez in their fray.

The showing that Joe Louis made against Arturo Godoy gives all indication that Louis is tired of ring activity and might be headed for an abdication in the near future. It was by far the most dismal display that he has shown since winning the title and judging him on that one showing, there is little chance of him holding the title much longer. There are many other heavyweights around the country who have the capabilities possessed by the Chilean and there might be some who would prove his superior. This will encourage a younger element of heavyweights and fellows like Johnny Paychek, Lee Savold and Billy Conn have additional inspiration in striving for that valuable bauble. Now if the boxing game can only produce a young, aggressive, trustworthy and capable promoter who can break up the monopoly which is being exercised at the present time by Mike Jacobs, the game will be much better off.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In a benefit show sponsored for the Finnish Fund that attracted a net gate of $1,685, Izzy Janazzo, popular Italian from New York's East Side, made his second Scranton appearance before a local audience. Janazzo pounded out a ten-round decision over Jackie Burke, rugged, two-fisted scrapper from Ogden, Utah. The bout was Janazzo's most of the way, but the Utah welterweight made things interesting with his consistent boring-in method of fighting.

Billy Speary, National A.A.U. bantamweight champion, made his professional debut in the scheduled six-round semi-final by kayoing Charlie Hayes of Trenton, N. J., in the second round. Speary showed much class and looms to go a long way in pugilistic circles in the bantamweight and featherweight divisions.

Chuck Ketchuk, Binghamton, N. Y., heavyweight and protege of Jersey Jones, kayoed Jack Hiller, elongated heavyweight from Philadelphia. The end came for Hiller in the fifth stanza. Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre's hard-hitting lightweight, outpunched Lou Murphy, Scranton, for five out of six rounds to gain a unanimous decision. Gacha dropped Murphy with sweeping left-hooks. Lou's defeat was his first as a profesional, but the setback shouldn't hinder his future ring prospects. In the opening match of six rounds, Emil Kozel, Throop middleweight, dropped a verdict to Mickey Grandenetti of the C.C.C. camps.

In the other Scranton show, Billy Soose, middleweight star from Farrell, Pa., returned to headline the Town Hall A. C. fistic card, meeting Jimmy Clark, Jamestown, N. Y., Negro, in the scheduled ten-round feature. Soose stopped Clark in the third round. Joe Nealon, veteran Scranton welterweight, fought Angelo Cali to a slashing six-round draw in the semi. This was a return match. Nealon won the first encounter via the decision route.

Lou Murphy, rugged Scranton lightweight, won the verdict over Len De Andrea in a six-rounder. Walter Kelly, Archbald heavyweight, lost his first pro battle since turning to the boxing game as a glove-tosser. Kelly's defeat came at the hands of Joe Mack of Wilkes-Barre. Joe Paulino, Old Forge, lost via a kayo to Tommy Purcell of Scranton, who kayoed the former in the first round. This show paid off on $1,625.

At Wilkes-Barre—Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury, Conn., welter, won via a kayo over Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y. Dolan kayoed the upper-New York Stater in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round main event. Johnny Snyder, veteran Wilkes-Barre light-heavyweight, won a six-round decision over Steve Kahley of Hazleton. Howard Burton, colored Wilkes-Barrean, stopped Mickey Belletter of Hazleton in the first. Billy Blades of Philadelphia was stopped in two by Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre.

The other show staged at Wilkes-Barre attracted a net gate of $1,018. In the main bout, Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia's outstanding heavyweight, made his first Wilkes-Barre appearance at the Armory A. C. in the ten-round feature, meeting Joe Wagner of Cleveland. Dorazio won via the T.K.O. route in the seventh round when Referee Leo Houck stopped the contest. In the semi-final match that stole the show as the best action match on the card, Hughie Glynn, Scranton heavyweight, was deprived of a well-earned decision in his six round meeting with Charley Brandt of Pittsburgh. Glynn was accorded by the writer of this column the first, fifth and sixth rounds and the third was declared even. Referee Houck called it a draw, while both judges decided Brandt as the victor.

Four four-rounders completed the Armory A. C. show. Joe Mack beat Johnny Stern, Bull Santos kayoed Wally Baden, Neil Miller stopped Earl Thomas, and Young Bellott won over Tony Lemis in the opener.

A BIT FOR ALL—Billy McCarney, dubbed the "Professor" in the fight business, attended the Soose-Clark Scranton show . . . . The Professor came up to look over Walter Kelly, Archbald heavyweight . . . . Tarzan Roy kayoed Billy Taylor at the Rockland Palace . . . . Fighters that can fight and have records to compete in wind-up roles can do well to contact the writer at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton . . . . Welterweights, middleweights and heavyweights preferred . . . . Billy Speary, who is now in the pro ranks, is just what the doctor ordered for boxing in the Coal Regions . . . . Speary, as an amateur, has won fifteen major ring titles . . . . Billy engaged in 198 matches, winning 183 and being on the losing end on fifteen occasions, having beaten all his victors in return matches . . . . Arthur Thomas handles the management of Speary . . . . Boxing has picked up hereabouts, with two clubs operating at Scranton and Wilkes-Barre and clubs going in other Coal Region towns . . . . THE RING Magazine can be purchased at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner of Wyoming Avenue and Linden Street.

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Timely Chatter From Wartime Great Britain

By JOHN S. SHARPE

READERS of THE RING undoubtedly are aware of the split that has threatened to break the British Boxing Board of Control. Anyway, here are the latest developments. After Sydney Hulls and Jack Solomons handed their resignations into the board, and they were accepted, a deputation was sent to the "revolutionaries," asking them to return to the Board. This was accepted by Hulls and Solomons on one condition that the deputation could not accept . . . . needless to say, they did not return to the board.

The British Boxing Board of Control came out with a statement after this that they had no knowledge of the deputation, and did not send them . . . . isn't this getting more and more involved?

Now Hulls and Solomons, in conjunction with the N.B.A. are calling a special meeting, to which newspapermen will be invited and will endeavor to set up a control of their own.

The catch to this little idea is that should the lads set up a control of their own, the British Boxing Board of Control will continue to run, and we shall have two champions at each weight.

To me there is an obvious way of clearing up this matter. Let Messrs. Hulls and Solomons meet the stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control, and try and thrash out the matter amicably.

Bantamweights Jim Brady and Peter Kane who were to meet to find an opponent for Johnny King, for the latters bantamweight title, will have to wait a long time, it seems. Kane, who was bitten recently by his dog, had several stitches inserted in the wounds, and has not fully recovered from this injury. Until he does, it is useless to have any arrangements made.

Jack Gubbins, of Stratford, and Garry Roche, of Ireland, battled eight rounds at a fast pace with neither showing to advantage, and it was no surprise when Referee Jack Hart gave the decision as a draw.

Private Jackie Clarke gained a meritorious win over Steve Woodley of Battersea, at the end of 10 rounds.

Alf Paolozzo, of Hammersmith, defeated Jerry Jones, of Silvertown, at the end of 10 rounds and Little Peter Worth, of Dagenham, unpacked a splendid drive to the solar plexus of Terry Morgan of Reading, that put the latter down for the full count.

Sydney Hulls staged his first unlicensed show in England without opposition from the B.B.B.C. and everything went off entirely as planned. Nothing which could be called serious opposition from the board occurred.

Mr. Hulls had the support of the managers, boxers and all the officials, despite the fact these were warned they would be asked to appear before the Southern Area Council for breach of regulations if they participated in the show.

The star contest was between Stafford "Buzz" Barton, the colored middleweight from Jamaica, and Johnny Clements, of Glasgow. It was interesting and terminated at the end of the ninth, when Referee Jack Hart stopped the contest in Barton's favor.

Clements had received a cut eye and was well behind on points at the close.

Jack Croly, of Millwall, defeated Alf Bishop, of Bath, in a hard hitting bout over six rounds, and Jim Gully, of the Household Cavalry, won the novices heavyweight competition, when he knocked out Ken Hill of Wolverton, in the first round.

One of the very few double knockouts ever seen took place at Coventry when Les Gasgoigne, of Coventry, and Jim Boyce, of Belfast, connected with right swings to the jaw in the second round and both went to the canvas to be counted out.

The referee then consulted his score card and gave his decision to Boyce who had a slight lead on points at the end of the first round.

"Tonypandy" Tommy Farr, who was one of the first British boxers to joined the armed forces, received a kayo blow when the medical officer declared that he was unfit for military service.

He was informed that he was suffering from a punctured ear drum and slight eye trouble.

It is, however, not thought that this will affect his ring career.

Bernard Cook, of Finsbury Park, was no match for Al Robinson, the young Leeds heavyweight, who is in the R.A.F.

The contest lasted into the fourth when Referee Jack Hart stopped the one sided affair with the full approval of the fans at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Leo Lee, of Canning Town, defeated Garry Roche, of Ireland, in the sixth round when the latter retired. It was later stated that Roche was retiring from the ring and had partaken in his last bout.

Joe Quigley, of Ireland, punched too hard for Corporal Len Rowlands, the Dagenham heavyweight, in their eight-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and was a worthy winner at the end.

Alf Boom, of Stratford, scored a good points win after 10 rounds against Smiler Bush, also of Stratford, at Woodford.

Jim Fluty, of West Indies, gained another kayo win when he put Frank Edwards, of Islington, down for the full count in the second.

Harry Silver, of Clapton, found a tartar when he met Alf Edwards of Birmingham, in an eight-round contest at the Devonshire Club and finished up a good loser to the clever Birmingham lad.

Harry Lazar, of Aldgate, was ruled out in the first of a six-round contest against Frankie Jackson, of Hull, when he accidentally struck low.

Dick Turpin, the colored middleweight from Leamington, again demonstrated his superiority over Ben Valentine, of Fiji, when he repeated his former points victory by again outpointing the Fijian in 10 rounds at Coventry.

Tom Smith, the young Sunderland featherweight, went a step further up the ladder of fame when he outpointed Billy Charlton, of Gateshead, in a 15-round contest, for the Northern Area featherweight title, before a packed house at Newcastle.

Air man Ted Barter, of Kingston, defeated Bob Firmin, of Lowestoft, in the first of a 10-round contest at Kingston, when the latter was disqualified, for striking the air man low. Bob Savage, of Stepney, outpointed Tim Sullivan, of Epsom, in a hard hitting eight-round contest.

Eddie Mallett, famous in Great Britain for his osteopathic practice, and his help to boxers and wrestlers with damaged limbs, staged a successful boxing show in Watford, when he starred Joe Buxton, the local colored middleweight, against Reg Hunt, of Feltham, and the Negro lad came out tops with a points decision at the end of 10 rounds.

Freddie Mills, Bournemouth's hope for the middles title, gained a kayo win over Elfryn Morriss, of Wales, when the latter failed to beat the count in the fourth of a 10-round contest at Bournemouth.

Jackie Rankin, of Southall, defeated Jackie Saunders, of Ireland, when the latter retired in the fifth of a 10-round contest at Liverpool.

It was not a big crowd that turned out at the Sportsdrome, Southampton, to see the near local, Freddie Simpson, against Joe Slark, of Egham. The former repeated his previous successes and won on points in 10 rounds. Seaman Dick Bradshaw, of Royal Navy, defeated Johnny Hughes, of Worthing, in the seventh. Hughes retired at the end of that round.

Two of the hardest hitting lightweights met in a bout of 10 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and when two hitters like Jack Carrick, of Hull, and Tommy Hyams, of Kings X, hit, one or the other must go down, and it was Hyams who kissed the canvas from a right to the jaw, in the fourth round, and failed to beat the count.

Bert Howarth, promoted a successful show at Newbury, when he had as his star bout "Irish" Pat O'Connor and Sapper "Buster" Brown, of Newbury, in a 10-round contest which ended in a points win for the Irish lad after a fine contest. Alf Boom, of Stratford, defeated Billy Sherlock, of Oxford, in an exciting eight-round contest. Jim Fluty, of Camden Town, defeated Herb Williams, of Oxford, in the fifth round by the order of the kayo.

Norman Snow, of Northampton, defeated George Merritt, of Silvertown, in the eighth of a scheduled 10-rounder at Northampton. The referee intervened when Merritt had sustained a badly cut eye.

Jack Lyden, of Liverpool, gained the decision at the end of eight rounds over the southpaw, Dennis Chadwick, of Bridlington. It was a hard hitting bout.

There were thrills galore when Evan John, of Pentre, and Jack Phillips, of Tredgar, squared up for their 10-round contest at Crumlin, and after an even affair the referee declared it a draw, which was popular with the big crowd.

Youth triumphed over experience when Ronnie Mostyn, of Manchester, defeated Fusilier Toplis, of Oldham, after 10 rounds of interesting boxing at Oldham.

Veteran Bill Hood, of Plymouth, who has met some of the hardest hitting middleweights in the last 10 years fought a draw with Jack Merino, of Bridgewater, in a hard hitting eight-round contest at Plymouth.

Bill Wainright, of Swadlincote, won on points over Bernard Cook, of Finsbury Park, after eight rounds at Swadlincote and Kid Chocolate of Jamaica, outpointed Tommy Emsell, a local lad, over eight rounds.

Yorky Bentley, the Canadian middleweight, won a good 10-round contest at Hull when he outpointed Johnny Downes, of Hull, who once held the Northern Amateur middleweight title. Frankie Jackson, of Hull, won a narrow points decision after 10 rounds over Johnny Walker, of Leeds.

Boxing brilliantly throughout the eight rounds in the star bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, Harry Lazar, of Aldgate, outpointed Bob Ramsey, of Stepney, and well merited Referee Jack Hart's decision. Peter Worth, of Dagenham, was a gallant loser in his six-round contest against Jeff Smith, of Wellingborough, whose experience carried the day.

Jim Fluty, of Jamaica, won easily over Charlie Jordan, of Kingston, after 10 rounds at Coronation Baths, Kingston.

Devonshire Club, Hackney, was again packed to the doors when Harry Davis, of Bethnal Green, met Private Johnny Softley, in a scheduled eight-round contest. Softley attacked from the start, and had Davis in a bad way by the end of the fourth round, but he managed to come up for the fifth and well win the round, and in the sixth, a well timed right put Softley down as the bell ended the round, and as he was in a bad state his second skied the towel.

Alf Edwards, of Birmingham, won over Phineas John, when the latter was forced to retire with a very badly cut eye at the end of the seventh round of a bout scheduled for eight rounds. Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, showed further proof of his hitting power when he knocked out Tough Billy Pleace, bantamweight champion of Hampshire, in the first of a four round bout.

I was extremely pleased to hear that Private Len Beynon, Welsh featherweight champion, has completely recovered from his recent severe accident, when his face was splashed with corrosive fluid when it was accidentally spilled. His eyesight was not affected. He left the hospital after one week.

Jackie Kiley, of Swansea, ex-flyweight champion of Wales, defeated Willy Grey, of Swansea, in the final elimination bout for the title at Swansea when the towel was thrown in by the latter's second during the 13th.

Sydney Hulls, carried out his second unlicensed boxing show, as advertised, and a good crowd was present, at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Southern Area middleweight champion George Davis, of Notting Hill, was well beaten by George Howard, of Finsbury Park, after a good contest over 10 rounds. Referee Jack Hart unhesitatingly raising the latter's hand amid cheers from the crowd. Seaman Tommy Barnham had a day's leave from duty to enter the welterweight competition, and his class was well above that of the other entries and he won it with ease, defeating Harry Charman, of Bridlington, in the first round of the final.

Martin Thornton, of Ireland, won a slow six-rounder, over Ernie Simmons, of Leicester.

Jim Berry, of South Shields and Butcher Gasgoigne, of Sheffield, battled and wrestled for 10 rounds at Newcastle, which gave the referee plenty to do, breaking them apart and at the end Berry received the decision.

Maurice Dennis, ex-amateur middleweight champion, still remains undefeated. When he met Yorky Bentley, of Canada, in a scheduled 10-round contest at Liverpool, Dennis showed very good form, and in the ninth round when Bentley received a cut eye and was behind on points, the referee stopped the contest in Dennis' favor.

Jack Lyden, of Bootle, defeated Billy Jones, of Oswestry, in the first of an eight-round contest, when the referee stopped the bout after Jones had taken several counts.

Dudley Lewis, of Brecon, former flyweight champion of Wales, won a great bout when he put Jimmy Wilde, of Oxford (No relation to the Tylerstown Terror), down for the full count in the seventh round at Crumlin.

George Francombe, of Abertillery, lost in his 10-rounder to Jimmy Griffiths, of Barnsley, at Abertillery.

Alf Hughes, of West Hartlepool, won on a disqualification when Joe Curran, of Liverpool, was ruled out for an alleged low delivery in the fourth at Sunderland.

Ronnie Rice, of Hackney, scored a second round kayo when he met Wally Davis, of Notting Hill, in 10 rounds at Kingston.

George Merritt, of Silvertown, gained a hard earned decision over Private Jackie Clarke, of Cambridge, in eight rounds at Devonshire Club, Hackney.

"Smiler" Bush, of Stratford, knocked out Johnny Sage, of Bethnal Green, in the fifth of a 10-round contest.

In one of the best flyweight bouts seen at the Liverpool Stadium, Joe Curran, of Liverpool, and Jimmy Stubbs, of Runcorn, battled 10 rounds to a draw decision that proved very popular with the crowd.

A./C. Al Robinson, of Leeds, gained another victory at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he forced Tommy Brown, of Hackney, to retire at the end of the fourth after the latter had taken a severe beating in the fourth round.

George Gale, of Whittlesea, a protege of Jimmy Wilde, gained a clear cut win, when he knocked out the tough cruiserweight Jack Croly, of Millwall, in the third.

Norman Rees of Abercymbi knocked out Trevor Burt of Coventry in the fourth at Abertillery.

Dudley Lewis of Brecon defeated Eddie Davies of Cym in the 10th round at Crumlin. The referee stopped the contest when Davies was in a bad way.

Southern Area Council of the British Boxing Board of Control had before them all the participants of Sydney Hulls' first unlicensed promotion at the Stadium Club, London, and fines and suspensions were the order of the proceedings.

It seems that the Area Council does not want to help mend the breach, for the rebels are definitely continuing to promote, widening their field, and if the board continues to fine and suspend, without making any attempt at appeasement, the game is likely to receive a sad blow, from which it will be extremely difficult to recover.

Johnny McGrory, of Glasgow, after leading Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross for eight rounds, retired at the end of the round, claiming that he was not fit to continue, owing to having boxed with a chill, and not having fully recovered. This show was the initial unlicensed promotion by Maestro Sydney Hulls, at Bristol.

Frank Hough of the Welsh Guards outpointed Len Munden of Bristol over six rounds, and Paddy Roche of Ireland outpointed Billy Jones of Treorchy over eight rounds.

Frank Parkes of Nottingham won his bout against Joe Royce of Manchester in 12 rounds at Nottingham and thus now meets Tom Smith of Sunderland for the Northern Area featherweight title.

Frank Bonsor of Nottingham and Jim Chadwick boxed 10 rounds to a draw.

Joe Quigley of Ireland fought strongly against Corporal Len Rowlands of Dagenham in the chief bout at the Stadium Club, London, for Syd Hulls, and the latter was forced to retire with a very bad cut eye in the sixth of an eight-round contest.

Joe Smith of Glasgow knocked out Jim Gully (Household Brigade) in the fifth of a six-round contest with a hard right to the jaw.

Harry Mizler of St. Georges did not box in his usual form against Jackie Potts of Crewe and had to be content at the end of 10 rounds with a draw at Southampton.

Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke outpointed Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green over 10 rounds, and Billy Bird of Chelsea outpointed George Merritt of Silvertown, also over 10 rounds.

Donald Duncan, the popular promoter from Bedford, staged a successful show at the Corn Hall, Bedford, where he featured A/C Billy Hummerston (R.A.F.) and Seaman Bob Harvey of Bedford over six rounds, and the hard hitting Air Force battler landed a solid left hook to the sailor's body in the second round and he took the full count.

Alf Boom of Stratford outpointed Freddie Barker of Bedford over 10 rounds, as also did Smiler Bush of Stratford, who outpointed Jim Wellard of Northampton in a good contest.

Readers who want to be certain of receiving THE RING Magazine monthly by post, send a postal order for 1/7½d to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin Street, London, E.1, England, when same will be sent. Should you want a price list of the Ring Book Shop publications, enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and the latest catalogue will be forwarded.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BRONKO NAGURSKI, well-muscled Minnesota matman, overwhelmed King Kong Cox in a rough and tumble headliner for the Buffalo Sporting club. About 5,000 fans saw Jack Herman's show. Results of other matches on the card follow:

Joe Savoldi defeated Frank Sexton, one fall, 25 minutes; Lou Thesz tossed Mark Hosley, time, 21:08; Ben Shalom threw Jerry Monahan, time, 9:36; Rudy Strongberg, Germany, won decision over Rebel Russell, Texas, 30 minutes.

Cyclone Williams, lethal punching amateur Negro heavy, added another victory to his long string by stopping Art Ramsey, of Glens Falls, Adirondack Mountain District champion, in 24 seconds in the main event of Art Johnson's Orioles card at the Broadway auditorium. Williams is a riot as a drawing card here now and Matchmaker Johnson is combing the country for suitable opponents for the colored star.

Williams recently knocked out Buddy Moore, New York Golden Gloves champion, and remains undefeated in Buffalo rings. He has many offers to turn pro but will remain in the simon-pure ranks for the balance of the season at least.

HERE AND THERE . . . . Ed (Don) George is vacationing in Florida but is not idle. George keeps on wrestling every week or two. When Ed comes back to Buffalo he will make plenty of money for there are several new cards in the state of development . . . . Ivan (the Beard) Rasputin is one who will jam the house with George and when the Angel comes to town Jack Herman will have a sellout . . . . Bob Markell, Bennett High School youngster who made his mat debut a few weeks ago needs more experience before taking up pro wrestling.

Rudy Stiller, Lou Presto and others who did a lot of boxing around here last week are apparently on the shelf, for the present at least.

Bert Finch, well known fight manager, is looking around for some budding youngsters. Finch says a man is wasting time managing old timers.

"It's the kids the fans want to see," says the veteran pilot, "And I intend to assemble a new stable with two well known ex-amateurs as a nucleus."

Charlie Murray is bringing in the six-day bike race for March and this means there will be little or nothing doing in boxing during that period.

Good boxers with records who are unattached and are desirous of locating in a red-hot boxing town should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FISTIC MISCELLANY . . . . Jackie Donovan is brewing poison for top-notch welters. The South Buffalo boy will soon be ready for the best at 147 pounds . . . . Junior Singer says there are 42 fighters now training at the Singer gym . . . . This means Jack Singer is making money with his training emporium if the boys all pay their dues, which is doubtful . . . . Art Johnson will strain a point to bring the National Amateur championships here when our new Municipal Auditorium is completed . . . . The new arena will be one of the finest in the land . . . . Lou Scozza, former light-heavy contender, is the picture of health. Scozza often attends local boxing and wrestling matches and reports that his bowling alleys are prospering . . . . Willie Brennan is O.K. again and busy refereeing wrestling shows. Brennan injured his leg when he tumbled off a stepladder at his home. First impression was that the leg was broken but Willie luckily escaped with a bad sprain.

Mayor Holling has spelt the death-knell of the Broadway insofar as city funds are concerned. The mayor has refused to include an appropriation for its maintenance in his budget. The old auditorium has been a consistent money loser for the taxpayers for many years.

Nineteen-forty promises to be a big year for sports here. The Buffalo Hockey Club, Inc., has been organized and was granted a franchise in the International League. The Crescent Athletic Association is being formed by local business men and the new organization will be in the field to promote in many fields.

Joe Suttner, former boxing referee and at one time a crack boxer himself, died at his home here February 5th. At the time of his death Mr. Suttner was Director of Recreation in the city parks department. He was a life-long friend of Frank Erne former lightweight champion of the world.

Cyclone Williams carries dynamite in his fists and appears to be one of the most promising heavies developed in recent years. Art Johnson started the Negro puncher at one of his amateur shows and now Williams is a reigning sensation.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

BY the time this copy has gone to press, the Monroe Sporting Club will have staged its first professional show of the winter months at the Convention Hall with local boxers heading the card.

The Elks Club is planning an all star show at the Convention Hall.

Many sporting fans all over the country will be glad to know that Elliot Cushing, sports editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, is back at his desk after being ill for over two months. Cushing has asked the writer to thank the many friends for their cards and good wishes.

Following are the results of some of the better bouts staged at the Elks Club during the past month:

Eddie Smith, Rochester, outpointed Johnny Noce, Philadelphia, five rounds; Jerry Spalma, Rochester, outpointed Billy Hicks, Buffalo, five rounds; Koby Paul, Rochester, outpointed Frank Latierze, Philadelphia, five rounds; Shorty Dowd, Rochester, knocked out Benny Lachance, Ottawa, in 1:40, fourth round; Frank Robison, Erie, Pa., outpointed Nello Nucelli, Rochester, five rounds; Billy Hicks, Buffalo, outpointed Jerry Spalma, Rochester, five rounds; Tilly Belluci, Rochester, outpointed Johnny Coco, Erie, Pa., five rounds; Gene Pinter, Philadelphia, won decision over Larry Russell, Rochester, five rounds; Dave Holsher, Buffalo, won decision over Tommy Blue, Cleveland, five rounds; Al Costa, Rochester, won decision over Shorty Dowd, Rochester, five rounds; Koby Paul, Rochester, knocked out Rudy Spain, Buffalo, in 1:45, second round.

Due to the large weekly turnouts the Monroe County Sporting Club's wrestling shows, under the promotion of Jim Collins, had to leave the K. of C. and return to its old stamping grounds, the Convention Hall.

FISTIC MORSELS—Jack Mathewson of Hamilton, Canada, will again be seen in the Elks battle pit in the near future . . . . Lil Abe Raff has started a boxing school for the youngsters . . . . Koby Paul, Jerry Spalma and Shorty Dowd are the three most promising lads in the amateur ring . . . . Bill Speary, popular amateur fighter, has turned professional . . . . The following boys are training here: Al Traino, Henry and Hugie Smith, Ossie Sussman, Lou Conti and Jimmy Clark. These boys are under the management of the writer and may be booked through him. My address is 47 Cleveland St., Rochester, N. Y.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

THE professionals had to ride the rumble seat this month, what with the A.A.U. walking in and taking over with their Golden Gloves and medals, belts, watches and assorted trinkets. There was only one pro show all month, and that a not very good one. Things can be expected to pick up, however, as soon as the amateurs pack up and head for Chicago.

Kansas City is all a-twitter about the forthcoming Tournament of Champions which will throw together amateur winners from all over the Southwest, the idea being to produce a team for Chicago.

Tony Novak, National A.A.U. heavyweight king in 1939, turned professional at Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas, under the most depressing conditions imaginable. His opponent was a flabby gent billed as Tiger Mason, "of Canada." Novak looked good in nudging the Tiger on the whiskers in round two, bringing the fight to a quick finish.

Eddie Dempsey, Moline 130-pounder and a good scrapper, dropped Jackie Simmons in the first round and went on to win a merited eight-round decision.

Vince McCoy thrashed Al Shapiro in six. They are welters. Louis Gray was kayoed by Chuck Blane, Okie heavyweight, in round one.

We enjoyed colleague Dana's piece on Tom Packs. Tom doesn't do so well over here, where the Al Haft outfit seems to be in the driver's seat. We hope that the wrestlers aren't going to move in on boxing all over the Middle West. There's no denying that they're doing just that in both St. Louis and Kansas City. Bus Breese was promoting boxing in Memorial Hall for the Veterans of Foreign Wars until Al Haft made alluring overtures to the vets. Before Bus knew what was going on, the V.F.W. swallowed the bait, Gabe Kaufman was installed as promoter of the Novak show, and Breese discovered that he was, temporarily at least, a promoter without portfolio.

Clippings are being shown around town to prove that Baby Breese actually whipped Pete Lello New Year's day in Milwaukee . . . . Pinky George, Des Moine's half-pint Machiavelli, is to be glad-handed for his remarkable job with Lee Savold . . . . Savold was considered all done as far back as 1937, when he was boxing prelims around Sioux City . . . . the guy's been kayoed and trounced and walloped from coast to coast and Pinky George pushes him into a Pastor shot! . . . Sorry to see that Charley Miegel was handed a dose of snooze out in Hollywood, but then, you can't win 'em all . . . . We were in THE RING office again last month and had the extreme pleasure of meeting Eddie Borden, as well as renewing acquaintance with Nat Fleischer and Stanley.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

AFTER hours of testimony in a hearing before the State Athletic Commission, officials of the Hollywood Legion Stadium voluntarily agreed to change their policy of not using Negro fighters, and hereafter will book colored boxers at the Stadium.

Toby Vigil started off California's 1940 boxing program in grand style by scoring a brilliant victory over Nick Peters at the Hollywood Stadium. It was a hard fought, bloody battle that ended in the eighth round via T.K.O., after the San Antonio Greek had landed his most potent punches, only to see the slender Mexican boy stand up under them and come back for more. Peters landed at will with a left hook in the opening round and rocked Vigil repeatedly with overhand rights in the sixth, but those were the only two rounds that the Greek won. Peters was bleeding badly from cuts at the end of the eighth and Manager George Parnassus requested Referee Jack Kennedy to stop it. Vigil weighed 134½, Peters 137½. Irwin Kay, 145, was declared winner over Soldier Ed Stanley, 136, in the second round of the semi, when Referee Frankie Dolan disqualified Stanley for rough tactics. Wesley Sellers, 133, won over Rico Martinez, (Evening Thunder) 135, in a fast four-round special event.

Turkey Thompson strengthened his claim to mingle with the top-notchers by scoring a ninth-round T.K.O. over Johnny (Bandit) Romero, San Diego veteran, at the Olympic Auditorium. Romero made it tough for Turkey for the first three rounds, scoring with hard lefts to Thompson's midriff, but the broad-shouldered Negro picked up steam in the fifth round and dealt out a lacing to the Mexican southpaw from then on. Turkey put Romero down for a nine count in the fifth and again floored him just before the bout was stopped by Referee Reggie Gilmore. Thompson weighed 165, Romero 168.

In Ocean Park . . . . Babe Brandelli, 142, Venice Bad Boy, won a close hard fought eight-rounder over Bert Valesquez, 152, Arizona Indian.

Bobby (Bomber) Bonger, 180, stopped Jack King, 184, in the first heat of the semi-windup; Wesley Sellers, 135, outclassed Roger Whitaker, 143, in the six-round special event.

Rumors still persist that there is to be a new setup at the Olympic Auditorium. If there is, I would like to see Joe Waterman back in the big arena. Waterman is an expert and at sensing box-office attractions, he is in a class with Johnny Attell, Lew Raymond and Jimmy Bronson.

Little Dado, while waiting for a match to defend his flyweight title, continues to add bantamweights to his list of victims. His latest triumph was over Horace Mann of San Francisco, whom the Filipino easily whipped at the Hollywood Stadium, scoring a T.K.O. in the seventh. Mann backed out of a clinch rubbing his eye and protested to the referee that he had been gouged. He was ordered to continue fighting, but a minute later he complained that he couldn't see, so the bout was stopped and awarded to Dado. The Filipino had been out in front all the way. Dado weighed 116, Mann, 121.

Turkey Thompson had little trouble disposing of Lorenzo (Pete) Pedro at the Olympic Stadium, winning by a T.K.O. in the fourth round. Pedro offered little opposition and was down for counts in every round. Referee Jack Kennedy stopped the one-sided affair after the final knockdown, early in the fourth. Thompson weighed 164, Pedro 174. Henry Hook, 122, Indianapolis, decisioned Frankie Kainrath, 124, Chicago, in an uninteresting six-round semi.

Jimmy McDaniels, 149, was the hit of the night in scoring a fourth-round T.K.O. over Nick Masiello, 150.

In Ocean Park . . . . Red Green of Hollywood, now has the name of Lefty Louie Flyer to his list of "Guys I Can Lick." Green whipped the Boyle Heights southpaw in a scrap that had the fans on their feet. Flyer was credited with but two of the eight rounds, but made the Signal Kid go at top speed all the way. Green weighed 141, Flyer 142.

I get a big kick out of watching the colorful, classy Jackie Jurich perform, but Jackie's lot is a hard one out here on the Coast, where the only worthy opponents of his weight are Little Dado and Little Pancho, those two rugged Filipino's, who are just about the best in the world.

Ray Lunney added his name to the growing list of young boxers of Los Angeles who have made good in main events in recent months. Lunney proved his caliber by winning handily over Guy Serean of Idaho, at the Hollywood Stadium. Serean appeared very amateurish and only in the fifth round did the wild swinging youngster look like a probable winner, in which session he hooked a left on Lunney's jaw and Ray had a tough time weathering the round. Lunney, who weighed 128½, was credited with seven of the 10 rounds.

Sammy Musco, 129, of Omaha, was badly beaten by Memo Llanes, 128, in the six-round semi.

In San Diego . . . . Shorty Hogue pounded out a decisive victory over Bobby Pacho in a 10-rounder at the Coliseum. Hogue was credited with eight of the rounds.

There is rumor that both Kenny Washington and Woody Strode, colored football stars of U.C.L.A., are to take a whirl at the ring game. Both are said to be handy with the gloves. Washington has already had some ring experience in the amateur ranks.

Blimp Williams, 309-pound Negro of Fresno, scored a T.K.O. over Haystack Sloan, 190, in the ninth round at the Olympic Auditorium. The Blimp's appearance caused a lot of laughter, but it wasn't funny to Sloan, for in spite of his hippo lines Williams proved to be a pretty fair fighter. The portly Negro moved around nicely and packed a hefty wallop, so it was not long before he was handing Haystack a pasting and had floored him twice before the bout was halted in the ninth. Bobby Pacho, 156, again proved that he is too good for most of these youngsters, by administering a beating to Jimmy Casino, 155, in the other 10-rounder. The veteran easily outboxed Cassino and messed up the Italian boy considerably. Pacho won seven of the 10 rounds.

Toby Vigil's sensational win over Nick Peters has added lustre to Wesley Sellers' prestige, for the Irish lad was giving the classy Mexican a close fight when their bout was stopped because of a cut eye. Wesley still has hopes for a return bout.

Georgie Hansford, Los Angeles' perennial lightweight, furnished the answer to the question of whether Eddie Marcus had the stuff to succeed or not, when he belted Eddie out in the second round at the Hollywood Stadium. Marcus, a terrific puncher with lots of class, either has a glass chin or lacks the necessary courage. Until the knockout, the boys had boxed on even terms without causing any excitement, as both had lots of respect for the other's punching powers. Near the end of the second round, Georgie landed with both left and right to drop Marcus, who made little attempt to arise until after the count. Hansford weighed 132, Marcus 130.

Irwin Kay, 145, was far from impressive in winning over Elmer Lewis in the six-round semi. Both boys tried hard, but the bout lacked thrills. A packed house witnessed the show.

In San Diego . . . Shorty Hogue, 160, administered a severe lacing to Charlie (Suitcase) Simpson, 162, in 10 rounds at the Coliseum. Simpson didn't take a round, but Hogue could not floor him.

Is Georgie Hansford to run up another string of wins? Hansford has been fighting for 11 years, and a number of times has been regarded as through, only to come back and chalk up a few more victories. In his latest "come back" he has beaten Babe Brandelli, Freddie Miller and Eddie Marcus.

In Ocean Park . . . . Red Green, of Hollywood, checked Babe Brandelli's winning streak by scoring a decisive victory over the Venice Terror. Although the scrap was fast and hotly contested throughout, the Signal Kid was ahead in seven of the eight rounds. Green weighed 141, Brandelli 142. A record-breaking crowd attended.

Chuck Crowell, Artesia Giant, knocked the gas out of Blimp Williams, Fresno Negro, in the third round at the Olympic Auditorium. The Blimp, who went UP when he flattened Haystack Sloan the week before, went DOWN when Crowell connected with a right to the jaw. The colored behemoth was dropped four times before the full count. The Blimp, who was a betting favorite, shot the scales up to 315, Crowell came in at 221.

Jack Coggins, 175, San Diego, stopped John Petry, 184, Colorado, in the third round of the semi-windup.

LEST I FORGET . . . Too bad that Lee Savold, (i) didn't get going good when Mike McNulty had him out here on the Coast, for Mike is deserving of such a break. McNulty always said that Savold had the stuff, if he would only snap into it . . . . Jimmy McDaniels is looking mighty good in his return to the ring. McDaniels was one of the most promising of local boxers a year ago . . . . Karl Ogren of Stone Lake, Wis., is here with Arne Anderson, his Swedish heavy, and Floyd Hagan, hard hitting feather of St. Paul . . . . Eddie Marcus was dubbed "The Ooomph Boy," (Ye gawds! What is the game coming to?) but Georgie Hansford probably knocked all the Ooomph out of him . . . . Georgie Crouch is back from New York . . . . Carlos Miranda, a former main-eventer, made his first start in over a year and was very impressive in flattening Zeke Castro . . . . Kid McCoy, the former great, is spending a few weeks in L. A. He is looking swell and still possesses his winning personality . . . . When better Filipino fighters are developed Whitey Eckwert will probably train them. Whitey, who was the trainer of the great Pancho Villa, is now doing a good job with Little Pancho and Dencio Cabanello . . . . This Dencio Cabanello is the son of the great Dencio, said to have been the best of all Filipino boxers.

Sammy Magro Birmingham, Ala., welter, looked good in winning a prelim at Hollywood . . . . Shorty Hogue, twin brother of Big Boy, seeks a bout with Turkey Thompson, to avenge his brother's defeat. If he gets it, who will avenge Shorty's defeat? . . . . Genero (Spider) Rojo showed lots of class in handing Paul Woods his first setback . . . . Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, he is of the Jack Benny program, has joined the ranks of movie and radio personalities who manage fighters.

Bobby Pacho is still the "acid test" for young boxers who aspire for "top billing," and the veteran Mexican scrapper is still "strychnine" to most of them . . . . Sammy Musto of Omaha, who has fought main events in the South, was beaten in a semi at Hollywood . . . . Our prelim boys are too good for most of the visiting fighters . . . . Gayne Norton, who bought the contract on Turkey Thompson, won $77,000 in the 1935 Irish Sweepstakes . . . . I would pick Toby Vigil over any lightweight on the Coast, with the possible exception of Jackie Wilson.

Address any correspondence to Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Tabor's first show, staged at the Civic Auditorium, was a highly interesting program, but though he featured some of San Francisco's best cards in three 10-rounders, the crowd was not large. It appears tough to get the fans in the Auditorium.

Al Delaney of Buffalo, scored a T.K.O. over Newsboy Millich of Sacramento, in the fifth round, the bout being stopped because of a badly cut eye. Delaney had been outboxing Millich and had dropped the Newsboy for count of seven in the fourth. Vern Bybee, Salt Lake City featherweight, won over Gene Espinoza of Los Angeles, by T.K.O. in the seventh, due to a cut eye. Bybee had the Filipino down for nine in the first round and was far out in front.

Pat Valentino, Italian middleweight, stopped Big Tiger Wade in the eighth of the third 10-rounder.

Sonny Boy Walker of Phoenix, Ariz., stopped Harold Blackshear, Monterey Negro heavy, in the ninth at the Oakland Auditorium. Walker had dropped the colored heavyweight three times for nine-counts and was credited with seven of the rounds. Newsboy Gavras won all the way in another 10-rounder with Al Avila.

Billy Newman is to make another trip to Australia soon. Vern Bybee, crack Salt Lake City featherweight, is to accompany him.

Dale Sparr, Colorado middleweight, won a 10-round decision over Kip Mays of Watsonville, in the first show of the year at National Hall.

Frank Shuler's heavy, Sonny Boy Walker, has greatly improved in recent months and appears capable of making it tough for any of the big fellow's we've seen.

Al Delaney, Buffalo, won an easy 10-round decision over Eddie (Unknown) Winston, Negro heavy, at National Hall. Delaney floored Winston in the third.

Little Pancho gave Small Montana a terrific lacing in the featured 10-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium, taking every round. Pancho made a dandy fight, but Montana is no longer a threat to flyweight contenders. Pancho weighed 114, Montana, 110.

Frankie Limas gave Domingo Valin a body beating to garner a 10-round decision.

Chick Delaney, southpaw featherweight, knocked out Donnie Maes of Denver, in the third of the third 10-rounder.

In Sacramento . . . . Ernie Roybal, 122, Sacramento, decisioned Olin Loy, 126, Los Angeles, in a six-rounder. It was Roybal's first main event.

Abie Israel, former bantamweight, who was meeting the best of Coast boxers a few years ago, is now a promoter at Vallejo.

In San Jose . . . . Little Pancho, 117, challenger for flyweight title, decisioned Henry Hook, 118, Indianapolis, in 10 rounds.

Norman Smiley, manager of Newsboy Gavras, has a couple of good kids in Tony and Ernie Sanchez. He is to turn them pro shortly.

Dale Sparr, Colorado middleweight, won a hard fought 10-rounder over Lloyd Delucchi at National Hall, to chalk up his third straight win.

In Stockton . . . . Little Dado, recognized flyweight champion, was held to a 10-round draw by Manuel Ortiz of El Centro. Each weighed 115.

Clay Rowan, Stockton middleweight, scored a T.K.O. over Kip Mays of Watsonville, in the fifth round at National Hall.

In Sacramento . . . . Harold Hoshino, 126, hard punching Japanese of Seattle, stopped Canada Lee, 125, New York Negro, in the fourth round. Lee was dropped three times.

The Armstrong-Garcia battle staged at the Gilmore Stadium was put over in big league style by the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Bill Miller, Gene Vinassa, Ben Goldner and Dean Snyder contributed their services in the publicity department, and they turned in a wonderful job.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

SONNYBOY WALKER, the Gaelic Gaucho from Arizona, was unquestionably the man of the month past. He clambered out of a heavyweight division ashcan to technically knock out ambitious young Harold Blackshear in the ninth round of their headline brawl at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium, and thereby regained the spot he held in the local fistic sun before a thumping by Lou Nova and consecutive icings at the hands of Chuck Crowell and Bob Nestell blasted him out of the Bay Region picture more than a year ago.

Walker put on a four-bell performance in stopping Blackshear, a bruising young Monterey Negro, who attained some local glory by stretching ringwise Al Delaney, although he was later outboxed by Eddie Mader, the New York veteran. Sonny decked the statuesque darky three times and handed him a nifty boxing lesson before it was stopped with Harold well on the yellow brick road to Oz.

Veteran Frank Tabor, who knows the leather business from A.A.U. to Mike Jacobs, has hung out his promotional shingle and if experience breeds success he might be a badly needed shot in the arm for the sadly frazzled San Francisco fight market.

His first bill was topped by a heavyweight battle involving Al Delaney, upstate New Yorker who has been winning locally, and "Newsboy" Millich, rough and ready Sacramento Russian. Delaney stopped the awkward newsie in five rounds, a cut eye terminating the affair with Millich bewildered by the mechanical efficiency of Delaney, who is still too smart for lots of them.

Vern Bybee, fast-punching ex-Olympic Club star, technically kayoed Gene Espinosa, slambang Filipino veteran, in the seventh of another scheduled 10, and Pat Valentino, hard-hitting Italian light-heavyweight, stopped Big Tiger Wade in a third feature.

Little Pancho, a talented Filipino halfpint, who has been fooling around on the suburbs of the Big Time for the past three or four years, may yet make all the money in the flyweight division if a proposed match involving him and Little Dado materializes. Pancho served notice on Dado by slapping countryman Small Montana all over the Oakland Auditorium ring winning by a huge margin and throwing in a sixth-round knockdown for good measure. Montana, third member of this Filipino Flyweight Triple Entent, Inc., will probably hand in his pugilistic chips after the sound beating at Pancho's hands which leaves a very smart-looking attraction for the promoter who can cook up a colossal featuring Pancho and Dado. The latter has licked everything under 112 pounds with the exception of Scarlett O'Hara but he will have to step his fanciest to take Pancho the Puncher. During the month Dado was held to a draw by Manuel Ortiz, oft-whipped Southern California Mexican, but there is a possibility that his mind was not on the business at hand. A few days after we mail this in, Dado clashes with Tony Olivera, California-recognized bantamweight king at the Oakland Auditorium. This will undoubtedly be a dude of an evening, for Olivera is capable of handing Dado the first setback that worthy will have suffered in some five years of battling.

Fistiana requiem . . . . Jimmy Britt is gone to glory. Fabulous figure from a fabulous San Francisco boxing era, he was one of the great lightweights of all time; he beat Lavigne, Bat Nelson and Frank Erne, he fought 18 rounds with Master Joe Gans; in later years Jimmy Britt, vaudevillean, recently city hall employee, man about town, reciter extraordinary and he could drag a tear from the most hardened listener with his gesticulatory rendition of "The Kid's Last Fight"; dapper, smiling, baby-faced Jimmy Britt—suddenly gone, and leaving a great memory for those San Franciscans who knew him when.

ON THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCK MARKET . . . . National Hall, the perennial pillbox, continues as the only Northern California abbatoir operating on a regular weekly basis . . . . During the month at the Hall, Clay Rowan, rugged Sacramento middleweight, outpunched Alex Watson, Seattle Negro, in six, Polly Watkins in six, but in a rematch with Watson scheduled for 10 was knocked terrifically out in the fourth round and almost didn't regain consciousness . . . . Dale Sparr, red-headed Colorado middleweight, body punched his way to a 10-round win over Lloyd Delucchi, Mission Street left hooker . . . . Harold Blackshear knocked off Jack Stanley in three heats at Salinas . . . . Newsboy Joe Gavras outslugged Stockton Al Avila in 10 torrid rounds at Oakland . . . . George Latka, shifty San Jose lightweight, outboxed Sailor Dub Bowen of Los Angeles, in a 10-round top at the Garden City . . . . Chick Delaney, San Leandro featherweight, climbed off the floor behind a left hook that almost sent Donnie Maes of Los Angeles through the Oakland Auditorium skylight and wound up their meeting in round four . . . . Delaney will do until a harder punching featherweight comes along . . . . Frankie Limas and Domingo Valin, a pair of shopworn heavyweights, battled through 10 eccentric rounds at Oakland with Limas awarded the nod . . . . Al Delaney easily outpointed elderly Eddie Unknown Winston, Connecticut darky, in a National Hall windup . . . . Al Manfredo and Al Smith, middleweights, fought 10 rounds to a standoff at Fresno.

Lee Savold of Des Moines is rated among the leading contenders for Joe Louis' throne. It wasn't so long ago that Lee Savold-i was whipped twice locally by Sonnyboy Walker and knocked cold by roughneck Domingo Valin in a preliminary bout at the Oakland Auditorium. Savold-i's present stature would seem to indicate that Monopolist Mike Jacobs is awfully hard up for heavyweight prizefighters . . . . Add debunking: Johnny Paychek, the Midwestern Marvel, took four rounds to knock out Pietro Georgi in a Florida ring. Two years ago everyone held their breath when Pietro appeared in a San Francisco ring, for fear he would get badly hurt by some brash youngster with no respect for age. Georgi was through three or four years ago although he was a pretty good fighter when Roosevelt was starting his first term. Or maybe I'm wrong.

The brothers Lunny, Ray and Jack, a couple of San Francisco kids barely past high school age, are red-hot attractions at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Ray, a 128-pounder, with worlds of boxing class, was a riot, no less, in his first main event at the Movie City arena when he trimmed dangerous Guy Serean in 10 rounds. Jack, a welterweight, is climbing fast and belted out a tough Original American, Lemuel Yazzi, in his last start.

Japanese Jolter Harold Hoshino, a featherweight with a lusty wallop, who got nowhere in a hurry boxing around Seattle, came to Northern California looking for action, found it in the persons of a few lesser lights whom he stretched in a hurry, and was promptly called back to the Northwest by Nate Druxman, that sector's Major Domo . . . . The terrific beating Fred Apostoli suffered at the hands of Melio Bettina has probably set the ex-St. Francis bellhop on the sidelines for quite some time, if not forever, and there are those in local fight circles who disapprove more than ever of Manager Larry White's managing. Apostoli, a potentially great fighter, went out with shocking suddenness after the two whippings handed him by Billy Conn. The night that Fred whipped Freddie Steele in the Garden will always be remembered as the former bellboy's greatest effort . . . . Current in the San Francisco *Chronicle* is Harry B. Smith's "Ring Shadows by the Golden Gate," the story of James Wood Coffroth, and one of the most comprehensive stories of boxing's Golden Era that I have ever read. Mr. Smith, an old-timer's old-timer, is an artist at making that great period live again on the pages of his Sporting Green.

The Hearst Diamond Belt tournament, a national affair, was one of the classiest amateur boxing carnivals to show in this sector for years. . . . . Particularly James Edgar, a colored welterweight from the Midwest, who stole the lion's share of the next morning publicity . . . . The only local winner was Mike Bernal, representing the Athens' Club Oaklands. Bernal came off the deck twice in the first round of his finals bout and put on a boxing exhibition that almost belied his amateur standing. It won him the decision and a thunderous ovation.

Write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street and I will see you next month in this space.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE progress of Dearborn's welterweight "Golden Boy," the sensational Young Kid McCoy, is being noted by ring worms the country over. McCoy's opponents of the past month were seasoned campaigners, and the results a little surprising. On New Year's Day, McCoy fought Joey Miehielove, rugged Detroiter, and outpointed him easily in a six-rounder at the Fair Grounds Coliseum. Then McCoy battled to an eight-round draw with the fast and sharp punching Willie Joyce at Chicago's Marigold Gardens. His last time out McCoy proved that he is ready for the leaders by soundly whipping Victor Troisi, rough going New York Italian, in a ten-rounder at the Fair Grounds Coliseum. He dropped Troisi once, cut his right eye, and proved himself master all the way as Troisi didn't win a round. The New Yorker put up a plucky fight, but was outclassed by the quick winging McCoy.

John L. Nelson of Northville, Mich., has been making a stab at putting boxing back on the big time in Detroit. To date he has run two shows at the Fair Grounds Coliseum, and the matches, made by the veteran Scotty Monteith, have proved dandies. His first show featured Gus Lesnevich and Dave Clark, and Detroiters saw why Gus is rated close to the top of the light-heavyweight heap. Clark put up a nice fight, but Lesnevich showed himself to be a real fighter as he walked off with a clear margin after ten non-stop rounds.

Billy Beauhuld, New Jersey Irishman, ran into some trouble in the eight-round semi, but managed to gain the nod over Mickey Duris of Johnstown, Pa. Speedy Johnson, Pontiac colored flash, surprised in winning clearly over the highly-touted Georgie Crouch in a six-rounder. George Burnette outpointed Hal Dettman, and Tommy Morris drew with Herb Wiley.

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Roscoe Toles flashed a new form of fighting in winning the state heavyweight title in a ten-rounder at the Fair Grounds. Pressed to the limit by "Honest Jawn" Whiters, the Pontiac Janitor, Toles did some real battling and outpointed Johnny by a clear margin, although Whiters kept coming all the way.

Holman Williams, Detroit colored boy, making his first appearance before the home towners in five years, outpointed Irish Eddie Dolan in ten rounds of skillful battling. Both of these boys have plenty of class. Ed Kozole kayoed Young Herrera and Don Siegal iced Ed Pierz in one round apiece, and in a four, Danny Murphy outscored Jack Jarcy.

Herb Wiley, bantamweight southpaw socker, outpointed Georgie Kell, Windsor midget, in a headliner for Walter Sharp at Fairview Gardens. Billy Bengal drew with Elmore Barnes and outpointed Buddy Waterman in Fairview bouts. If Bengal would make up his mind to do so, he could become a headliner. George Burnette kayoed Sonnyboy Akers in another Fairview headliner, and defended his state middleweight title.

Mansfield Driskell, rangy colored welter, who won the state welterweight title by winning an elimination tournament, turned up sick just before he was to have staked the title against Young Kid McCoy. Driskell outpointed George Riley and knocked out Harold Smith and Joey Miehielove in winning the title, and his next fight will undoubtedly be with the Dearborn sharpshooter.

Lee Oma, eccentric Detroit light-heavy, turned in another sensational battle in going to an eight-round draw with Altus Allen in Chicago. Lee has the makings of a champion, but doesn't seem to have the inclination.

Bobby McIntire tried his hand at fighting welterweights when he encountered the tough and hard-hitting Tommy Pallatin in an eight-rounder in Chicago. Pallatin was unable to connect solidly over the entire distance, but forced the fighting and tried hard all the way, so was rewarded with the decision.

Andy Repasky, Rudy Zavadil's promising heavy, seems to be doing okay. His last time out saw him defeat colored Ted Lewis, and before that he dropped a close decision to Marion Mosely, Chicagoan, who has been coming along nicely.

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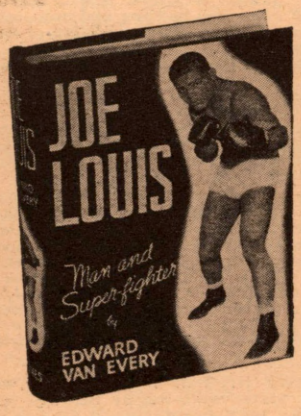

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MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON

By NATE PHILLIPS

BALTIMORE'S hard-hitting heavyweight, Bill Boyd, ran his string of victories in a local ring to six straight when he stopped Al Boros of Bridgeport in the eighth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Carlin's Arena in the main bout put on by the Century Athletic Club.

In the six-round semi-final, Larry (Killer) Marino and Johnny Kapovich fought a gruelling draw. Marino weighed 176, and Kapovich 175.

In the other six, Jerry Zeller, 180, won over Ralph McGagin, 171, by a technical knockout when Referee Bill Ellis stopped the fight because of a badly cut nose sustained by McGagin.

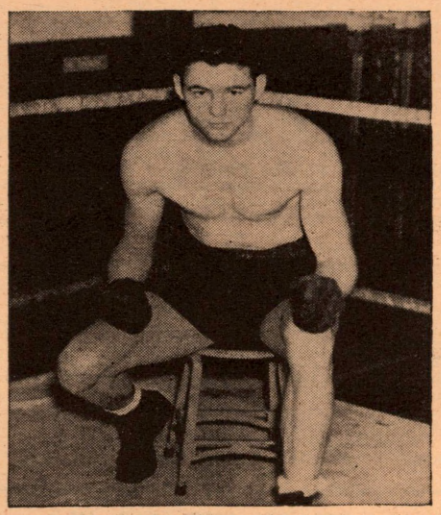
Hitoshi Tanaka, 121, won the unanimous decision over Bogeyman Coleman, 120, at the end of four rounds after being floored in the second.

In the opening four, Joey Dunne, 134, scored a technical knockout over John Maggio, 137.

Phil Furr and Milo Theodorescu, welterweights, fought a wild and furious fight, with Furr getting the majority decision over Theodorescu that was greeted by full-throated boos from the crowd. Milo cut Phil above the right eye in the second and had him almost helpless again in the sixth. Theodorescu finished the fight with a badly lacerated left cheek. To the majority of the fans present, it seemed that Furr was mighty lucky to win this one.

An early lead piled up by Al Gilbert, 155½, of Washington, gave him the nod over Baltimore's Vic Finazzo, 152. Finazzo won the fifth and sixth but could not overcome the lead that Gilbert already had.

The biggest upset of the night came when Eddie Finazzo, 146, Vic's kid brother, floored Joey Spangler, 152, of Richmond for an eight-count in



Ben Brown, Atlanta's crack middleweight.

the fourth, and was awarded the majority decision over Spangler.

Elwood Harris, 136¼, of Richmond, kept a straight left in the face of Phil Inzan, 137¼, through the curtain raiser to gain the nod over Inzan.

The National Athletic Club's weekly show featured three eight-round bouts topped by Red Cochrane of Elizabeth and Norman Herdman of Toronto.

Cochrane was easily the class of the card. Shifty, hard hitting and plenty tricky, he won every round to turn back Herdman with ease. Herdman was game as they come but was no match for the sharp shooting redhead. He was floored in the second, third and seventh rounds for short counts but always came up fighting.

The secondary feature showed Toby Tobias of Washington against Woody Boord of Uniontown, Pa. After winning the first round, flooring Boord for no count, Tobias ran into a hurricane of rights and lefts that Boord tossed from every angle to take the second, third and fourth heats. Tobias was floored in all three of these rounds for short counts. From here on experience and weight that Tobias had on Boord started to show, and he roughed and outfought Boord for the remaining rounds to win the decision.

The first eight-rounder showed Charlie Gilley, 134, pitted against a newcomer to Baltimore named Dick Carangelo, 131, of New Jersey, who was subbing for Maxie Fisher of Newark. This was the hardest fought fight on the card. After piling up an early lead, Gilley loafed through the fourth, fifth and sixth, but finished the seventh and eighth strong to have Carangelo in hand and win the nod.

In a six, Joe Catalfamo kept his record of wins undisturbed when he outpunched Tony Novello of New York. Both boys weighed 128.

In the opening four, Johnny Aicher, 182, won his second straight by a knockout when he stopped Leo Stoll of Baltimore, 180, in the first heat.

In one of the fastest knockouts on record at Carlins Park, Bobby Woods, 126¾, stopped Sammy Laporte, 124¾, in the featured 10-round main go, offered by the Century Athletic Club.

Laporte shot a right hand to the jaw of Woods that floored him, but he came up groggy as Referee Charlie Short commenced to count. The very unsteady Woods threw a right that dropped Laporte like a bag of cement. Laporte was up at the count of seven, and Woods nailed him again, this time into the ropes where he continued to rain punches on the helpless Laporte. The referee stepped in and awarded the fight to Woods on a technical knockout in about a minute and a half of the first round.

The six-round semi found all three officials casting a different vote at the end of this fight between Joe Sole, 128¾, and Sid Silverman, 130. To the majority of the fans it seemed that Sole won this fight by the proverbial mile.

Jimmy Collins, now under the guidance of Benny Benjamin, stopped Moe Slonaker in the fourth. Collins weighed 132½ and Slonaker 127.

The opening four saw Frank Lacy, 142, get a split decision over Buddy Spinner, 138. The other four saw Eli Hanover, 121, win handily over George Valahos, 124.

Tommy Tucker, Jimmy Johnston's hope for heavyweight fame, won a close decision over Mike Alfano of Newark. In the semi-final Joey Spangler of Richmond, 154, won easily over Johnny Duca, 160. In a six, Mareus Pitte, 125, of Washington, won the nod over Mickey Duca, 127. In the opening four-rounder, Tommy Burns, 156, of Johnstown, won over Hunter Crostic of Richmond, 157. In the second four-rounder, Hitoshi Tanaka made it two straight over Bogeyman Coleman of Florida. Both boys weighed 124½.

In a 12-round bout at the National Athletic Club's Arena Holman Williams, 147, of Detroit, left handed his way to an easy victory over Steve Mamakos, 147, of Washington. In the six-round semi-final, refereed by ex-champ Barney Ross, Joe Catafalmo, 129, pounded out his 11th straight pro victory when he beat Laurence Gunn, 123. In another sixer, Jerry Zeller, of Baltimore, stopped Johnny Aicher of Fairview, N. J., with 20 seconds of the fight remaining. In a four-rounder, that saw both boys go down for the count of seven for a double knockdown, Manuel Rosa was awarded a T.K.O. over Frankie McLaughlin. In the opening four, Pedro Sisko and Dutch Ardnt fought to a draw.

Joe Catafalmo, 129, fighting his first main go, was awarded a technical knockout over Bobby Woods, 127, in the eighth round. This was Joe's 12th straight win. In the six-round semi, Billy Carrigan, 142, outfought Charley Gilley, 137. In another six, Tommy Mollis piled up an early lead to gain the duke over Vic Finazzo. In the three fours, Kid Norfolk won over Buddy Holmes; Pedro Sisko won over Dutch Ardnt, and Manuel Rosa and Harry Birchfield fought to a draw.

The writer can be reached at 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

The Century A.C. showed Carl Dell against Lou Raymond in a 10 with Raymond winning by a T.K.O. in the third. In the semi Johnny Kapovich defeated Larry Marino in six; Buster Miller won over Tommy Julius in six; Arthur Johnson won over Frank McGagin in four and Frank Lacey defeated Joe Wheeler in four.

At Washington . . . . Goldie Ahearn trotted out the local heavyweight Natie Brown with Mickey McAvoy of California. Mickey was declared the winner on a foul in the third. In the eight-round semi Phil Furr won over Bobby Masters via a T.K.O. in the seventh. In the other eight El Brookman defeated Eddie Finazzo.

IN BUENOS AIRES

IN the first fight of the new year the Argentine, Tito Soria, 136 pounds, lost a decision to the Cuban, Reinaldo Buides Mora, lately arrived here with a team of Cuban fighters. Throughout the bout which went 12 rounds, the Cuban boxer proved superior to his opponent in technical achievement, quickness and punching power.

In a bout on January 13 the Argentine lightweight Victor Castillo, 137 pounds, won by a K.O. in the fourth round over the Cuban "Baby Oriental" Orestes Burgos, 135 pounds.

In an interesting fight of 12 rounds, presented on January 20, the Argentine "Sapo" Amado Azar, 166 pounds, registered a well merited decision over the Mexican Cecilio Lozada, 153 pounds.

A good show was offered to the public on January 27 between the Argentinian's Jaime Averboch, 144 pounds, and Antonio Rodero, 145 pounds. The fight ended in a draw.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

AL HOSTAK of Seattle made his Windy City debut in a non-titular bout opposite the rugged Tony Zale of Gary, Indiana, in a ten-round contest which was awarded to Zale on points.

For the first five episodes, Hostak literally punched Tony all over the Chicago Stadium ring, landing murderous belts to the body and chin that had Zale in a perturbed frame of mind. Hostak caught Zale with a terrific left-hook to the jaw that floored Tony for a one-count in the first round. Al unleashed a punishing right-hand blast to the chin, then spun Tony around, scoring several more deadly wallops, but the Gary battler weathered the storm.

In the fifth stanza, it was obvious that Hostak had injured his left hand, which hindered him from that stage on.

In the last five rounds, Tony had gained for himself a decided edge in the point scoring, connecting with damaging right-hand belts to the body and jabbing Al's head back with rapidity. Zale was given a unanimous victory by the officials, but were it not for a sustained injury by Hostak, the fight would have without a doubt gone the other way.

Buddy Knox, Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight contender, came back to Chicago to whip Henry Wacker, dynamic Taylorville, Illinois, bronze bomber, in the ten-round semi-attraction. The fans thought it should have gone the other way.

Tony Motisi, undefeated welterweight representative of the Catholic Youth Organization, repeated his previous triumph over Tommy Pallatin of South Bend, Indiana. Motisi proved to be the better boxer and also managed to land the cleaner blows to enhance his victory claim.

Bob Sikes, who is now under the management of Issy Kline, made his inaugural appearance a successful one by annihilating Bob Ray of Decatur, Ill., in the third canto.

In the opening joust, Booker Beckwith, a 1939 Golden Gloves winner in the 160-pound ranks, chalked up his third knockout in as many matches, this time Luther Brent, who has a one-round kayo triumph over Eddie Meleski, being the victim.

An approximate total of 10,500 fistic fans expended into the till a gross total of $21,493, which revealed a successful promotion for Bill Rand and his matchmaker, Eddie Long, financially and otherwise.

Bob Capocy, dapper manager of one-ton Tony Musto, has Tony ready for action. Floradorians will receive a real treat when Tony goes to the post, as Musto offers action personified when he gloves off with an opponent. Bob has Tony Di Pasquale on hand and in Tony's first biff under his new moniker, Rene Yoes, scored an eight-round draw with Gene Molnar, one of the better welterweights from that section.

Cornelius (Memphis Red) Johnson is proclaimed the shrewdest colored pilot in Chicago. Incidentally, Memphis Red was no shucks as a lightweight battler in his heyday. Besides managing several young prospects, he is the conditioner for Lem Franklin and Selman Martin.

Holman Williams, who is trained by Larry Amadee, formerly the conditioner of retired light-heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis, has kept himself very busy, taking on three topnotch welters during the past month. Holman defeated the hard-hitting Greek national ranker, Steve Mamakos, in a 12-rounder at Washington, D. C., beat Irish Eddie Dolan at Detroit, Michigan, in ten rounds, and dropped a hectic 15-round encounter to Louis (Kid) Cocoa at Baltimore, Maryland.

Orlando Trotter, young Chicago colored heavyweight, who is now under the guidance of Sonny Wallace and Eddie Nichols, came through with two impressive wins during the past month in wind-up fiascos. Orlando defeated both Johnny Hanschen and Bob Ray in ten-round contests up at Minneapolis, Minn.

Harvey Woods, who fought many a sterling battle here in Chicago, has chalked up several important victories in his comeback campaign. Harvey has beaten Don Swenson, Chino Lopez, Phil Latona and stopped Speedy Wallace in round four to set him on the right trail. Harvey at present scales 139 pounds. Earlier in his career, Woods won and lost to Pete Lello, opposed Davey Day (twice), in ten-rounders, and combated many competent 135-pounders.

Henry Wacker, heavy-hitting Taylorville, Ill., heavyweight, won a clean-cut decision over Ed (Tipperary) Murray in an eight-round bout. Henry dropped Murray for an eight-count in the first heat, but Murray managed to last the round and then extend Wacker for the duration of the tiff.

Marion Mosley, young Chicago heavyweight protege of Sam Buxbaum's, has gained another noteworthy victory, this time Bob Ray of Decatur being his victim in the five-round semi-feature.

In an additional five-round event, Ralph Guajardo, South Side Mexican welterweight, punched out a nice win over Bobby Ryan. George Kontopolis, Greek 147-pounder, obtained revenge opposite Johnny Balmer, whipping the Peorian decisively.

In the opening four-round tiff, Orlando Trotter, outweighed by some 40 pounds, soundly larruped Johnny Williams. Trotter scaled but 178 for this fight.

Jerry Hayes, competent masseur, is without a doubt the highest paid conditioner hereabouts. Besides administering his talents on professional boxers, Jerry takes care of many leading business men.

Pete Lello, sensational Gary lightweight, has definitely attained the topcrest of the 135-pound division. His sterling draw fight against the swarming onslaughts of Sammy Angott of Louisville, Ky., on the Apostoli-Bettina punch-maul at the Madison Square Garden emporium saw Pete clip Angott with a sharp right-hand uppercut in the eighth round, which is one of the few times that Sammy has kissed the canvas. Pete's ninth and tenth round rallies gave Lello his deserving even-stephen.

On that card, Billy Marquart, hard-punching Canuck, who has been a consistent winner in and around Chicago, attempted to set himself back in the lightweight limelight following his kayo setback at the hands of Cowboy Lew Jenkins, and this time in a bruising ten-rounder was repulsed by Tony Marteliano of Gotham.

William (Sonny) Brown, super valet at Trafton's Gymnasium, can be classified as one of the slickest dressers of all jitterbugs.

Willie Joyce, classy Gary lightweight and stablemate of Pete Lello, returned from a very successful invasion in Gotham rings. In his initial Chicago appearance following his recent Eastern sojourn, Willie ran into a tartar in Young (Kid) McCoy, who was given credit to an eight-round draw, although Joyce, in reality, should have been given the verdict.

Altus Allen met Lee Oma for a third engagement, each having stopped the other in one of their two previous encounters. This time they battled eight rounds to a tie. In the opening stanzas, it appeared as though Oma would blast Allen into oblivion, but the courageous Altus pulled out of that first round mess that he got into very nicely. Nevertheless, Lee had the upper hand of the biff and was deprived of hard earned honors.

In the other eight-round confab, Tommy Pallatin of South Bend, Ind., handed Bobby McIntire of Detroit a sound licking. The opening joust of four rounds also ended in a dead heat. Charley Banks of the South Side and Dick Kist of Danville, Ill., entered into the middleweight class. This is Kist's first appearance in eight months, which was due to the cancellation of his pro license. This action was taken after he had suffered a brain concussion, according to the attending physician, Dr. Frank A. Lagorio, after his kayo defeat by Eddie Meleski.

Lem Franklin, one-punch heavyweight artist from Cleveland, Ohio, again proved his dynamic hitting ability at the expense of Buddy Millard, elusive Indianapolis boxer, who was undefeated prior to his embroglio with the sturdy Lem. They were scheduled to mix it for eight rounds.

In the other half of the wind-up, in a bout slated for eight heats, Johnny Brown, C. Y. O. sharp puncher, returned from seclusion and hammered out a creditable win over Henry Huerta, Peoria Indian. They are featherweights.

In the preliminary contests of four rounds duration, Dick Kist stopped Danny Buckley of Peoria; George Kontopolis, West Side Greek welter, won over Bill Parsons of Danville, Ill., and Annunzio Ferrara defeated the ever-losing Bobby Ryan.

Gathering the Fistic Miscellany from Chicago's Rendezvous—Lou Jackson is seeking to sign up his welter candidate with a suitable Chicago opponent—Jess Ackerman is the name, and he hails from the state of Kansas and is reputed to be a tough hombre.

Sammy Sfaras, Greek-Italian featherweight, who changed his name at the outset of his pro career to Sammy Sullivan, will revert back to his own name as aforementioned and start anew down in Florida, where, I believe, Bob Capocy will do his business. Sammy has had but ten pro fights, but in those ten he has met worthy opposition.

Sam Ambruscato and George Sullivan have one of the sweetest welterweight prospects in Steve Souris of Gary. Steve is undefeated thus far and possesses a right-hand jolt comparable with any of the leading 160-pounders. After this lad acquires experience and ring polish, you will be hailing a new great.

Joe Kniff has entered his heavyweight in the open division of the Golden Gloves, Sam Morris, 195-pound sepia swiper, who has more than held his own with the pros in sparring jousts. Memphis Red has been keeping a watchful eye on this 6 foot 1 inch heavy, and Professor Bill O'Connell has tutored Sam on the finer points of fisticuffs.

Fighters with good records (white boys preferred), send me your complete boxing record, with clippings and accompanied with a photo, for bouts in the Middle West—with or without managerial connections—to Gene Engel, 180 W. Ranmy hands not later than the first of the month dolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

And RING enthusiasts, send in all notes, to be in at the above mentioned address.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

CANADIAN boxers have been doing all right by themselves, though having no action in their home towns. This applies particularly to Montreal boys, namely, Maxie Berger, Dave Castilloux and Harry Hurst. Berger, in his first start since becoming a benedict last December, whipped Johnny Rinaldi at the Broadway Arena to start his 1940 campaign for a spot among the leading welterweight contenders. Castilloux had the best of a pair of duels with Charlie Gomer, rugged Baltimore lightweight, and has his sights trained on bouts with ranking contenders for Lou Ambers' lightweight diadem.

Castilloux clashed with Gomer first in New York's Bronx Coliseum and a draw verdict was rendered. Reports indicated that the decision was unpopular as the Montrealer appeared to have had a good working margin. Promoter Jack Corcoran brought them together in a return bout at Toronto and Castilloux proved his superiority beyond doubt, holding his own during the first half of the battle and cutting loose with enough effect from there on to have Gomer in bad shape at the finish.

Hurst appeared impressively again in Toronto on the Castilloux-Gomer card. The dynamic young Montreal lightweight caused plenty of eyebrow-lifting. With this dispatch he disposed of Jeff Furrone, Syracuse Negro. Hurst held his own for two rounds then connected with a terrific right to the body that primed Furrone for a smashing right to the jaw that put him out cold for the count in the third round. The sensation youngster had made a sensational debut there with a spectacular two-round knockout of Huck Butters, but he was expected to have his hands full with the much more experienced Furrone.

STRAY SHOTS—Though steadily employed by an express company, Oliver Shank is training again for a campaign that he hopes will include several good shots against leading heavyweights . . . . his brother, Al Shank, is also training for a comeback among the middleweights now that his broken thumb has healed up .

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

FORT DODGE, Ia. . . . Henry Jones, Fort Dodge light-heavyweight, punched out an eight-round decision over Mike Klomp of Lime Springs, Ia., in the main event of Matchmaker Al Sinnott's boxing card in the K. of C. gym. It was the first boxing card to be staged in Fort Dodge in nearly two years. The whole card was highly satisfactory from the fans' standpoint. In the six-round semi-windup Goldie O'Hare outpointed Merrill Newman of Rockwell City. O'Hare landed enough punches to collect the decision but did little damage until the final round when he battered the Rockwell City fighter badly. Both are middleweights. In the prelims, all four rounders, Danny Groves of Humboldt stopped Speedy Coleman, Kankakee, Ill., in the second round; Tarzan Dilley of Webster City won over Nuchi Williams of Rockwell City; Al Powell of Des Moines beat Glenn Morrison of Omaha, Nebr., Benny Salvador of Fort Dodge stopped Jimmy Boggs in the first round. George Truckenbrodt popular Fort Dodge sportsman was third man for all the bouts. Matchmaker Al Sinnott announced he would appreciate hearing from talent for his future cards. Mail will reach him at 304 So. 15th St., Fort Dodge.

Spearfish, So. Dak. . . . Encouraged by a large crowd of fight fans who turned out for a free boxing card, and making every effort to return the fistic sport here, Keith Kemper, W.P.A. recreation program leader, has announced a similar boxing card at a future date. Most of the boxers who appear on the free cards plan to enter Golden Gloves tournaments throughout the state.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak. . . . Winners in the Sioux Falls district Golden Gloves amateur boxing tourney were as follows: Harold Merritt, Canistota, flyweight; Francis Eastman, Flandreau, bantamweight; Glenn McDougal, Brookings, featherweight; James Spotted Eagle, Flandreau, lightweight; Bernard Clark, Sioux Falls, welterweight; Byron Slattery, Sioux Falls, middleweight; Dave Wirt, Sioux Falls, light-heavyweight; and Sammy Beggeman, Sioux Falls, heavyweight.

Norfolk, Neb. . . . Forty-four fighters representing 20 towns in northeast Nebraska and southern South Dakota entered the seventh annual Golden Gloves staged here.

The results follow: FLYWEIGHT: Dale Stanley, Dixon, decisioned Duane Clark, Johnstown; Snuffy Stansbury, York, decisioned Willis Innes, Oakdale. BANTAMWEIGHT: Oren Boyle, Jackson and Floyd Barrett, Norfolk, drew byes. FEATHERWEIGHT: Bud Gale, Bassett, decisioned Harold Christensen, Battle Creek; Duane Mauch, Bassett, decisioned Pat Patterson, York; Jim Emery, Norfolk, drew bye. LIGHTWEIGHT: Lyle Sawatzke, Crofton, technically knocked out Bill Hatcher, York, in third; Jack Mauch, Bassett, decisioned Bob Ball, Elgin; Duke Willenstein, Ponca, knocked out Time Campos, York, in second; Stanley Ross, Crofton, decisioned Lyle Davis, Bassett. WELTERWEIGHT: James Henney, Elgin, decisioned Stuart Hendry, Norfolk; Virgil Carrico, Norfolk, technically knocked out Vern Dennis, Coleridge, in second; Ned Hartnett, Jackson, decisioned Earl Guenther, Crofton; Debert Krenzien, Clearwater, technically knocked out Donald Moore, Johnstown, in first; Royce Kreitman, Bassett, decisioned Ed Green, South Sioux City; Ned Hartnett, Jackson, decisioned Delbert Krenzien, Clearwater; James Henney, Elgin, forfeited second bout to Virgil Carrico, Norfolk. MIDDLEWEIGHT: Curt Carrico, Norfolk, technically knocked out Bill McCormick, Jackson, in second; Marvin Kreitman, Bassett, decisioned Bud Killion, Wakefield; Edward Junk, Coleridge, knocked out John Jones, York, in first; Don Davis, Bassett, drew bye; LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT: James Koudelka, Battle Creek, decisioned Bud King, Wayne; Virgil Rice, Clearwater, decisioned Francis Bergendahl, Norfolk; Vernon Hixson, Clearwater, decisioned Tim St. Onge, Ponca. HEAVYWEIGHT: Alex Fuchs, Stanton, Carl Schroeder, Vermillion, S. D., and Wesley Ludwig, Neligh, drew byes.

Norfolk, Nebr. . . . Five knockouts and the dethroning of Bud King, Wayne college battler as light-heavyweight champ by James Koudelka. Battle Creek, featured the 21-bout card of the Northeast Nebraska Golden Gloves tournament sponsored by the American Legion post and the Norfolk *Daily News*.

Lyle Sawatzke, Crofton, who won the featherweight championship last year, decisioned Bill Hatcher, York. Vernon Hixson, middleweight champion in 1937 and 1938, now fighting as a light-heavyweight, outpointed Tim St. Onge, Ponca, to gain the semi-finals.

Three sets of brothers, Curtis and Virgil Carrico, Norfolk high school football players; Duane and Jack Mauch, Bassett, and Royce and Marvin Kreitman, also of Bassett, punched their way to victories. Curtis Carrico technically knocked out Bill McCormick, Jackson, in the second round, and his brother finished Vern Dennis, Coleridge, via the technical knockout route in the second round. Virgil Carrico advanced to the middleweight semi-finals when James Henney, Elgin, forfeited to him in the second bout.

Ned Hartnett, Jackson welterweight, won two scraps, gaining decisions over Earl Guenther, Crofton southpaw, and Del Krenzien, Clearwater, who knocked out Donald Moore, Johnstown, in the first scrap.

Edward Junk, Coleridge middleweight, scored the fastest knockout, dropping John Jones, York, 40 seconds after the first round started. Duke Willenstein, Ponca lightweight, knocked out Tim Campos, York, in the second round. Campos whose head struck the floor a hard blow, had to be carried from the ring.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . Funeral services and burial were held at the Veterans hospital in Sawtelle, Cal., for John F. Lynn, former Sioux City boxing promoter and manager, who died there on his 54th birthday. Mr. Lynn was a boxing promoter, referee and manager around Sioux City about 20 years ago. Many of the old timers around the country will recall the red haired Johnny who managed several fighters and promoted a number of big cards here . . . . Johnny Paychek, Des Moines heavyweight, knocked out Huey Long, of Dallas, Tex., in two rounds at Savannah, Ga. . . . Pietro Georgi was another one who was belted out by the Des Moines entry. . . . . Gunnie Hansen is one of the leading third men in Northwest Nebraska. He hails from Norfolk . . . . Max Clayton is the live wire promoter at Omaha, Nebr. . . . Clyde R. Jay, of Boone, Ia., has several prospects under his management and would like to hear from promoters seeking talent . . . . Less Huffman manager of Jacky "Deacon" Taylor would like to show the latter around Iowa. Taylor is hailed a comer in the featherweight ranks around Ohio . . . . News for this spot must be in our hands by the 5th of each month. Our address: 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

IT is this writer's opinion that boxing in the state of Texas received a genuine break when Travis McCall was appointed chief inspector for the Boxing Commission. No man in the business is better qualified or more familiar with the game than Travis, who has been a vital part of the fight game here for many years, as fighter, manager and promoter. Boxing means everything to the new chief. He immediately issued a new set of rules that should prove a boon to everyone interested. Fighters and managers from other parts may rest assured that they will receive nothing but the finest and squarest treatment when appearing in the Lone Star State under the present regime.

THIS 'N' THAT:—Kenny LaSalle is back in town campaigning around Georgia and Florida . . . . Hugh Benbow, Houston's enterprising promoter, has remodelled his Olympiad arena, adding to the seating capacity as well as installing a floor suitable to basketball and other sports. He closed shop during the alterations but is going again with his regular Tuesday night shows, drawing exceptionally good crowds . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas can contact the local promoter at 110½ Travis St., Houston, Texas . . . . Two new clubs are reported to be in the formative stages, with Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, teaming with J. Curtis Sanford, Dallas' Cotton Bowl promoter, as one combination and John Galiano, former state boxing inspector, reported to move in with the Sportatorium crowd . . . . Houston also may see another club, with wrestling czar Morris Sigel, considering moving over into the fight game, although nothing definite has been announced as yet . . . . Baldy Baldesareli is going over great with his promotional venture in San Antonio . . . . Evelyn Harper, the auburn-haired lady manager, is campaigning out of the Alamo City with a stable headed by Johnny Stevens . . . . Golden Gloves were a tremendous success with scores of fine looking kids being produced . . . . Ray Darnell, Houston lightweight, is the sweetest puncher we have seen in many a moon and may turn pro soon . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG seemed to retain the same form against Pedro Montanez that he displayed a couple of months ago in Cleveland when he liquidated Jimmy Garrison. Armstrong had gone a bit stale prior to the Garrison tilt and the fellow who predicted his inevitable passing was named legion. Now the same source feels that he is very apt to repeat his convincing defeat of Ceferino Garcia which would give him as good a claim to the middleweight championship as the next man.

In deference to the annual Golden Glove tournament the local athletic arenas have been dark for some time. The only thing even bordering on sports activity has been an occasional wrestling exhibition.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

BILL GORE, Florida's own famous fight trainer, played a leading role in Melio Bettina's kayo triumph over Fred Apostoli which eventually will lead the Beacon boy to another title quest of Billy Conn's light-heavyweight crown. Gore assisted in Melio's corner. Swell work, Bill.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Fight Infantile Paralysis call is receiving whole-hearted support by the sports lovers of Jacksonville.

All eyes turned to Red Turner, a great Armory performer in his days, when he climbed through the ropes to tangle with Tommy Robitzch in the semi-final bout of Jimmy Murdock's Paralysis Fund Card. Red, married and a daddy of a fine three-year-old daughter, returned for the last time to the roped square but only because of the Paralysis Drive. He had the best reasons for his return. Barbara Ann, his youngster, was stricken with the dreaded malady a while back and after appealing to the local authorities for help, the little girl was cured by the Fund's treatments. In his smallest way to show appreciation, Red Turner asked that he be put on the card and Promoter Jimmy Murdock was quick in turn to do so.

Ex-middleweight king of the South, Ben Brown, made his West Palm Beach debut a successful one but had a narrow escape in winning over Pietro Georgi in the 10-round main event. However, it was Georgi, even in the losing, who stole the show and the crowd's plaudits by his showmanship qualities. Young Ben took Pietro lightly in fighting qualities but soon reversed his field and just did gain the favor of Referee Billy Shell. In the semi-final eight-rounder, they had to call another close one and found Clarence King, local boxer, a knife edge winner over the fleet Kid Hatcher. King made up for a recent loss to the Kid, both lighties. Joe Temes, who has been campaigning with success in mid-Eastern rings, showed up in the six-rounder and trimmed the durable Al Manriquez.

A letter to this writer from Tip Salimene, Providence, R. I., indicates that the promoter there is eager to get Tommy Kiene, Savannah's hope in the bantamweight division, for a main event with Al Mancini. Like everyone who knows Tommy personally, we would like to see the youngster get ahead and I hope he lands the shot.

Unknown to many Jacksons, but one of her native sons, Harry Mitchell, is a leading boxing manager up New England way. Harry guides the fistic destiny of Babe Synott of Fall River, Mass.

Neville Beech, new sensation in the Southern heavyweight field, is bickering for a shot at Bob Sikes and the latter's Dixie diadem. Beech worked himself up into a lather in howling to the high heavens for this shot but hasn't yet got it. The garrulous glover scored an impressive three-round knockout over J. D. Turner, the Texas prospect. Looks like the South has a Tony Galento of its own, but one without the waistline trimmings in Beech.

Dan "Doc" Avery, well known throughout the country's fistic field, is soon to take up a promising young Southerner, one Pat Crowder, dubbed "The Fighting Jockey." The announcement made to this corner comes from Noble Mullins, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, who discovered Pat. The little ex-jockey completely stole the show which featured Worth London and Ray McNatt, by swarming all over Joe Ackman of Memphis and producing a sleep punch in the fifth round. Tommy Freeman, former welter, champ was in the referee's role.

At Hot Springs, Arkansas, the veteran Johnny Risko, won a very close one from big Sandy McDonald in 10 heats. Ole Johnny's looping left hook was very much in evidence and the two recorded some heavy punching in there. Both are heavies. In the semi, Young Doyle Venable scored a four-round T.K.O. over Jimmy Allen but after a hard tussle. In the sixer, Tiger Ivenson, colored lad, managed by Noble Mullins, came in for his T.K.O. win also and put it over on Kid Tobery, also a colored battler, in the third canto. This was a honey while it lasted. Both are light-heavies.

Bob Sikes, Southern heavyweight kingpin, made his debut on the Al Hostak-Tony Zale non-title go in the Chicago Stadium and the punching heavy from Pine Bluff, Ark., scored another of his kayoes. His opponent was Bob Ray and the end came in the third of a scheduled sixer. A left hook to the chin did the trick.

Taking in at Jimmy Murdock's semi-pro shows at Jacksonville, the one time ace-featherweight-lightweight, Jimmy Dunn, was given a great hand from the galleryites. Forty-eight years old, looking younger but handicapped by the loss of his eyesight, the ex-battler fought some of the best of his time. With his 14 years of ring experience, Jimmy Dunn engaged in 322 bouts and chiefly numbered among them are tiffs with two world's champions, Benny Leonard and Johnny Dundee. Dunn has also crossed gloves with Willie Jackson and Kayo George Chaney.

Jackie Carter informs the writer that Allie Frank, known as the "Wandering Promoter" now at Miami, is interested in re-opening Jacksonville. In the meanwhile, Allie is doing great work in the Sunshine City resort as matchmaker for the state's colored fight club. In a sweet sockeroo, Henry Taylor, who specializes in upsets, did just that in taking it away from Atlanta's colored fistic hero, Bearcat Obie Walker.

Lew Williams and Bogeyman Coleman, Jacksonville boxers who went to participate in Baltimore and Washington rings are back in the old home town. But Marvin Cumbie, now Joey Dunne, is under a New York fight manager where he will get proper schooling before engaging in any further warfare. J. J. Goss will be in Sarasota to take over duties on his boxer-brother, Roger.

Harold Beall, Atlanta sportsman, along with Dan Pittman and Homer Bond are attempting the comeback of boxing in the Georgia capitol. An organization formed by the trio has been named "sporting Enterprises" and it is their ambition to put Atlanta back on the fight map. Beall promoted for two years in the East Point Auditorium and is well known in the fight fraternity in Dixie. Considerable expense has been gone through by these three sportsmen in equipping an up-to-date gym and are at present ready for the big bouts. Fighters on the way to Florida for the season who wish to appear on the "Enterprise" cards can do so by contacting the writer at 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

At Hot Springs . . . Bob Sangster and Ed Barnsback opened their show with a Sandy McDonald-George Vallas headliner. Big Sandy proceeded to kayo the Greek heavyweight in three rounds with a left hook to the whiskers. Georgie got in his share of right hand shots before succumbing to the Texan's attack. Again, Pat Crowder, known as the Fighting Jockey, came through with another knockout triumph. This time he scored over Doug Gibson in a red hotter in four rounds. Noble Mullins' colored star, Tiger Ivenson, kept up his knockout spree by adding Reggie Bass to the list of nine straight. The Tiger looks O. K. Doyle Venables outpointed Tiger Burns in a fast bout all the way.

Pal Silvers, British Honduras welter champ, would like to box in the U. S. and American fight managers interested in taking over this hard hitting colored boy can write this corner for all info needed. Aiken, S. C., comes back to have pro boxing in her midst and her promoters are Roy Badges and Govan Rhodes. Pa and Ma Stribling are in Miami with their new heavy, Young Allen, of Macon.

With the Muscle Shoals (Florence, Ala.,) amateur boxing team still on the warpath, the hard fighting Southerners again came through and white washed the Cumberland University squad by the score of 4 to 0. Several new prospects were uncovered in the Alabama boys. Four of the local group enter the state Golden Gloves tournament, at this writing, in Birmingham. They are Bill Cornelius, top welter who has practically defeated every opponent given him; Mutt Bonds, featherweight ace who has a splendid record of losing only one battle in 75 times at bat; Dump Davenport, a Tarzan built light-heavyweight who has kayoed four of his last five adversaries in the first round; and J. C. Cornelius, a 112-pounder, with one loss in 40 fights. They are expecting the latter named to reach Chicago this year. With the success of the North Alabama Golden Gloves assured, the Muscle Shoalers are looking forward to the Southeastern A.A.U. championships in March.

Corpus Christi, Tex., has as its new fight impresario C. C. Dew and it is the promoter's wish to hear from any talent coming that way for his shows. Address him at the Olympic Club, 1608 So. Staples St.

With Jimmy De Witt back in Jacksonville the local fans will have the chance to see a vastly improved lad, who left to make good in Virginia rings, and did just that. Jimmy is slated to meet Leon Foucart in the top Jimmy Murdock card for the Paralysis Fund. Johnny Carotonuto, Parris Island marine, who holds a T.K.O. win over Leon Foucart and a decision over Ralph McGhaghin is ready for more fistic triumphs, writes his manager, Vinson McNeill.

Johnny Paychek added three more on his victory list each kayo triumph. First was Pietro Georgi, who went four rounds in Orlando to inaugurate the city's $110,000.00 fight auditorium, next he halted Jimmy La Croix in the second round and a trip to Savannah, Ga., found Joe Louis' young but prematurely bald title aspirant winning that debut over Huey Long in three cantos.

With Kid Hatcher winning over Snag Trowbridge, Clarence King and knocking out Joe Lenihan, South Florida sees a promising future ahead for the South Carolinian. He lost a closer return to King. Rumors have it that Jimmy Erwin will promote at Chattanooga. Add Gorden Monroe to the list of Kid Hatcher's victims; a kayo in three for the Kid. Roger Goss and Kid Williams made a neat showing for nine rounds but a left hooker from Williams' side came in contact with Roger's eye and the bout was stopped there. . . . Address all news to Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

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FROM NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

NEW BEDFORD . . . . George Henry, 145, New York, easily won over Al Traino, 147, Rochester, N. Y. in 10 rounds.

Boston . . . . Andy Callahan, of Lawrence, won over Young Byron, Roxbury, in a savage 10-rounder. Callahan making a comeback, was in great shape at 138¾, but found Byron, 141½, a tough man to beat. The taller Negro started fast and gave Andy a lot of trouble, cutting his eye midway in the bout.

Sal Bartolo, New England feather champion, won over Bob "Poison" Ivy, in the other 10-round feature.

Leo Dulmaine had things his own way in his bout with Johnny Sorenson, Providence, until the referee stopped the bout at the end of the third.

Jackie Caparell, Boston, hit Tony Gouveia, Taunton, with everything but the stool to win in a six.

Eddie Holmes, veteran of Pawtucket, R. I., once a slick lightweight, knew too many tricks for Sammy Tenore, of Quincy, beating him in a four-rounder.

Worcester . . . . Pat Foley, Worcester's second best drawing card, added little glory in disposing of Joey Greb, Herkimer, N. Y., veteran, in the fifth. Foley, not known for his punch, had things his own way from the start. There are plenty of good lightweights in New England that would give Foley a much better battle.

Johnny Skhor, Baltimore, 195, knocked out Frank Pucci in the first.

Your scribe was the guest of Walter Brown, energetic General Manager of the Boston Garden and Arena, at the state championships. Walter Brown is cooperating to get worthwhile bouts at the Garden in the near future. State champs were: 112—Eddie DiAngelis, 118—Francis Doyle, 126—Steve Kronis, 135—John Daley, 147—Carlo Intinarelli, 160—Lou Vivolo, 175—Thomas Sullivan, heavy—Kenneth Jason (amateur).

Manchester, N. H. . . . Paul Junior, Lewiston, Me., easily beat Dusty Brown, Fall River, Mass., winning by a technical K. O. in the sixth.

Semi-final, Florant Desmarais, took the decision from Charley Chellis, Lewiston, Me.

New Bedford . . . . Ted Lowry, 164½, knocked out Sam Shumway, 165, Webster, in the third.

"Italian" Jack Dempsey, 162, stopped Johnny DiCiantis, 164, Providence, in two rounds.

Boston . . . . Bobby "Poison" Ivy beat Darse Robertson, Birmingham, Ala., in a hard fought 10-rounder. Both boys are hard hitters and kept busy every minute which made it an even fight. The "Poison" kid, a favorite in the Hub, had more of his tough luck when, at the end of the ninth slipped and turned his ankle. Ivy showed his grit by slugging out the 10th.

Al Sinibaldi, 178½, looked impressive knocking out Johnny Hayes, 185½, Roxbury, in the first.

Jimmy Ranahan, Boston, fought a hard battle with Billy Lancaster, Portland. Ranahan took a lot of punishment but was given the nod over the colored boy, in six rounds.

Jack Dubois, Lewiston, Me., defeated Lou Fico, Providence, six rounds.

Bill Tordiglione, Boston, easily beat Eddie O'Tash, Portland, in his first pro start, in four rounds.

Al Rotundo, Providence, beat Kiki Stanley, Saco, Me., in four.

Worcester . . . . Coley Welch, Portland, Me., made a convincing debut in this district, by winning over Babe Orgovan, Texas, by a T.K.O., in the eighth.

Johnny Seaman, 157, edged out Jackie Dubois, 152, Lewiston, Me., in six. The tough Frenchman had fought a tough battle the night before in Boston.

Eddie Dulmaine, Millbury, won the decision from Martin Riley, Fall River, in six.

Portland, Me. . . . Paul Junior, won the 10-round decision over Chalky Wright, Detroit, in a slow bout.

Billy Lancaster, New York, defeated Billy Connerty, Boston, in the six-round semi-final.

New Bedford . . . . Sam Shumway, Webster slugger, redeemed himself by winning the eight-round decision, over Ted Lowry, New Bedford, after losing to Lowry the week before.

George Henry, 145, New York, defeated Mickey Makar, 148, Bayonne, N. J., in 10 rounds.

Flashes . . . . Dem Wakerlis, Greek welter, is out of the game with bad eyes . . . . Andy Martin, former New England bantam champ, is instructor at Kelly and Hayes' gym, Hanover St., Boston . . . . Vic Lotti, veteran of 286 fights, has retired. Vic was a great crowd pleaser and his best stock in trade was a terrific left hook, which caused him to pile up a good record of kayoes. Lotti, formerly, of Marlboro, Mass., is now boxing instructor at the Y.M.C.A. in Southbridge, Mass.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

WATERBURY: At the Buckingham Hall: Dick Turcotte, Waterburian welterweight who is coming along in fine style, annexed a victory via the technical knockout route over Johnny Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the seventh round. Ward sustained a cracked rib.

In the other co-feature Doug Marsh, cagy welterweight from Canada, came out on top in his battle of eight rounds with Jimmy Bell, colored warrior of New Haven.

In a rip-roaring melee Ken Blackmer, New York welterweight, emerged victor over Tommy Ciarlo, Waterbury, at the end of six rounds. Blackmer was spilled for a one count in the second frame. Other stirring battles were fought in the four-rounders. Dula Kovach, lightweight, decisioned Lou Wheeler and Billy Perrin gained a win over Billy Conklin after having Conklin on the deck twice.

Joe Marciente, lightweight, had nothing to offer in the way of opposition against Marty Servo and was stopped in the third round. Marciente took five trips to the canvas.

Hard hitting middleweight Eddie Elm, belted his foe Sam Shumway, into slumberland in the second round after having him on the floor three times.

Art McAlpine, Springfield light-heavyweight, was the victor over Johnny Mack from Boston, on a technical knockout in the final round of a six. Charley Gestito, light-heavyweight, and Billy Slippe battled four rounds on even terms.

New Haven Arena, New Haven, Conn:—In the feature attraction of eight rounds between Red Moffet welterweight and Joe De Jesus, Puerto Rican leather tosser, Moffet boxed his way to victory. Preliminary results were:

Oscar Suggs, New Haven welterweight, won in six over Billy Campanelli. . . . . In a lively six-rounder "Baby Face" Morris lightweight, copped the verdict over Jackie Amado . . . . Jackie Clark, featherweight, outfought Angelo Manna to gain the decision in the other six-rounder . . . . Kid Sal, Meriden lightweight and Johnny Devore, fought a four-round rough draw.

Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, Conn.: Dick Turcotte, Waterbury's young welterweight, came through with a convincing win over Bat Battalino in an interesting 10-round star bout. Other results were:

In the semi-final Tommy Ciarlo, welterweight, pounded out a six-round victory over Martin Riley . . . . Harry Fisher, New York heavyweight, stiffened "Big" Boy Cavilli, Hartford heavyweight, in the fourth . . . . Eddie Elm, middleweight, rocked Babe Bergeron to sleep in the fourth frame . . . . A technical knockout win was scored by Armand Renault, Holyoke welterweight, over Walter Andrews.

FISTIC TOPICS: Doug Marsh, Canadian welterweight, had to obtain a special permit from the Canadian government to fight Jimmy Bell, New Haven fisticuffer, at the Buckingham Hall, Waterbury. Marsh has lost only eight fights in 55. . . . . Mickey Genaro is at the St. Mary's Hospital suffering from pleurisy.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

HARRY GENTILE, rugged Hartford boy, scored a win over Jerry Zullo, Boston. This bout, a rematch, was as wild an affair as their first meeting which ended in a draw. Marty Servo, Schenectady lightweight, stopped Joe Marcienti, New York, who served as a substitute for Augie Gonzales. Marcienti was halted in the third round after going down several times. Eddie Elm, Manchester middleweight, knocked out Sam Shumway in the second round. Johnny Mack, Boston light-heavyweight, was stopped by Art McAlpine, Springfield Negro, in the fifth. Bill Sippe, Hartford middleweight, drew with Charley Sistito, Worcester, in four.

Bat Battalino announced his retirement before losing a 10-round decision to Dick Turcotte young Waterbury southpaw. Tommy Ciarlo and Martin Riley, Fall River, met in the six-round semi-final with Ciarlo, Waterbury, being declared the winner. Big Boy Carilli, Hartford heavy, was dropped twice before being stopped by Harry Fisher, New Bedford. Eddie Elm scored another knockout this time over Babe Bergeron, Easthampton, Mass., in the fourth. Armand Renault, Springfield veteran, disposed of Walt Andrews, Hartford welter, in the third.

The newly organized New Britain Boxing Club with Dick Gray at the helm, staged a benefit show for Johnny Mack. In the eight-round feature Bob Cummings, Philadelphia Negro, outpointed Eddie Mays, formerly of Hartford, now of New Britain. Billy Perrin, Bristol, 155 pounds, decisioned Howard Wright, New York, in the six-round semi-final. Jackie Alexander, New Britain, scored over Frankie Terranova, New York, in another six. In fours: Bobby Ellis, New Britain, drew with Ernie Copeland, New York; Sam Craig, Waterbury Negro, kayoed Patsy Pasculli, New York, in the first round; and Dula Kovach, Naugatuck, outpunched Wheeler Lewis, New Britain heavyweight.

Bobby Ivy has made himself the current favorite in Boston. In his first bout there, he was held to a draw by George Salamone of Boston, a lightweight. The following week he dropped a close decision to Sal Bartolo, Boston featherweight. It was a rubber match as each had scored a previous win. Darse Robinson of Alabama was his third opponent but Ivy turned him back a loser after 10 furious rounds.

Making his only Boston appearance, Carl Red Guggino, who rates high in the lightweight ratings, lost a decision to Paul Junior, New England lightweight champion. It was his fourth meeting with the Lewiston veteran. In their first match, Junior won a close decision in Hartford, as he did later in a match at Lewiston. They battled to a draw in New Britain in December for their third meeting.

Jimmy Leto returned to his old stamping grounds, Holyoke, to take the scalp of Danny Devlin, Allentown, Pa., fighter, after 10 easy rounds. Harry Gentile whipped Ralph Morgan in six at New Haven. Jackie Clarke, featherweight, won over Angelo Manna and drew with Kid Sal Carabetta in sixes at New Haven. Pat Casey, welterweight, won over Johnny Greene in six at Holyoke. Al Castonguay, now making Hartford his home, stopped Jackie Collins, Boston welterweight, in five at Holyoke. Red Doty, welterweight, lost a decision to Danny Williams in six also at Holyoke. Big Boy Carilli, heavyweight, drew with Mike Belluscia in four at the New York Coliseum.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

FIGHTERS wishing to box at Pittsfield, Mass., get in touch with me—538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Holyoke . . . . Ralph Zannelli, of Providence, stopped Toby Tobias, Washington, in three rounds. Pat Casey, Hartford, won a decision over Johnny Green, Pittsfield. Al Castonguay, Holyoke, won T.K.O. over Jackie Collins, five. Earl Roys, Bristol, T.K.O.'d Don Lyons, Holyoke, in the fourth round. Kid Sal, Meriden, won decision over Frankie Allen, Holyoke, four rounds. Lou Leonard, Bristol, won over Sammy Athas, Springfield, three rounds.

Pittsfield, Mass. . . . Art McAlpine Springfield, stopped Sam Shumway, Worcester, in the second. Doug Murchie won in six from Johnny Green, Pittsfield. Eddie Ely, Pittsfield, won in four from Frankie Blair, town rival. Leo Zeiwicki, Worcester, won a close fight from Armand Renault, Springfield.

Desso Bryant, Springfield, won the Fleet Championship on the West Coast. He is on the U.S.S. Wyoming. Bryant was the New England middleweight champ a few years ago but now boxes in the light-heavy class.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford, proved to be a top-notch welter when he beat Danny Devlin in 10 rounds. Billy Perrin, New Britain, K.O.'ed Jackie Reese, Athol, in the second round. Larry Noble, New York, K.O.'ed Jackie Ryan in the second round. Bobby Ellis, Bristol, decisioned Tony Gouvia, Brockton, in four. Walter Wazal, Fitchburg, K.O.'ed Jack Bergeron, Easthampton. Armand Renault, Springfield, won a decision over Blondie Russell, Brock, four rounds.

Sammy Luftspring, Toronto, won over Babe Synott, Fall River. Al Gauthier, Ludlow, won over Willie Andrews, New Haven, 10 rounds. Red Doty, Hartford, lost to Danny Williams, Albany, in six. Don Lyons, Holyoke, was K.O.'ed by Earl Roys, Bristol, in the fourth. Popeye O'Coin, Marlboro, decisioned Medde Rayhome, Springfield, in three rounds.

Mareus Pitte, Baltimore, Md., who fought Harry Jeffra, Spider Armstrong, Lou Transparenti and Paul Lee, now can be reached through the writer. Pitte is a featherweight.

Joe DeMaria is drawing better in every show at Holyoke and the Pittsfield club is doing a sellout. Looks like better times in the boxing business.

Harry Bordeau, Holyoke, former boxer and trainer has a very good gym in Holyoke. It is called the Pastime A.C. Jack Delaney trained there for most of his important fights.

Joe O'Brien is operating at Stearns Square, Springfield. He has some of the best amateurs in New England and a few good professionals.

Johnny Buckley, Boston manager, who brought Jack Sharkey to the heavyweight championship is gathering together a formidable list of mitt-slingers that may land him right into the top heap of managers. Buckley is one of the biggest hustlers in the country. Just give him the material.

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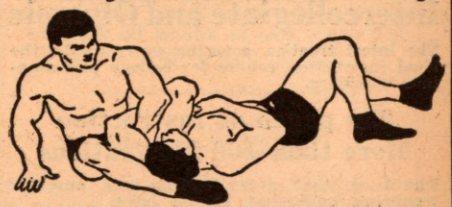

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SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

BRIAN McDONALD is now matchmaker of the Garden boxing shows. He staged one of the best shows seen here in a long time, which saw Harry Bobo, the ebony hued Peabody Paralyzer, win his 12th victory by easily outpointing Henry Cooper of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was a very good fight although the local boy won handily. The Brooklyn Hebrew proved to have a cast iron chin as he took all Bobo had to offer and not once gave any sign of even taking a count. Cooper weighed 188 pounds, exactly 20 pounds less than Bobo. The show drew $5,121.

Preliminary results . . . . The scheduled eight-round semi-final between Willie Polan and Ossie Harris, was stopped by Referee Buck McTiernan after the sixth round had ended. Polan suffered a badly cut lip, although Harris was way out in front when the end came and had the Ford City battler on the verge of a kayo on several occasions . . . . Casey Rhodes, of the Hill, won a split decision after six rounds with Whitey Schramm, of Brookline . . . . Sammy Adragna won over Woody Boord of Chest Nut Ridge in a six-rounder . . . . Patsey DeComma, won his third straight win over the same opponent Steve Kobeda, of McKees Rocks. They are middleweights.

Teddy Yarosz, returned here to head a show at the Gardens against Nate Bolden, who scored a first-round knockout in his only other appearance here over Enzo Ianozzi. Yarosz won seven of the 10 rounds and gave the Chicago Negro a neat boxing lesson. Carmen Notch, the East Liberty Wild Cat, won handily from Frankie Cavanna, of Brooklyn, in the eight-round semi-final . . . . Tony Roma lost again to Johnny Pleasant of Chicago. After being on the floor seven times in four rounds, Roma's manager Duke O'Hara, decided that his boy had enough and stopped the affair . . . . Sammy Parotta won over Joey Sulk in the second four-rounder . . . . and in the opener Johnny (Red) Cregan stopped Hudson Kenny, in the second round . . . . The fight drew a gross of $3,790. Brian McDonald was the matchmaker.

Jack Laken is back in town and is matchmaker for Jake Mintz at the Islam Grotto on the North Side. In the top 10-rounder of a double wind-up affair Harry Bobo, the Peabody Paralyzer, stopped Al Hart of Washington, D. C., in the third round. Willie Polan, of Ford City, won a close decision over Mexican Dave Chacon, of Los Angeles, in the other 10-rounder . . . . The eight-round special bout saw Billy Nichy stop Georgie Hughes, of the Hill, in the fifth round. Nichy spotted Hughes 17 pounds and was way ahead when the referee stopped the affair due to a very badly cut optic suffered by the colored battler . . . . Ervin Sarlin defeated Johnny Such in a four-rounder and in the opener Sammy Adragna won over Jiggs McKnight . . . . The show drew a very good crowd despite the bad weather and slippery roads.

Tommy Speigal, local lightweight, regained his state title by winning the 12-round unanimous decision over Billy Maher, of Philadelphia, at that city.

Jules Beck staged a corking heavyweight battle at the Moose Temple between Gunnar Barlund, of Finland, and Big Jim Thompson, local Negro. Barlund won a close decision after 10 rounds. It was a slam bang affair and was well worth the price of admission. Barlund weighed 197 pounds and Thompson tipped the beam at 244 pounds . . . . The six-round semi-final saw Lou Berg, local heavy, take the count in the second round from Ernie Young, Cleveland Negro . . . . Johnny Rucker, of the Hill, won over Teddy Prichard in a six-rounder . . . . Bob Locket, Negro heavy of the Hill, won by T.K.O. in the first round over Chet Esmont of Akron, Ohio. It was scheduled as a four-rounder . . . . Lou Pitts, won a close four-rounder over Ernie Pelaia of Monaca, in the opener. A fair crowd witnessed the affair.

Harry Bobo, sensational young heavyweight, trounced Nick Fiorentino of Philadelphia in the top 10-rounder of Jack Laken's show at the Islam Grotto, on the North Side. Harry had Nick in bad shape on several occasions but could not drop the game Italian although Harry took eight of the 10 rounds. Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champ, was on hand and worked as third man in the ring. Jack looks as good as ever and has a very nice tan received in Florida where he is vacationing.

Ossie Harris, another colored boy who seems to have lots of fire, disposed of highly touted Mexican Dave Chacon, of Los Angeles, in the eight-round semi-final . . . . Tommy Daniels is on the comeback trail. He won a close decision over Jimmy Burns of Johnstown, in a six-rounder. Ervin Sarlin whipped Whitey Schramm in another six-rounder and in the opener Little Eddie Tuscher won handily from Joey Sulk in four. The show grossed $2,198.30 and was a good crowd considering it being the third show of the week.

Tommy Speigal, state lightweight champion, won the decision after 12 thrilling rounds with Mexican Joey Silva, of Philadelphia, in the main bout of Jack Laken's show on the North Side. Speigal had to put on the gas in the latter rounds to outfight the Mexican . . . . Emil Josephs, local lightweight, won over Lloyd Pine, of Akron, in the 10-round semi-final. The crowd disagreed with the decision in this bout . . . . Sammy Parotta, decisioned Tony Geno, in four rounds, a lightweight affair. Eddie Tuscher, of the North Side, looked very impressive in stopping Pee Wee Jones, of Washington, in the third round of the four-round opener. A fair crowd witnessed the corking battles.

JUST A JAB—Ralph Gizzy, is recovering from a broken hand received in a bout in Cumberland, Md., against Bobby Wilson . . . . Irish Jackie Haley looked very good in trouncing Jimmy Burns, in a preliminary to the Gizzy-Wilson affair, this was Haley's third straight win as a pro. Joey Mattis is again ready to go after being layed up with a bum duke. Red Dougherty, trainer of Harry Bobo, thinks Bobo will be the next heavyweight champ . . . . Val Gruenwald is keeping his lightweight threat Emil Josephs very busy . . . . Billy Nichy intends to return here from Buffalo where he is now living. At this writing the Rooney-McGinley enterprises are arranging an all star show to be staged at the Gardens. Ray Foutts is the matchmaker. The management of Duquesne Gardens has changed the name to just the Gardens . . . . The best place in town to pick up this world wide publication, THE RING, magazine, is at Hersch's drug store, corner Fifth and McKean Ave. . . . Ralph Gizzy won five out of six against Harry Teany at the Cleveland public auditorium.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

BIG Dan Merritt lost to Buddy Knox but Big Dan has what it takes. Just before he was ready to leave the dressing room to climb into the ring a messenger boy came in and asked for Dan Merritt. Big Dan took the wire and opened it, he blinked his eyes and stared into space. The commission inspector said "O. K. Dan, let's go." Merritt still gazed. Then said "Oh yeah, let's go." They climbed into the ring and the Cleveland fans looked upon one of the best fights this man's town has seen in a long time. Courage and heart, Dan Merritt showed he had it, when he fell under the pounding of Buddy Knox in the eighth and final round to only get up and finish the fight. Knox won handily, but it was not until after the boys were in the dressing rooms did anyone know what was in that WIRE. It was the sad news that Merritt's dad had just passed away a couple of hours before. DAN MERRITT HAS WHAT IT TAKES.

Billy Soose defeated Vince Pimpinella, New York, in a pleasing eight-rounder. Soose has made a tremendous hit here in Cleveland beating Paul Pirrone and Pimpinella. Promoter Bob Brickman and Matchmaker Dan Taylor intend to use Soose here more often as the fans go for him. Willie Muldune stopped Lee Oma in one round with a left hook to the solar plexus. Some of the fans thought it was a low punch, but after an examination among the boxing commissioners, managers, etc., it was decided that it was a clean blow.

Eddie K.O. Morgan stopped Bud Christ, Detroit, in the second round. It was a good fight while it lasted. Charley McCarthy defeated Norm Reegal, Lorain, O., in six rounds.

Jimmy Bivins won his first pro fight by winning via the T.K.O. route over Emory Morgan. Morgan never had a chance. Rivins, a former amateur champion, looks like the stuff. He is handled by Claude Shane and Wilfred Carter who have made many a great fighter.

Mike Gamiere, who defeated Wesley Ramey here, went to Grand Rapids and lost to Ramey in the return match. They claim Ramey was all punched up and Gamiere did not even have a scratch on him. Mike Carriere, who is the business department for Gamiere, claims he should have received the decision. So it looks like they will box the rubber match.

Frankie Wallace is back in the limelight again, as he won over Bucky Taylor, making it two wins in a row. He then boxed a draw with Carmine Fatta. It looks like the married life agrees with Frankie all right.

The Plain Dealer has just finished its 12th Golden Gloves tournament crowning the following boys: OPEN DIVISION: Buddy Smallwood, 112 pounds; Sammy Derrico, 118 pounds; Max Schindler, 126 pounds; Beauford Glover, 135 pounds; Johnny Lawer, 147 pounds; Joey Maxim, 160 pounds; George George, 175 pounds and Allen Aubrey, heavyweight. NOVICE DIVISION: the champs are Leroy Jackson, 112 pounds; Johnny Peters, 118 pounds; Dick Taylor, 126 pounds; Jimmy Bloom, 135 pounds; Mike Mazur, 147 pounds; Martin Nelson, 160 pounds; George Roscoe, 175 pounds and Henry Shultz, heavyweight. It was a great tournament with a sellout the final night.

Old Rubber Man Johnny Risko defeated Sandy McDonald at Hot Springs, Ark. It has all Cleveland wondering. Why does John still box? The newspapermen have all asked good old Johnny to retire, but he at least keeps on winning.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Vaughn is still a busy lightweight around New York. He has been winning and losing once in a while. In his last fight he lost to Pat Foley . . . . Joey Ferrando is still around the Big City. One of the biggest ovations was given to Jimmy Grimshaw at the recent Golden Gloves when he won his semi-final bout . . . . Jimmy Trusso lost to Sammy Derrico in the semi-finals but the crowd thought otherwise . . . . Tommy Thompson is promoting amateur shows in Conneaut, O. . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 9214 Madison Ave., Cleveland, O.

Joe Lewis, veteran Cleveland promoter, expects to get started shortly around the vicinity of Cleveland with a new promotional organization. He has the support of Eddie Mead, with whom he used to be partner, and his plans will be announced in the very near future.

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S winter season, in full blast, is enjoying one of the best years in boxing, and good gates resulted in good boxing cards gotten out by the National Sports Commission.

Sergio Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid," the sensational flyweight who is coming along like a house afire, was crowned semi-pro flyweight champion when he won the judges' decision over Armando Rodrigues, plucky little southpaw with a good record. Napoles scored three knockdowns and won a popular decision.

Napoles chalked up another victory during the month when he knocked out Virgilio Gonzalez in two rounds after a mighty hot melee in a give-and-take affair. Gonzalez did some good work while the contest lasted, but Napoles' determination, agility, aggressiveness and wallop were entirely too great a combination for Gonzalez to resist.

Lorenzo Safora, semi-pro bantamweight champion, scored a three-round knockout over Nelson Rodriguez. Safora also won a six-round decision over Kid Chile in a contest full of action. Safora is the best bantamweight of the new crop, and he is being properly handled for a brilliant boxing career.

Manolo Sanchez, corking lightweight and pride of the Bus Club Gang, made his entry as a professional fighter against Rayito Del Ring and scored a five-round knockout over his dusky rival. In winning over Rayito, Sanchez showed that he has the goods to make headway in boxing. Sanchez is a good, clever, and hard-punching two-fisted fighter. Jose Martinez scored in six over Emilio Rojo, and Manuel Rabassa lost to Juan Alvarez. Saturnino Rico again defeated Nicolas Duenas, and Raul Ochendia showed too much class for Alfredo Quintana in the opening four.

Pedro Poey, sterling bantam, scored a two-round knockout over Ventura Ramos. This Poey boy is a clever little fighter, and is included in the list of promising future stars who are now being groomed by Luis Gutierrez, in charge of the National Boxing Academy. Juan Villalba won in four from Moises Rodriguez, and Jose Rodriguez, flyweight, won from Jose Luis Pena.

Pedro Martinez, Kid Chocolate's cousin, continued his winning streak and improves with each victory. Pedro scored a two-round knockout over a tough opponent named Gregorio Gutierrez. Pedro looks great in action, and is one of the most promising featherweights Cuba boasts of right now. Pablo Roca, alias "Young Coullimber," won in four rounds from David Plumas, and Domingo Goya drew in four with Ignacio Alfonso.

Lorenzo Safora, in a furious encounter, won the judges' decision from Mario Morales, a bantamweight, who is a terror in action. Safora's cleverness proved the winning factor, and he just won by a nose. Baby Scull easily won from Rodrigo Vazquez, and Jorge Estrada, "Camaguey Bulldog," drew in six rounds with Luis Diaz, both N. B. A. lightweights.

Angel Ruiz, dynamic middleweight, got off to a bad start, but scored a five-round knockout over Ramon Crespo. Crespo met Ruiz's rushes with a snappy left hook, but tired in the fourth round and Ruiz put over the haymaker which broke Crespo's jaw. Diego Sosa won from Agustin Jiemenez in four good rounds.

Raul Sanguilly, flyweight, won from Jose Alvarez, and Moises Rodriguez beat Orlando Ramill. Andres Hornedo took a six-round beating from Juan Delgado, and Bertico Ramos won from Candido Pacheco, both bantamweights. Pedro Otano was beaten by Cuban Joe Armstrong, both featherweights.

Eugenio Corrales, alias "Tony Canzoneri," drew in six rounds with Mario Morales, the cyclone bantamweight. Corrales would be a much better fighter if he would show more aggressiveness. Diego Sosa was defeated by Juan Argudin, and Pablo Roca lost in a return go to David Plumas.

Orlando Ramill, hard-punching bantamweight, scored several knockdowns in his six-round contest against Willy Morejon and easily won the decision. Ramill is a sturdy youngster, aggressive and can hit with great effect.

Guillermo Barrios, semi-pro featherweight champion, is out in the woods tuning up for some bouts signed up for him. Barrios will have some tough opposition as he no doubt will have to meet Pedro Martinez and Santiago Sosa, two first-class contenders for the title. Martinez looks like the next champion, if these boys should meet in a titular contest.

Santiago Sosa, sterling featherweight, has been resting after his recent victory over Bob Ferrer. Sosa is really a great little fighter, and has a great following here. He can always be relied upon to put up a great fight, and that's what has made him a popular boy in boxing circles.

Luis Gutierrez keeps on plodding along and working hard, in order to keep tabs on his 2000 boxers now training at the National Boxing Academy. Gutierrez possesses a great system of keeping these boys in their respective classes, and no mistake is made when they are matched.

FLASHES—Pedro Medina, Cuba's fly and bantam champ, wants lots of action . . . . Joe Coego, lightweight king, is preparing for some good bouts . . . . Nat Fleischer is about due in Havana . . . . How about it, Nat? . . . . Isidro Delgado, sterling featherweight, is also a bull fighter . . . . He will star in Aquilino's spectacular review at the Polar Stadium in Havana . . . . Isidro Delgado can throw the bull just like he throws his punches.

IN THE PHILIPPINES

With DR. CONRADO MATA

IN one of the greatest battles ever fought in a Philippine ring, Ceferino Garcia, recognized by the NBA as the middleweight champion of the world, knocked out Glen Lee of Nebraska in the 13th round of a scheduled 15-round bout to retain the title, at the Rizal Football Stadium. The champion scored six knockdowns during the melee and had the upper hand throughout the bout. Jack Dempsey refereed the tilt.

Twenty thousand fans braved the rain to witness the second world championship fight ever staged in Manila. Pancho Villa 15 years ago successfully defended his flyweight title here against Clever Senico to win a decision in 15 rounds.

The fight grossed $36,000. The expected gate was $100,000. Were it not for the inclement weather and the one postponement, Jes Cortes, the promoter, would have made good his expectations. Jose S. Barredo, Manila businessman, financed the fight.

Jack Dempsey received $7,500 and a round-rip *Clipper* ticket for refereeing the bout.

The Nebraska challenger fought gamely and impressed the crowd with his thrilling quick recoveries, but Garcia was too good for him. The Filipino could have stopped him earlier had he elected to slug it out and not clinched most of the time.

The American kissed the canvas in the fourth round when he ran smack against a right cross. He rose at the count of five and sought cover under Garcia's arms. Again he sank to the canvas in the eighth round for a count of eight; twice he went down in the 11th and another two in the 13th round. Lee won the 12th and lost every other round.

Smart Joe, up and coming bantamweight, won over Gon Ladrazo in the semi-final of 10 rounds; Young Narsing of Bataan chilled Dannish Hendricks of the U. S. S. *Augusta* in the first round; Cunning Nene, featherweight, decisioned Smart Cruz in an eight, while Little Dado drew with Little Pilay in the curtain raiser.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.

By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

AL BROWNE seems to be falling from his lofty pinnacle. When a crude slugger can connect regularly on the once scientific marvel it is definite proof that he is on the downgrade. He was again held to a draw, this time by Kid Cafe, a welterweight boxer from Santo Domingo. Browne had his hands full of this unorthodox slugger and found himself much in the way of some very ponderous, yet hefty, wallops, from his slower, yet harder hitting rival.

Kid Francis and Sylvan McClean stole the play from the main contest in their 10-round welterweight championship contest. Fast and furiously this pair of leather pushers fought. One time it was Sylvan with a nice left jab that worried Francis no end; the next time it was Francis chasing McClean around with a two-fisted attack. It was a nip and tong affair throughout, and the decision in favor of McClean was not unanimously met. A draw would have been better.

Young Campbell administered a crushing three-round T.K.O. over his old rival, Kid Hawk, who was looking like a sure winner. After the bout it was discovered that Hawk fractured his right thumb in the second round.

C. B. Layne, owner of the Yankee Stadium, is quite a favorite with boxing fans. He is undoubtedly the best fight announcer in the West Indies; his healthy wisecracks and the comical names which he carefully chooses for the fighters, draw rounds of laughter from his customers. He can honestly be dubbed the Joe Humphries of the West Indies.

Caribbean Notes: Al Tunney, lightweight champ of Trinidad, disposed of aggressive Tiger Flowers in five heats.

Kid Snake whipped the highly touted Venezuelan El Cueche in 12 rounds at Globe Theater, Trinidad, only to have the referee call it a draw. Kid Snake is the middleweight champion of Trinidad.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

THE best amateur in the state appears to be a husky Madison, Minn., middleweight with plenty of dynamite in both mitts. He is Howard Bleyhl, 1938 runnerup. In two years of fighting, he has lost only twice, once to Johnny Kehoe of St. John's U., which he later reversed, and to Mickey Sowada of Holdingford. Mickey Walker of Red Wing, a clever young lightweight, appears to run second.

During the past month, the Twin Cities have played host to two former heavyweight kings, Jess Willard in the role of wrestling referee, and Jack Johnson, who headlines the World's Fair Museum for a spell. Johnson believes boxing should be under government supervision and not controlled by any one man, which appears to be a good plan.

John Whitson of Sauk Centre informs me that Mickey Hanson, former Sauk Centre High School amateur boxer, is now attending college in North Carolina.

Opening the year 1940 successfully at Spencer, Ia., Charley Gomer, 154, St. Paul, boxed with speed and cleverness to score an eight-round decision over Gene Espinoza, 149, a New Yorker with ginger in his right hand, in the main event, before a surprise crowd of around 2200.

There is a certain faction here that is trying to oust Tommy O'Loughlin, Minneapolis promoter . . . . Sauk Centre, Minn., has just completed a fine new auditorium which would be excellent for boxing . . . . Don Espenson has a brother, Harold, starting amateur boxing as a featherweight.

Wayne Armstrong of Newcastle, Nebr., and former Sioux City middleweight Golden Gloves champ, was T.K.O.'d for the first time in his long career when he and Gerald Brummer of Dunlap, Ia., bumped heads in the second heat. Armstrong suffered a bad cut which required four stitches, and the referee halted the tiff. The bout was the first in the Sioux City tourney.

Didja know that: Billy Miske, Jr., Marv Wason and a host of other fighters used to work at Montgomery Ward.

Jimmy Collins and Billy Miske, Jr., are on the shelf with broken hands. Miske seems to get on the shelf every time a tough fight is signed for, but I have a hunch Miske's pilot, Don Rerat, is smarter than he is given credit for.—Vague resemblance: Clyde Wason and Max Baer.

Many thanks to the *Ringside Mirror*, published by Ross Featured Publications of Chicago, Ill., with Charles Lynch, Jr., as editorial director, for sending on their fine magazine. RING readers should be interested to know that Ray M. Todd, Gene Engel, Sparky Rudolph, also Sheridan Brown and Bill Hawkins broke into print in "Buck" Thorn's column, "Short Steaks." Among locals, we find the name of Billy Colbert there also.—And former correspondent Gene Vinassa, T. W. McNeil and yours truly have written articles for Mike Collins' *Boxing Blade.*

Billy Colbert is well known in Chicago mitt circles.—Buzz Brown, colored St. Paul welter, has apparently quit boxing for good, since his eyes are bad. He was last seen working as a bellboy for the Minnesota Club . . . . The last we heard, Honeyboy Conroy, 6 foot, 4 inch former Negro middleweight of years ago, was working for the state.

A Charley Rasmussen of Madison, Minn., a welter, pulls a very strange stunt! He claims to have had 36 amateurs fights and has announced plans to turn pro. Until recently I never heard of this boy, but here are his strange plans: He wants to fight 11 pro fights, no more, no less, and he wants all his ring earnings turned over to the Catholic Youth Organization of Chicago. He wants to do this to get "pro boxing out of his system." and then he'll go back to his regular work. Jack O'Brien of Duluth will be his manager for the contracted 11 fights.

Des Moines, Ia., a real hot fight city, was visited on New Year's Day by the writer. Thanks to you, Des Moines, for a happy New Year's beginning!

Marv Wason has a good job at the Hamm Breweries, and Marv's dad, Spencer, may ask his son to quit. Marv is too big for a light-heavy, and too small for a heavyweight. Right now Minnesota has only Lee Savold, Johnny Hanschen and Floyd Hagen to bank on, and only Savold has met any real tests.

WTCN is the only station that broadcasts local fights, and carries fights sponsored by Adam Hats.

Back in 1936, Ritchie Fontaine kayoed Baby Face Lista in two heats, but it took Floyd Hagen only one round, which speaks very well for the St. Paul youngster.

Boxing's Mirror: It's just a year ago this month that Robert J. Seiberlich was suspended from the State Boxing Commission by Governor Harold E. Stassen.—How about Paul Hartnek defending that state title pretty soon?

Karl Ogren writes from Omaha that Stanley Novak has fought Sammy Musco, Everette Rightmire, Frankie Covelli and many others, and was expected to give Hagen a good fight but Floydie Boy T.K.O.'d him in two of six.

Minneapolis Armory—Johnny Hanschen, 193, Minneapolis' new sensation, knocked out Eddie Crawford, 225, Ashland, Ky., in eight of a 10-round headliner. In the six-round semi, Henry Schaft, 160, Minneapolis' tricky veteran, scored over Earl Peterson, 157, Appleton. Dick Demaray, 158½, Bismarck, N. D., carried too much weight and punch in whipping game Phil Latona, 146, Kansas City, in six. Solly Stark, 168, Deadwood, S. D., tossed too much leather for Elmer Kraemer, 172. Stark kayoed Kraemer in two heats of a six after Elmer had been floored five times in the first. Ray Isaacs, 128, Minneapolis, trimmed Billy McLeod, 131, Seattle, in the four-round opener. Promoter O'Loughlin introduced 2000 two-bit balcony seats, and was rewarded by a fine turnout. Receipts were only $1,300, however.

New York Madison Square Garden—Minnesota fans were glued to the radio and were glad to hear that former 250-pound St. Paul's Lee Savold, 181, but sorry to hear was booked from Des Moines, won his eight-round semi-windup New York debut by a three-round T.K.O. over lanky, hard hitting Jim Robinson, 216½, Philadelphia. Radio experts Bill Stern and Sam Taub sang the praises of the hard socking Savold.

Minneapolis Armory—Coming in as a sub for Eddie Boyle of Cleveland, colored Orlando Trotter, 178, former Chicago Golden Gloves light-heavy champ, and a brother-in-law of Joe Louis, scored a big upset with a dazzling left jab and crushing right cross, when after a slow start, he came back in the seventh heat by flooring Johnny Hanschen, 193, Minneapolis, for a nine-count when Hanschen missed a right, and the elusive Trotter smashed over an inside right. The Chicago Negro won the 10-round decision with plenty to spare. Arne Anderson challenged the winner from ringside. In the six-round semi, after beating his foe in LaCrosse, again Harvey Woods, 138½, St. Paul, knocked out Chino Lopez, 138½, Mexican title claimant from Mexico City. Woods dropped Lopez in the second, then finished him in the fourth by hammering Chino in a neutral corner.

Tony Yates, 145, Minneapolis, and his former conqueror, Phil Latona, 146, Kansas City Mexican, battled to a six-round draw. Solly Stark, 169, Deadwood, S. D., outslugged the colored Chicago switch-hitter, Jimmy Fields, 169, in six fast sessions. In the four-round opener, Ted Libsock, 169, a newcomer from Butte, T.K.O.'d Elmer Kraemer, 171, Hopkins, in the first, as Elmer couldn't answer the bell for round two. Bob De Haven and Perry Dotson announced. The crowd was fair-sized, 2,000 on hand.

At Minot, N. D.—Clever Don Espenson, 149¼, Minneapolis, beat the veteran southpaw from Bismarck, Dick Demaray, 149½, in the 10-round feature attraction.

Murray McLean gave us the fight results of the New Year's Day show at La Crosse. Harvey Woods, 138, St. Paul, beat Chino Lopez, 138, Mexico City, in six-round headliner. Phil Latona, 146, Kansas City, upset Tony Yates, 145, Minneapolis, in six-round semi. Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul, beat Lyle Mason, 142, La Crosse, in six. In other sixes, Floyd Hagen, 132, St. Paul, beat Billy McLeod, Seattle, while colored Louis Bell, 133, St. Paul, kayoed Eddie Whittler, 133, Minneapolis, in two.

Louis Bell, 138, St. Paul Negro, ran into trouble and too much weight when Bud Tibbetts, 147, Rosemount, decisioned him in a sixer at Eau Claire.

Contrary to the belief of Wayne Short, Minnesota does have exhibitions. At the St. Paul A. C. membership party, Don Swenson, 143, St. Paul's former state welter champ, beat Bill Burden, 148, St. Paul, in the three-round exhibition headliner. In other three-round exhibitions, Bud Tibbetts, 150, Rosemount, beat Arne Nelson, 149; Warren Weller, 158, beat Jimmy Doyle, 161; colored Louis Bell, 138, beat Baby Face Lista, 139, Los Angeles Filipino; Doug Allie, 106, beat Julio Monn, 110. Two wrestling bouts were also presented.

Minneapolis Armory—Orlando Trotter, 176, Chicago Negro, easily outscored the shorter, carrot-topped Bob Ray, 186, Decatur, Ill., in 10 rounds. Puffing from the fourth on, Ray was groggy in the eighth, but stuck it out. In the six-round semi, Sammy Frazer, 163½, Chicago, upset comebacking Henry Schaft, 161½, Minneapolis. Saved from a kayo by the bell in the second, Harvey Woods, 142, St. Paul, came back to steal the show and thrash Phil Latona, 142, Kansas City Mexican, in six. Don Espenson, 144, Minneapolis, beat Speedy Wallace, 144, Kansas City Negro veteran, in six. Joe (Babe) Thompson, 144½, Superior, Wis., beat Bill Burden, 152, St. Paul, in four heats. Thompson is a former Golden Glover.

Tony Martin, Ernie Fliegel's classy welterweight, is going East for another invasion under the wing of Ray Arcel.

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